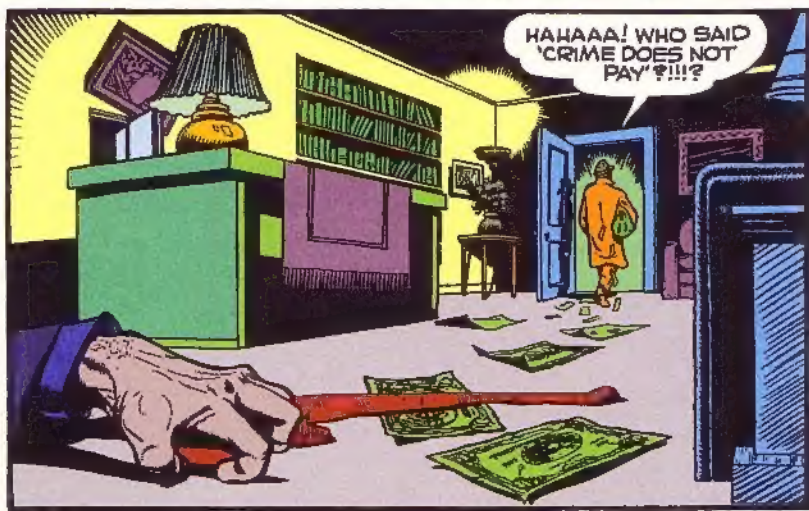
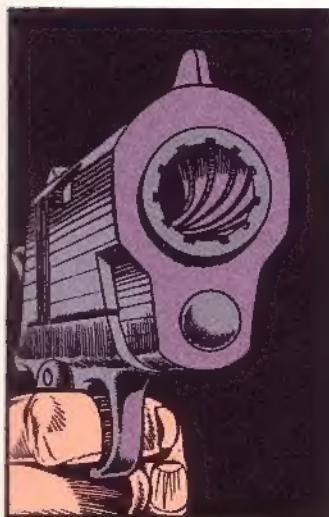


THE SPIRIT

In the far reaches of the imagination...in the countless catacombs of man's conscience are many traps...It is these that often fight alongside law and order...and make so infrequent a thing as the **"PERFECT CRIME"!!**

by Will Eisner



ONE HOUR LATER... A WATERFRONT
HIDEAWAY...

BAXTER,
DIDJA DO
IT?

YEAH, A CINCH!
PULL DOWN THE
BLINDS!



LOOK AT IT!
\$500,000 IN
SMALL BILLS!
HA, HA, PRETTY
SIGHT, WHAT?

YEH!



'SMATTER WIT'
YOU? SCARED?

ME? GULP...
YEAH! I AM!
TH' **SPIRIT**
AINT SHOWED
UP SINCE
FRIDAY!

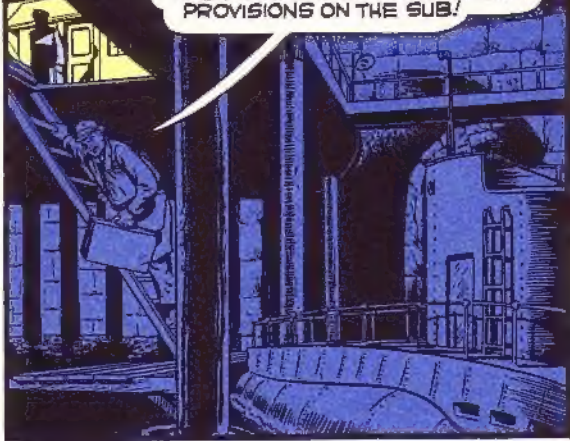


NATCHER'LY! I SHOT HIM
IN THE BACK JES' AS HE LEFT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....
SPRISED HE AIN'T DEAD
YET!

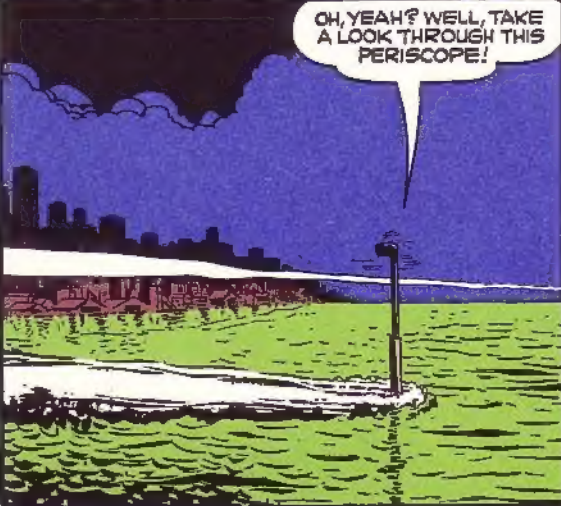
THAT'S JUST IT...
HE **AIN'T** DEAD
YET!



NOW, QUIT WORRYIN'! I GOT
EVERYTHING PLANNED TO THE
LAST DETAIL...EVEN GOT EXTRA
PROVISIONS ON THE SUB!



OH, YEAH? WELL, TAKE
A LOOK THROUGH THIS
PERISCOPE!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, ON AN UNCHARTED, TINY ISLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

WELL, **MAGGIE**,
WADYA THINK?

OKAY, BUT TH' SPIRIT
WAS STILL ALIVE-AND
IT WOULDN'T BE HARD
TO FOLLOW US BY
PLANE!

SHADDAP!

I'M SORRY, **MAGGIE**! IT'S
ONLY THAT THAT GUY I SHOT
PUT A CURSE ON ME AND IT
SORTA SITS IN THE BACK
O' MY MIND!

F'GET IT,
BAXTER!

WE'RE **SAFE** HERE! THE
ISLAND AIN'T EVEN
CHARTED!

AND IF HE DOES MANAGE TO
FIND US HERE...I'VE GOT **THAT**
ONE FIGGERED OUT, TOO!

SEE, MACHINE GUNS ALL WIRED
BY ELECTRICITY SO'S YOU AND I
CAN FIRE THEM FROM INSIDE!

GEE, **BAXTER**, A
REGULAR, PRIVATE
SIEGFRIED LINE!

ALL WE GOTTA DO
IS SIT TIGHT FOR A
FEW MONTHS AND
THEN RETURN TO
THE STATES AS
TWO **WEALTHY**
FOLK WHO
DISCOVERED
A GOLD
MINE!

YEAH, GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT,
BAX!

AND SO THE DAYS SLIPPED BY QUICKLY... UNTIL ONE NIGHT, A TROPICAL STORM LASHED AT THE ISLAND WITH EQUATORIAL FURY!



IN THE LITTLE FORTRESS, THE COUPLE CELEBRATE THEIR 1ST WEEK OF UNINTERRUPTED SAFETY!



HA, HA! LOOK, MAGGIE, WE WRAPPED DIS BOTTLE OF HOCH IN A NEWSPAPER THAT HAD THE SPIRIT'S FACE ON IT!

---HIC

HIC---YEAH?? GOSH! AN OMEN!



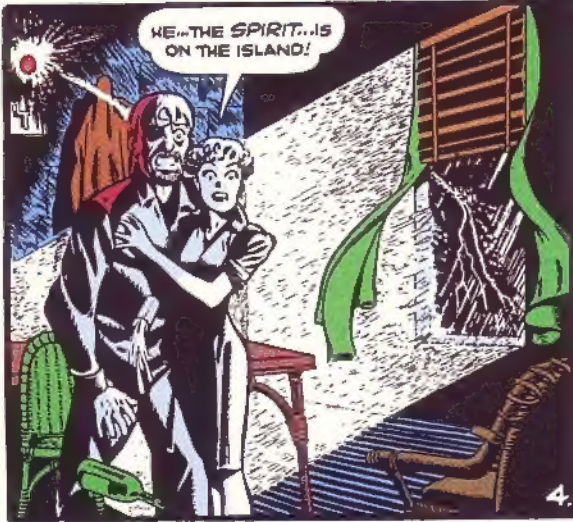
NAH, DON'T BE SUPERSTITIOUS! WHY, I GOT THIS ISLAND SO BOOSY-TRAPPED THAT HE'D SET OFF THE ALARM THE MINUTE HE SET FOOT ON THE SHORE!



BUZZZ

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

*** THE ALARM... THERE GOES THE ALARM!



HE... THE SPIRIT... IS ON THE ISLAND!

"ALL NIGHT THE COUPLE WAIT FOR THE **SPRIT** TO ATTACK!!

IT'S DAWN, BAXTER!
Y'BIN DRINKIN' HOOC
ALL NIGHT! WHY NOT
EAT SOMETHIN'
NOURISHIN'?

SHADDAP!



LOOK AT IT!... STILL
STORMIN'!... LOOKS
LIKE THE STORM'S
GONNA LAST FOR
DAYS! NO USE GOIN'
OUT TO LOOK FOR
HIM IN THIS
WEATHER!



WAIT!... THAT'S ALL WE
CAN DO... **WAIT... WAIT**
UNTIL HE ATTACKS!...



MEANWHILE, GONNA HAVE
FUN... GONNA HAVE A LITTLE
TARGET PRACTICE! YEAH,
YEAH... SEE? MAGGIE, I'M
QUITE AN ARTIST,
EH??



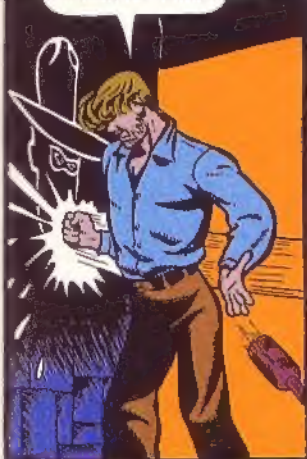
AHH... CUT IT
OUT, BAXTER
YOU'RE
CRAZY
DRUNK!



SHADDAP!... I'M WORKIN'
MESELF INTO
A PROPER MOOD FOR
WHEN THE **SPRIT**
DECIDES TO ATTACK!



I'LL PUNCH HIS TEETH
IN LIKE THIS!



AGAIN AND
AGAIN... WITH
MAD FRENZY,
BAXTER
SLAMS HIS
FIST AGAINST
THE ROUGH,
STONE WALL!

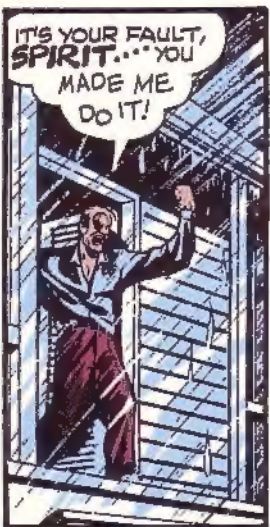


"AND WHEN HE STOPS
AT LAST... HIS HAND IS
A RAW PULP..."



...SO THE DAY PASSES AND
NIGHT COMES DOWN WITH
TROPICAL SWIFTNES, WHILE
THE STORM STILL RAGES!





ALL NIGHT THE STORM RAGES! MADLY... AND SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS, BAXTER SCOURS THE LITTLE ISLE!

I'LL FIND YA!!!
I'LL FIND YA!!!

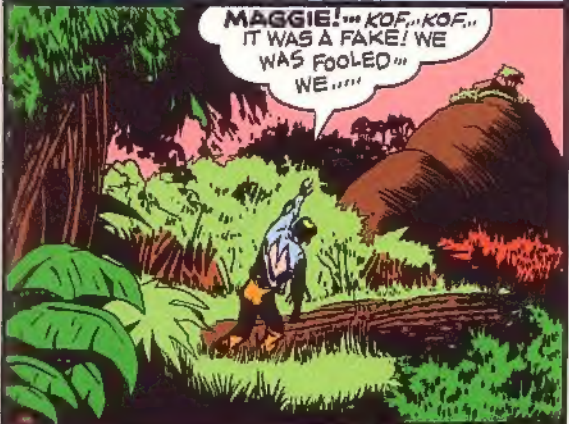


THE ALARM WIRE! IT'S BROKEN... IT WAS A FALSE ALARM! HEH, HEH, HEH, IT F-FOOLED ME!



AND THE NEW DAY DAWNS CLEAR AND BRIGHT!! A BATTERED, TIRED, SICK BAXTER EMERGES FROM THE BUSH!!

MAGGIE!... KOF... KOF...
IT WAS A FAKE! WE
WAS FOOLED...
WE...!!



MAGGIE! ME HAND... I
CAN'T FEEL IT NO MORE!!
IT'S NUMB! IT... IT... I GOT A
FEVER... I FEEL
SICK!!



GASP...!



Back in
CENTRAL CITY,
thousands
of miles
away-!



HOW IS
HE NOW,
DOC?

HE'S GOT AN IRON
CONSTITUTION, BUT,
HE SHOULDN'T HAVE
TRIED TO CATCH UP
WITH THOSE CROOKS!
THAT TRIP TO THE
WHARF ALMOST
FINISHED
HIM !!



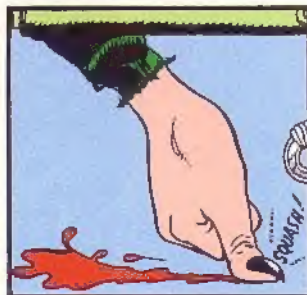
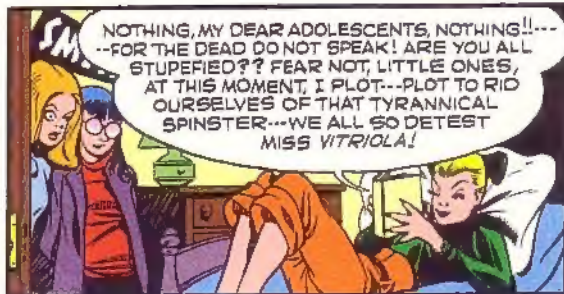
THE DOC
SAYS YOU'LL
BE OKAY,
SPIRIT!

I COULD KICK
MYSELF FOR
LETTING BAXTER
ESCAPE!

O WELL, YOU
CAN'T CATCH
'EM ALL THE
TIME!!

YOU
SHOULD
KNOW,
DOLAN!





a few minutes later.....

AH, GOOD DAY, MISTER RAYMOND! I'VE JUST BEEN VISITING YOUR CHARMING DAUGHTER, SAREE!

INDEED--ER--HMPF. MISS VITRIOLA, I HAVE SOME RATHER IMPORTANT NEWS!



MMM?? AH---SIT HERE BY ME, ROGER---ER, I MEAN MISTER RAYMOND--- TELL ME!

WELL, I'VE BEEN A WIDOWER FOR A LONG TIME AND---WELL, I THOUGHT IT'S ABOUT TIME TO REMARRY! SAREE NEEDS A MOTHER!



TEE HEE...I'VE TRIED TO BE LIKE A MOTHER TO HER! WHO...TEE HEE... WHO ARE YOU PLANNING TO--TO ASK?

I'M MARRYING THE WIDOW OF MY LATE FRIEND--- ALGY BEEKER!--- SHE ARRIVES ON THE NOON BOAT FROM EUROPE!



I'M BRINGING HER HERE AND TOGETHER WE WILL RUN THE SCHOOL! I'M RETIRING YOU ON A GOOD PENSION!



WHAT?

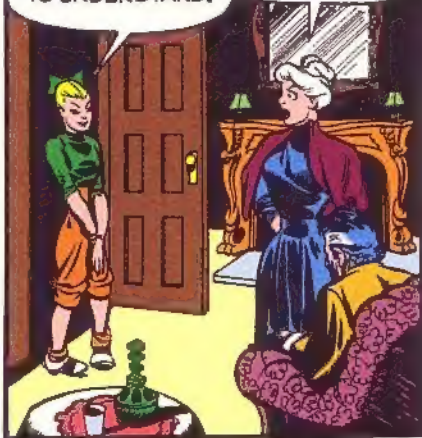
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS? NEVER! I'LL---

YES, I KNOW YOU'LL TELL SAREE I'M A FORMER CONVICT GONE STRAIGHT! WELL--- FOR YEARS YOU HAVE BLACKMAILED ME---NOW, I NO LONGER CARE!



AND I'M OLD ENOUGH NOW TO UNDERSTAND!

SAREE, YOU EAVESDROPPER!



COME, DADDY, YOU MUST TELL ME ABOUT MY NEW MOTHER!

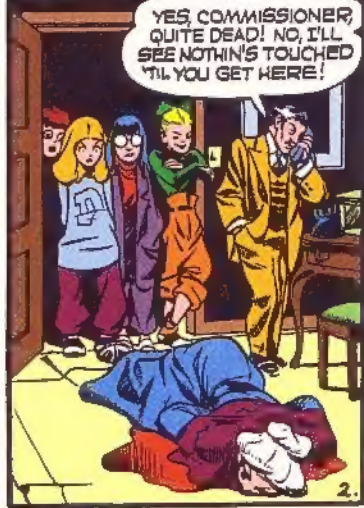
HERE'S THE KNIFE! I WAS ABOUT TO DO YOU IN, BUT I'D RATHER SEE YOU LIVE UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER---IN ETERNAL AGONY!

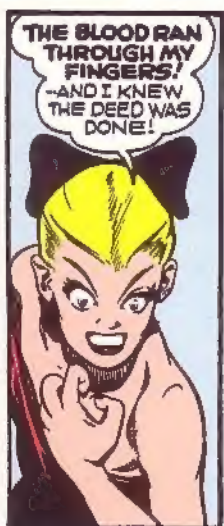
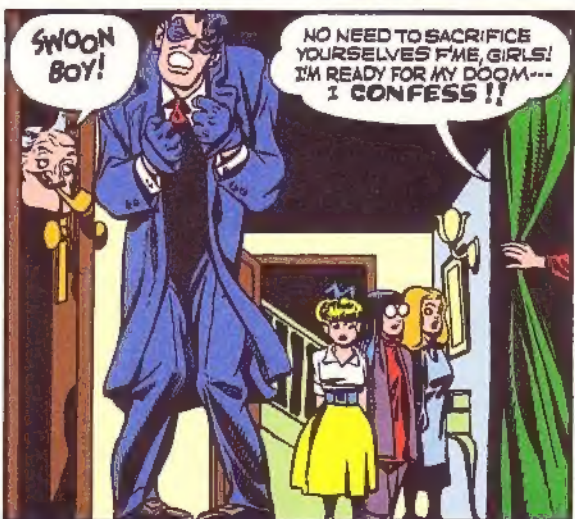
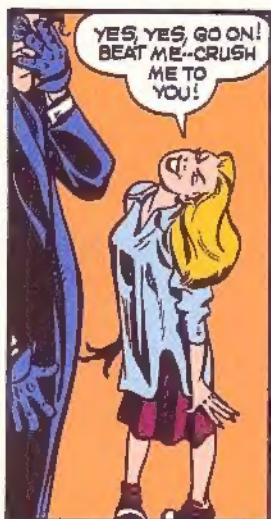
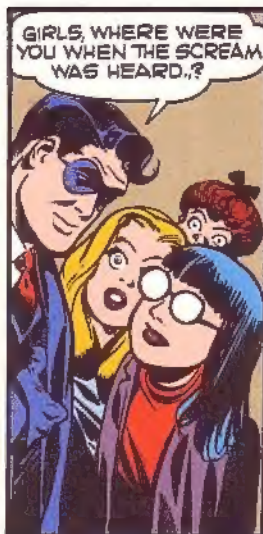


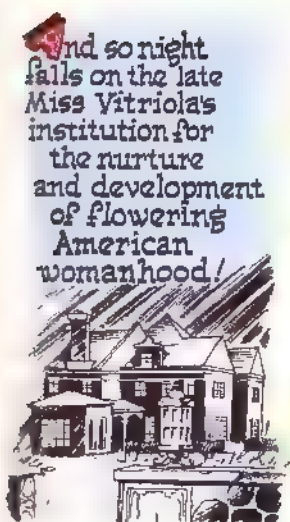
BOOM



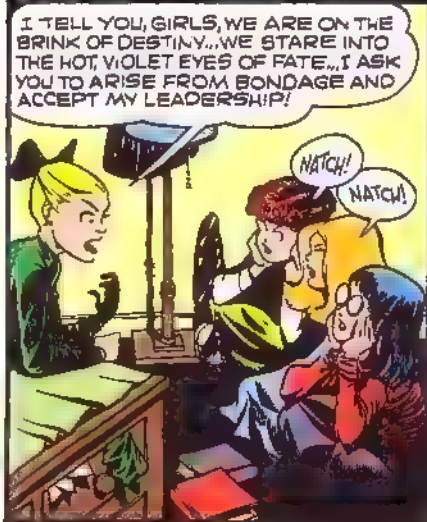
YES COMMISSIONER, QUITE DEAD! NO, I'LL SEE NOTHIN'S TOUCHED 'TIL YOU GET HERE!





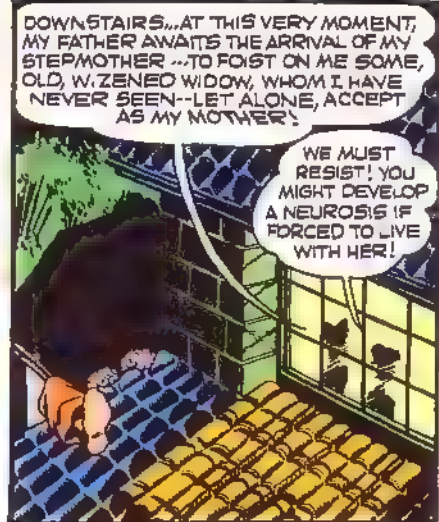


And so night falls on the late Miss Vitriola's institution for the nurture and development of flowering American womanhood!



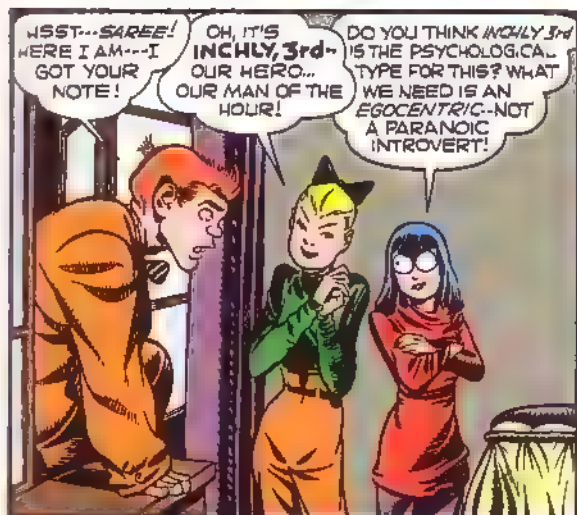
I TELL YOU, GIRLS, WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF DESTINY...WE STARE INTO THE HOT, VIOLET EYES OF FATE...I ASK YOU TO ARISE FROM BONDAGE AND ACCEPT MY LEADERSHIP!

NATCH!
NATCH!



DOWNSTAIRS...AT THIS VERY MOMENT, MY FATHER AWAIT'S THE ARRIVAL OF MY STEPMOTHER...TO FOIST ON ME SOME, OLD, W.ZENED WIDOW, WHOM I HAVE NEVER SEEN--LET ALONE, ACCEPT AS MY MOTHER!

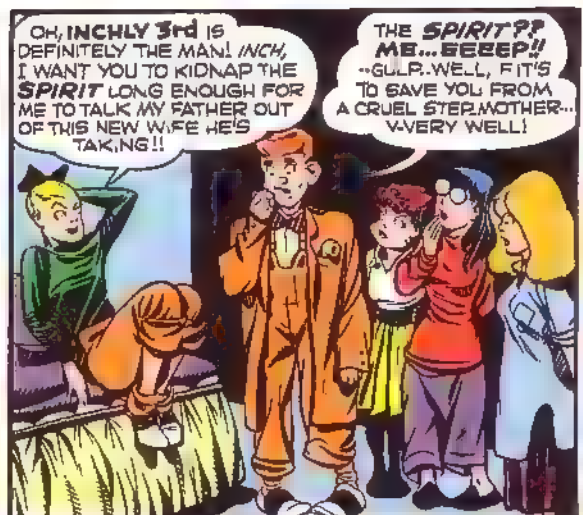
WE MUST RESIST! YOU MIGHT DEVELOP A NEUROSIS IF FORCED TO LIVE WITH HER!



WSSST...SAREE! HERE I AM---I GOT YOUR NOTE!

OH, IT'S INCHLY, 3rd--OUR HERO...OUR MAN OF THE HOUR!

DO YOU THINK INCHLY 3rd IS THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPE FOR THIS? WHAT WE NEED IS AN EGOCENTRIC--NOT A PARANOID INTROVERT!



OH, INCHLY 3rd IS DEFINITELY THE MAN! INCH, I WANT YOU TO KIDNAP THE SPIRIT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TALK MY FATHER OUT OF THIS NEW WIFE HE'S TAKING!!

THE SPIRIT?? ME...EEBEP!! --GULP...WELL, IT'S TO SAVE YOU FROM A CRUEL STEP-MOTHER... VVVVVY WELL!



...a few minutes later.....

EEK!

MY DAUGHTER!



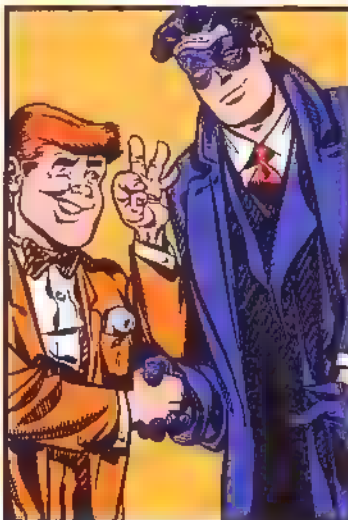
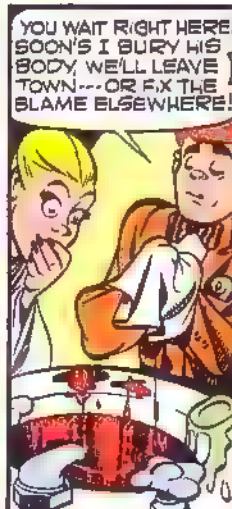
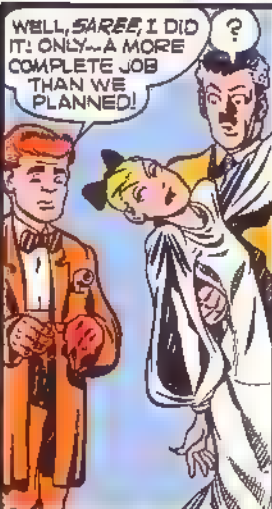
Meanwhile...

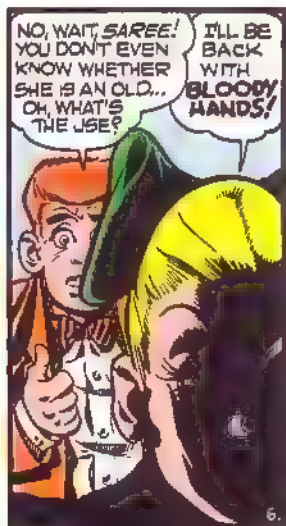
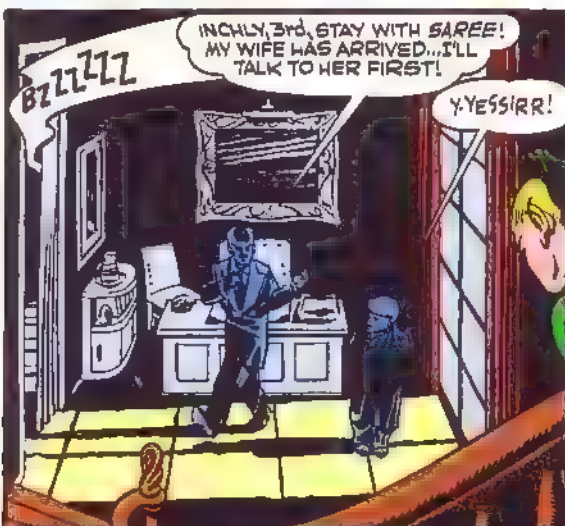
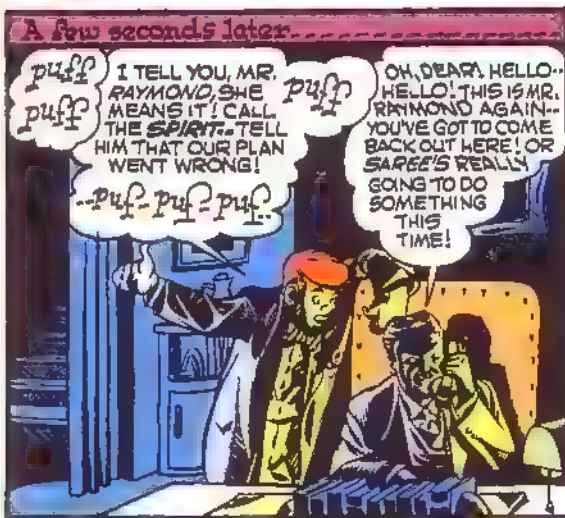
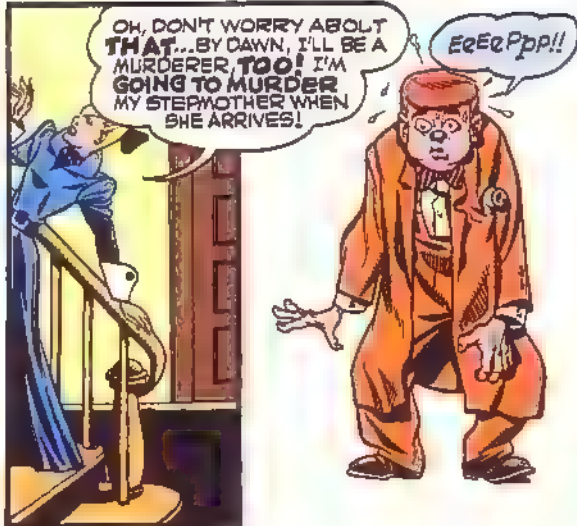
SAREE, WHERE'S THE SPIRIT? WHY DID YOU SCREAM? WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

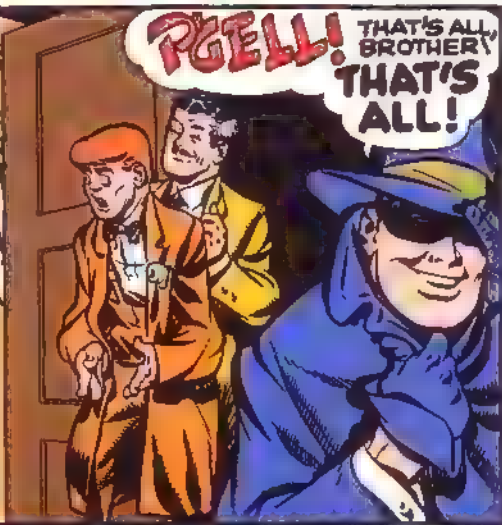
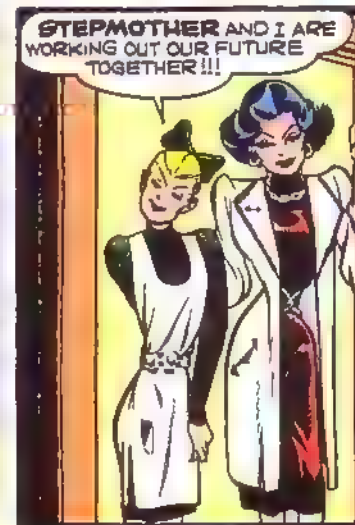
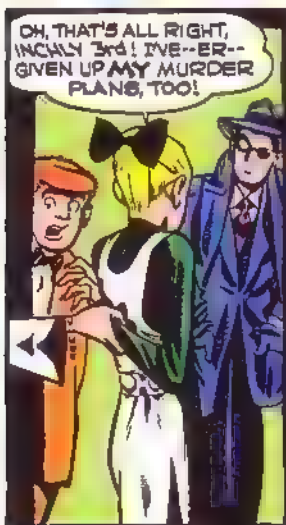
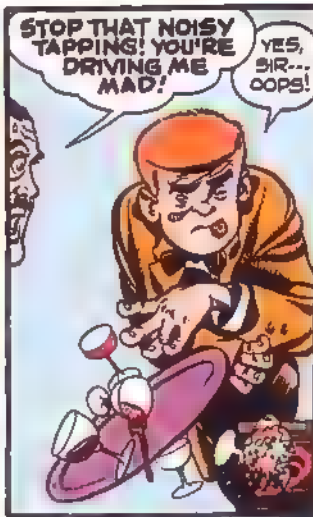
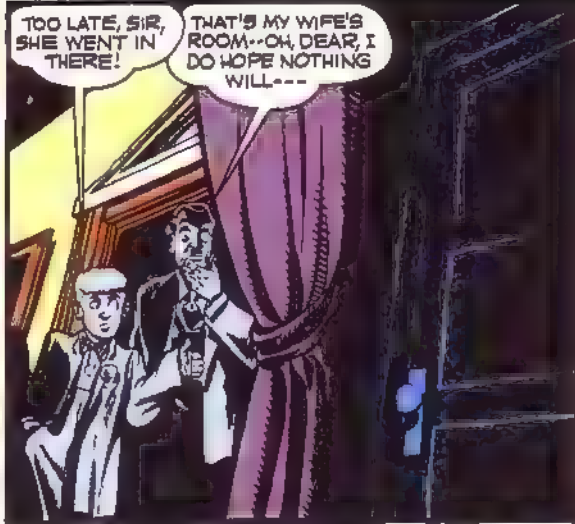
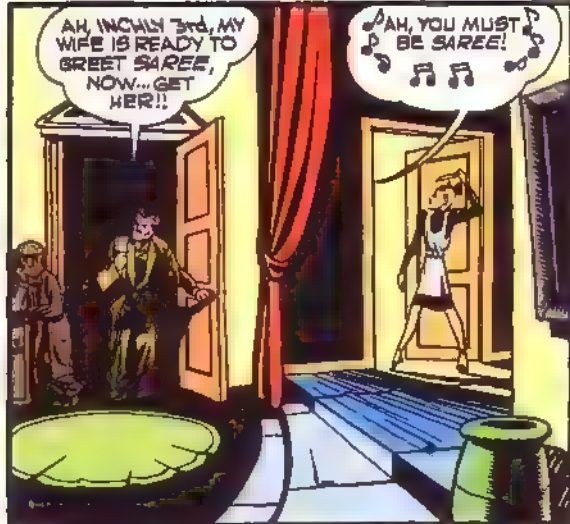
SIGH...FATHER, IT IS COMING UPON ME AGAIN--SIGH--SIGH-- I LANGUISH WITH SPELLS:

WHAT SPELLS?? YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN HEALTHY! WHA..?

...I WAX AND WANE LIKE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING! ..SIGH--TO HAVE A MOTHER--A STEPMOTHER TO COPE WITH, NOW, WOULD BE FATAL! I'M SO-O-O WEAK!







January 19 1947



HA, HA, HA,
HA, HA!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY,
ROVER BOY?

YOU? HA, HA, HA! P'GELL!!!
A HEADMISTRESS OF AN EXCLUSIVE
GIRLS SCHOOL--HAW, HAW!

LOOK HERE, CRIMEBUSTER, I'VE
FOUGHT, STOLEN, CONNIVED MY
WAY FROM THE EUROPEAN SLUMS
TO A COMFORTABLE POSITION
IN SOCIETY.

DON'T FORGET
TO ADD SEVEN
MARRIAGES
AT FREQUENT
INTERVALS!

ER--SEVEN MARRIAGES,
LAWMAN! CAN YOU THINK
OF A BETTER BACKGROUND
FOR ADVISING YOUNG GIRLS
ON THE ROUGH ROAD
OF LIFE?

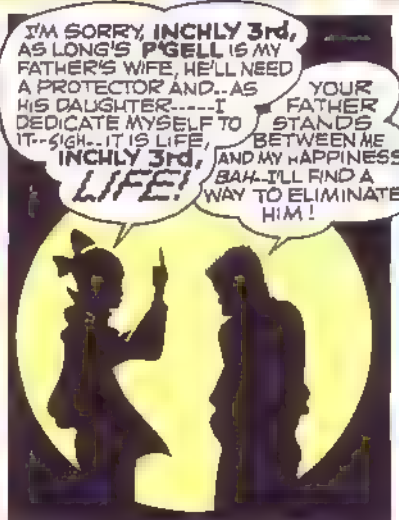
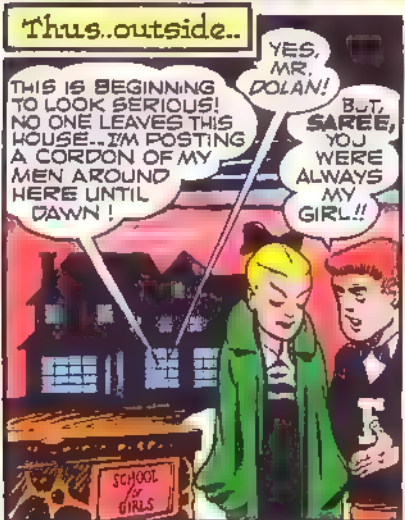
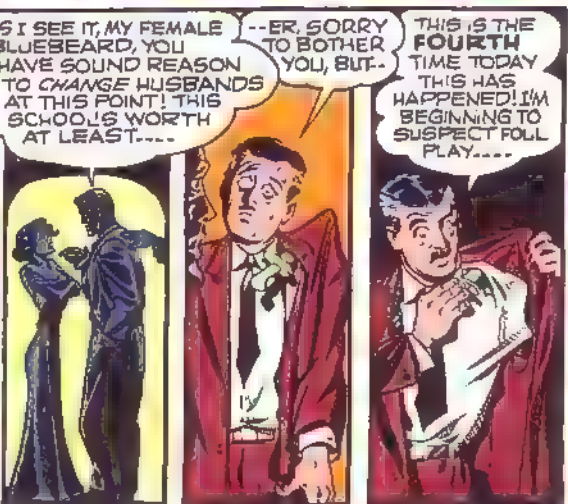
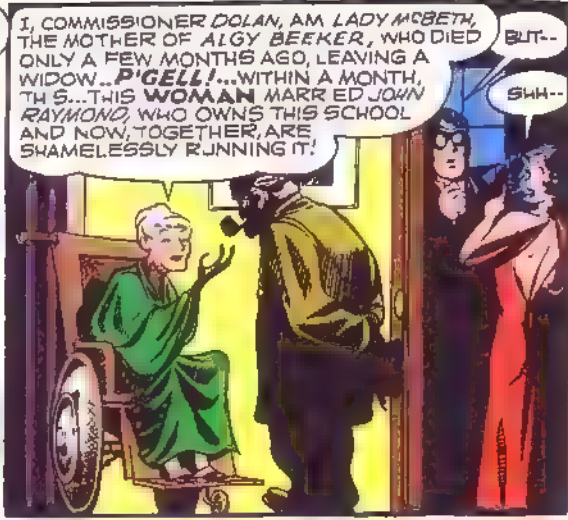
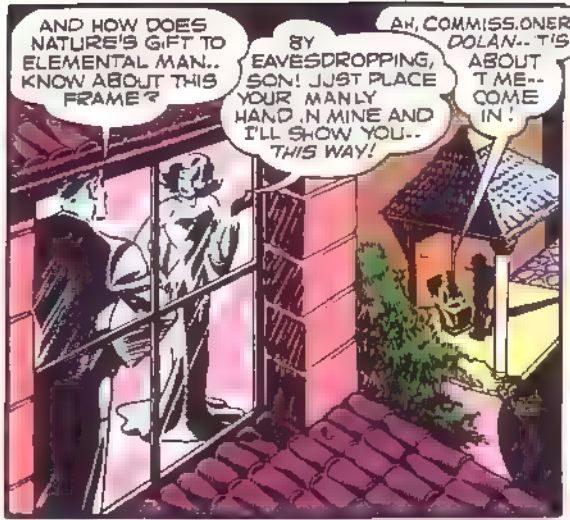
Y'GOT
SOME-
THING
THERE,
SIS!

WELL, NOW THAT
YOU'RE COMFORTABLY
ENSCONCED AS THE
WIFE OF MR. RAYMOND,
THE OWNER OF THIS
SCHOOL, WHY HAVE
ME AROUND?

BECAUSE
--MY ALL-
AMERICAN
BOY, SOMEONE
IS TRYING TO
GET INTO THE
ACT!

SOMEONE WHO'S GOING TO
MURDER MY HUSBAND AND
FRAME ME!

WELL, WELL, I
SHOULD'VE
BROUGHT
MY LUNCH!



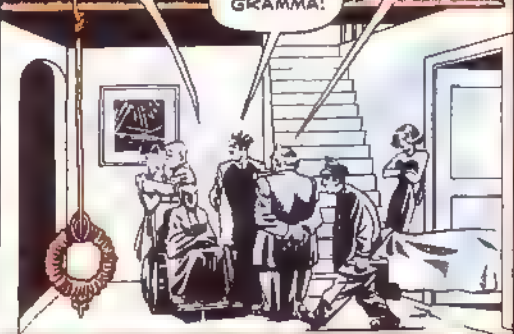


A few minutes later...

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!
FIND THE KILLER, INSTEAD
OF HERDING US INTO ONE
ROOM LIKE GOATS!

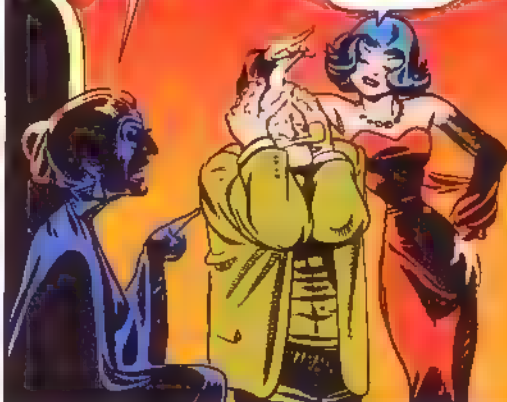
QUIET,
GRAMMA!

THIS WAS AN
INSIDE JOB...NO
ONE LEFT OR ENTERED!
IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE
ME IF **YOU** DID IT,
MRS. MCBETH!



WHAT? HOW DARE YOU?
P'GELL DID IT, SHE HAS
MORE MOTIVE
THAN I!

ARE YOU GOING TO
STAND THERE ON YOUR
TWO FLAT FEET AND LET
THAT OLD HAG THINK
FOR YOU?



I THINK YOU CAN DISCOUNT
P'GELL'S MOTIVE...I'VE JUST
LEARNED THAT RAYMOND HAD
NO MONEY! LADY MCBETH
REALLY OWNS THE
MORTGAGE
ON THIS
PLACE!



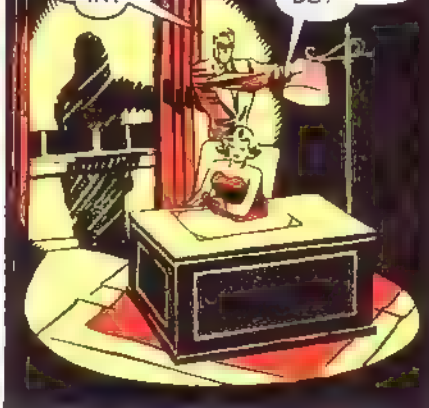
WELL, THAT LEAVES
US BACK WHERE WE
WERE! KEEP THEM
IN THAT ROOM--I'M
GOING OVER THE
ROOM ONCE
MORE!

AND I
WANT TO
RE-ENACT
THE CRIME!
COME
ALONG,
P'GELL!



NOW, YOU SIT IN THE
SAME CHAIR THAT WE
FOUND YOUR
HUSBAND
IN!

TSK, TSK! IF I
GET MURDERED,
TOO, IT'LL LOOK BAD
FOR YOU, WONDER
BOY!



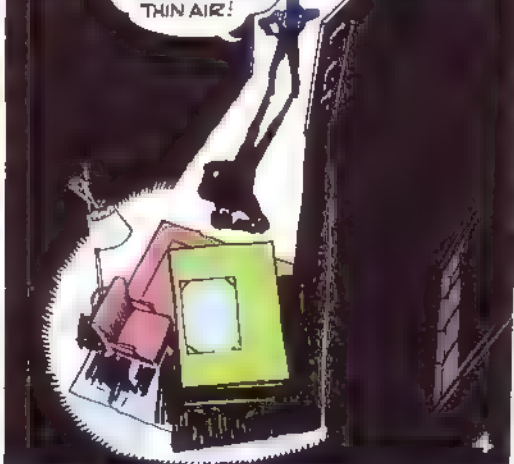
NOT TO MENTION HOW YOU'LL
LOOK, ANGEL---MMM, NOW, LET'S
SEE---NO OTHER ENTRANCE---
WINDOW SHUT! CAN YOU SEE
THE HALL FROM WHERE YOU
SIT, P'GELL?

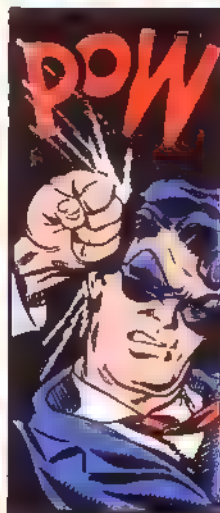
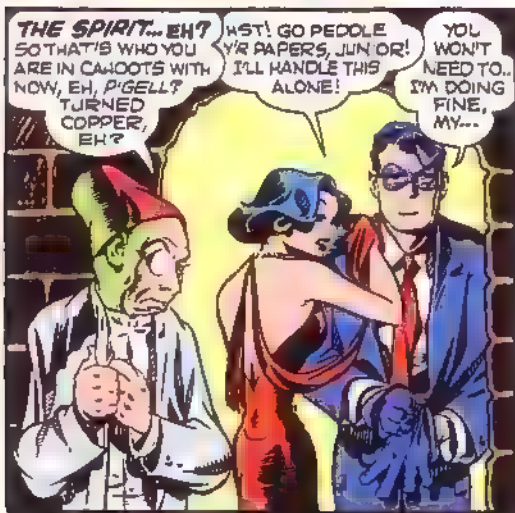
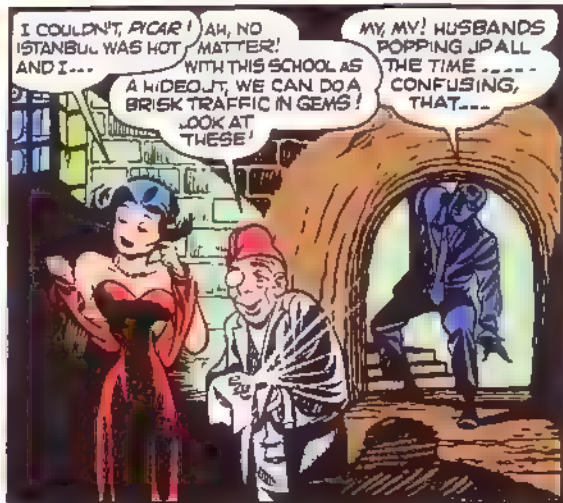
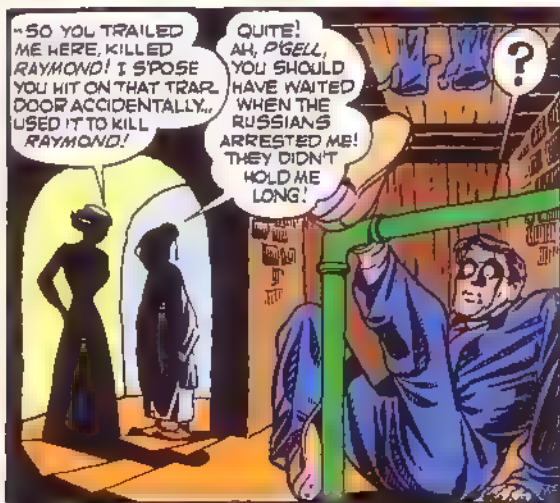
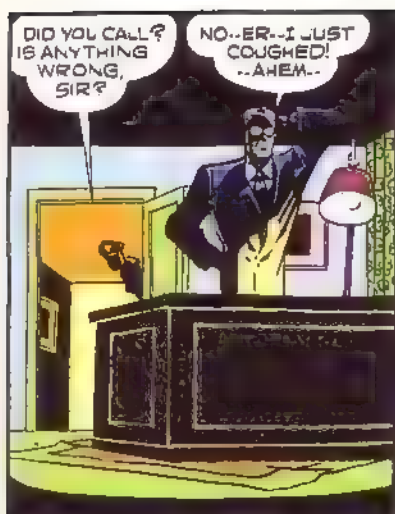


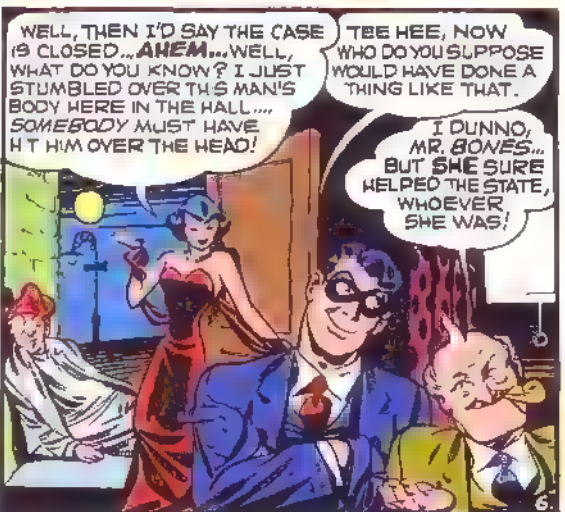
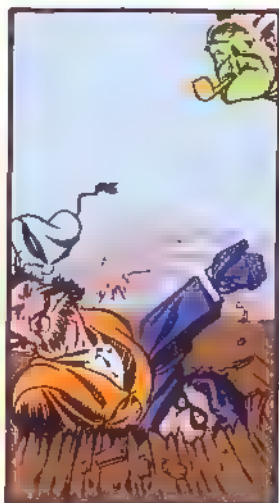
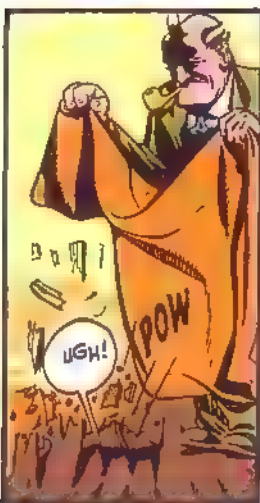
...I SAID, CAN YOU
SEE?



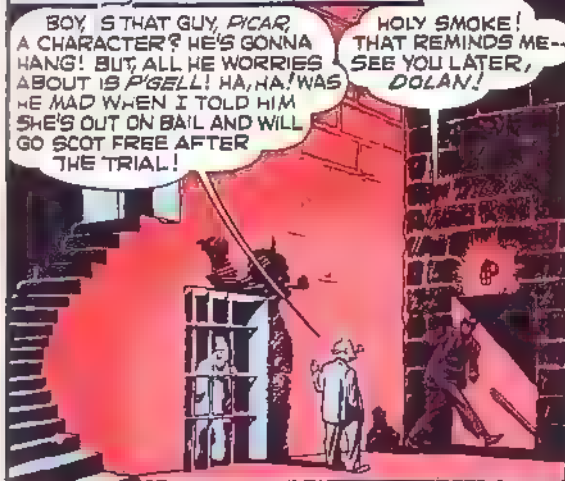
WELL, I'LL BE---
GONE--- INTO
THIN AIR!



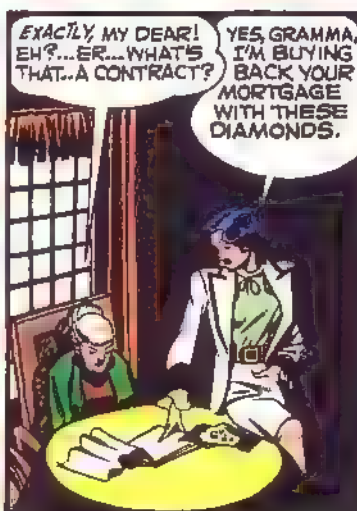
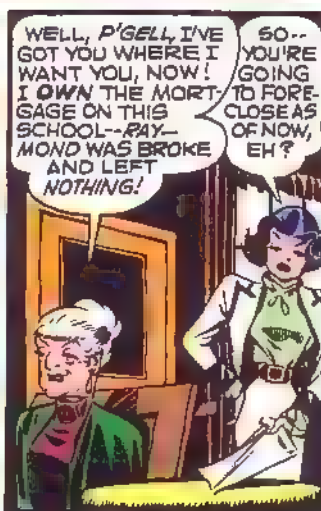
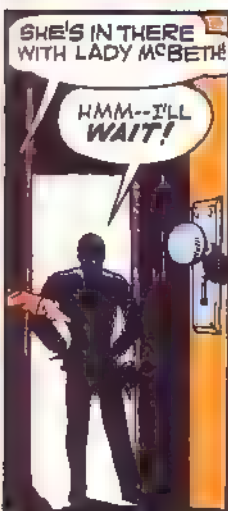
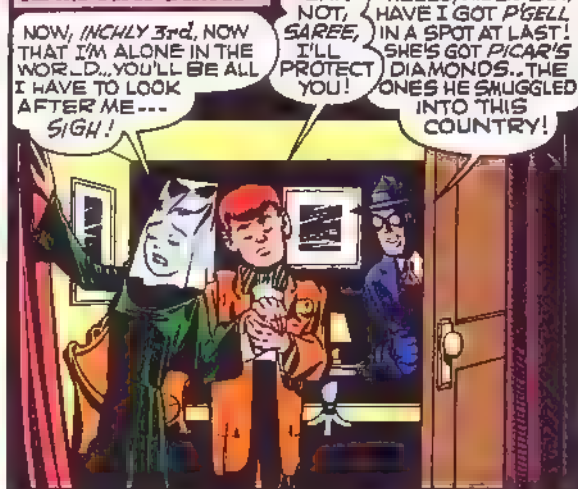




Next day...POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



At the Girls' school...

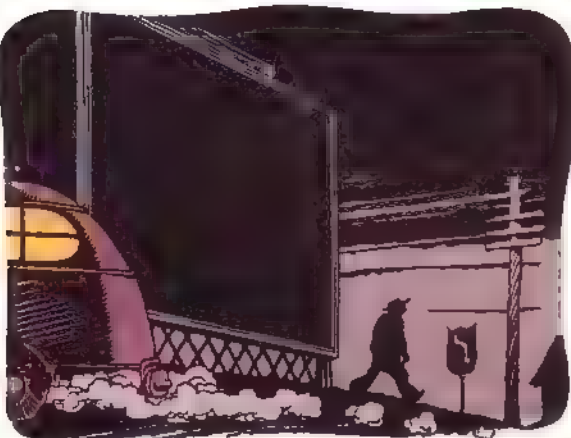
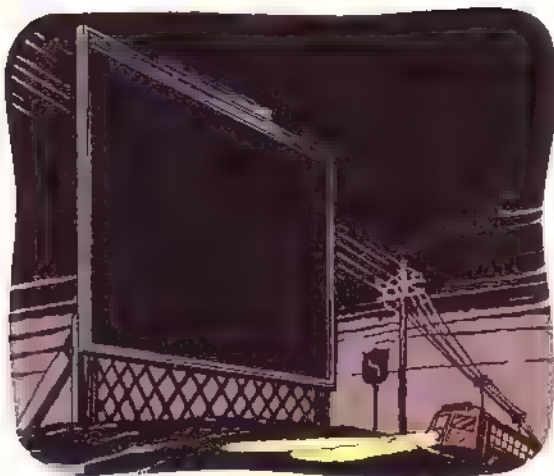


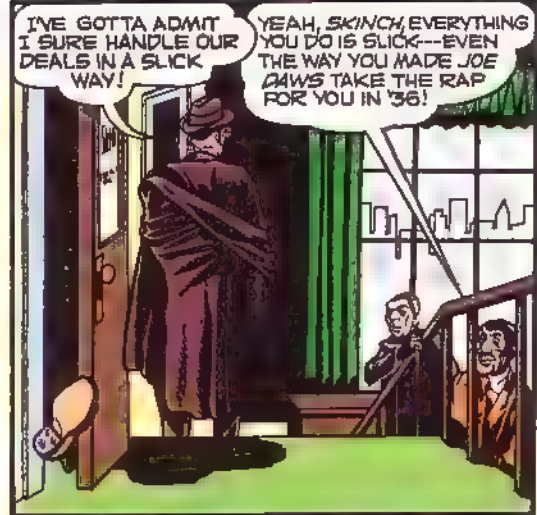
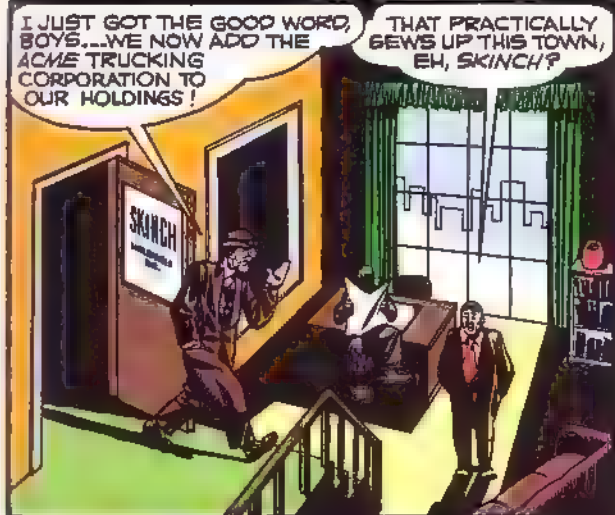
COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

THE PARTNER

January 26 1947

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE





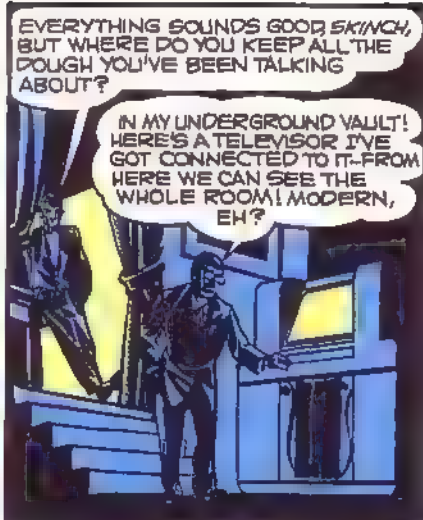


ALL AH NEEDS IS TWO DOLLARS FOR THE FUST TWO RABBITS, **SPIRIT** BOSS! IN NO TIME AT ALL MAH INVESTMENT'LL MULTIPLY LIKE SIXTY!



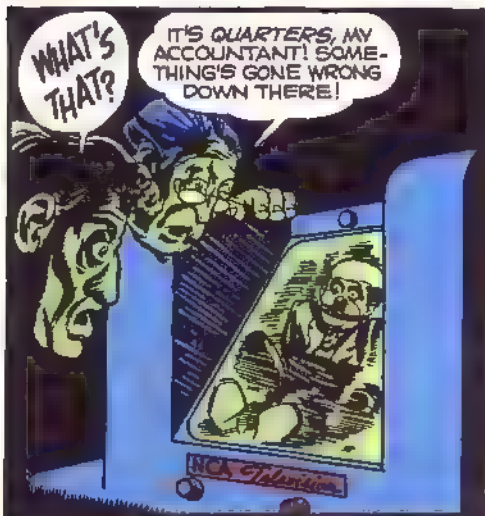
WE'LL HAVE A MILLION RABBITS TO PUT ON THE MARKET INSIDE O' NO TIME!

S-SSH--
EBONY,
SOMEONE'S
COMING!



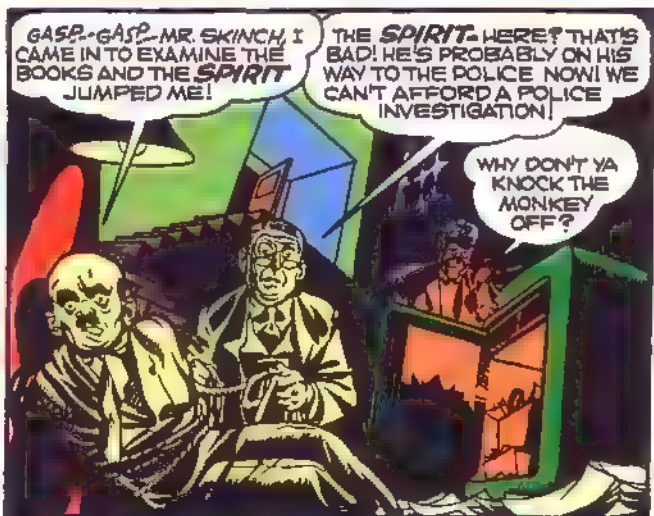
EVERYTHING SOUNDS GOOD **SKINCH**, BUT WHERE DO YOU KEEP ALL THE DOUGH YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT?

IN MY UNDERGROUND VAULT! HERE'S A TELEVISOR I'VE GOT CONNECTED TO IT-FROM HERE WE CAN SEE THE WHOLE ROOM! MODERN, EH?



WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S QUARTERS, MY ACCOUNTANT! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG DOWN THERE!



GASP-GASP-MR **SKINCH**, I CAME IN TO EXAMINE THE BOOKS AND THE **SPIRIT** JUMPED ME!

THE **SPIRIT**. WHERE? THAT'S BAD! HE'S PROBABLY ON HIS WAY TO THE POLICE NOW! WE CAN'T AFFORD A POLICE INVESTIGATION!

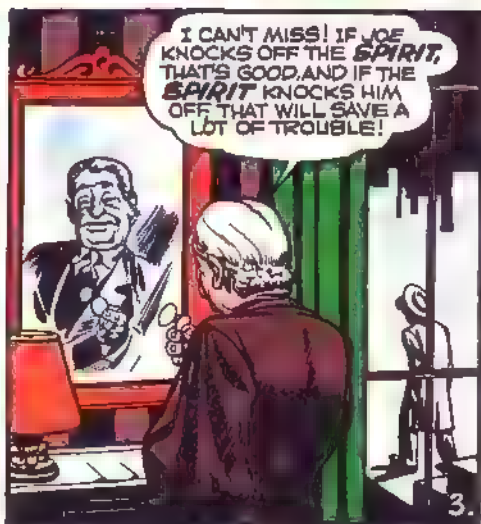
WHY DON'T YA KNOCK THE MONKEY OFF?



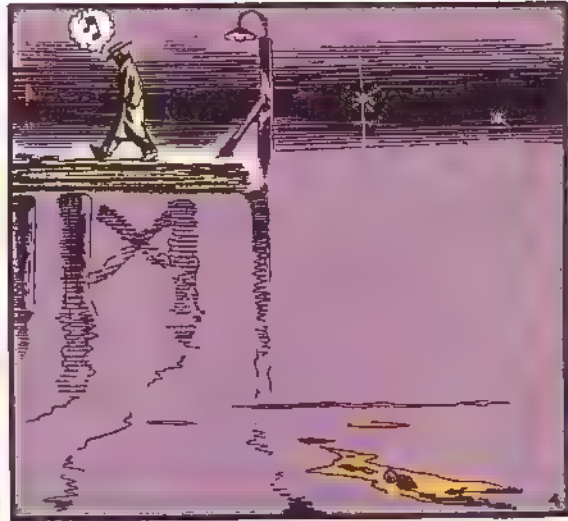
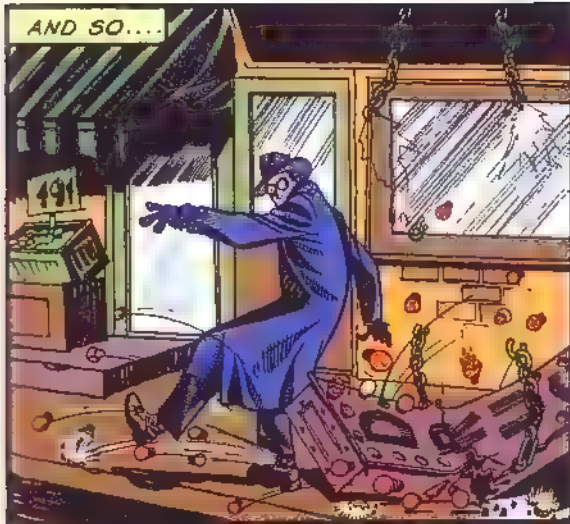
HOW? WE DON'T HAVE ANYONE WITH GUTS ENOUGH TO TACKLE THE JOB---ER..WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?



NOT SO FAST, **SKINCH**! I'VE GOT THE GUTS AN' I'M A STRANGER AROUND HERE---I COULD GET AWAY WITH IT... EASY!



I CAN'T MISS! IF JOE KNOCKS OFF THE **SPIRIT**, THAT'S GOOD, AND IF THE **SPIRIT** KNOCKS HIM OFF THAT WILL SAVE A LOT OF TROUBLE!



Not long after... at Police Headquarters...

WHY... THAT'S THE
SPIRIT'S STUFF!

HOLY COW!

YES, COMMISSIONER DOLAN, I
FOUND IT FLOATING IN THE
RIVER! THERE'S NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT- **HE'S DEAD!**
WHAT'LL I DO WITH
IT, SIR?



GULP, I-Y'LL
KEEP IT!



HELLO!



COMMISSIONER DOLAN,
THIS IS JOSHUA SKINCH!
I JUST LEARNED THERE
IS A KILLER OUT
AFTER THE **SPIRIT**
AND ME! JOE DAW'S,
A NEWCOMER IN
TOWN!



THANKS FOR THE TIP,
BUT IT'S TOO LATE---
THE **SPIRIT'S**
DEAD!



SO, HE GOT THE **SPIRIT**,
EH? **GOOD GRIEF!** THAT
MEANS I'M NEXT,
DOLAN!



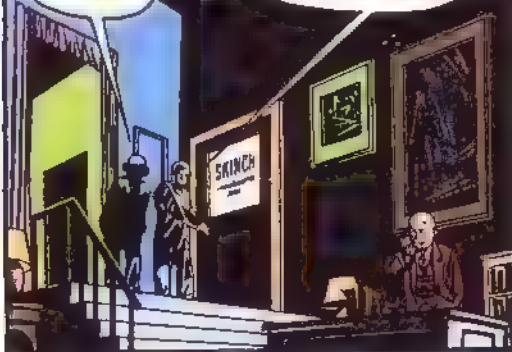
GET A CAR, CLANCY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER
TO **SKINCH'S** HOUSE
RIGHT AWAY!



Meanwhile,

WE MUST BE NUTS TO
GIVE OUR SHARE OF
THE RACKET TO A
PUNK LIKE
DAW'S!

YEAH, WHAT ARE WE,
STOOGES? IT'S ABOUT
TIME WE TOOK OVER
AND GOT RID OF BOTH
OF THEM MUGS!



HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
I DIDN'T SEND
FOR YOU
GUYS!

WE DIDN'T NEED
AN INVITATION FOR
THIS PARTY, **SKINCH!**
BECAUSE WE'RE
GIVING IT!



MEANWHILE--

HA, HA, WHAT SWEET LUCK--I SHOT THE **SPIRIT** WIT' **SKINCH**'S GUN! NOW TO KNOCK OFF **SKINCH**--TELL THE COPS HE GOT REMORSE AND C'MITTED SUICIDE AFTER CROAKING THE **SPIRIT**!

SKINCH
ENTERPRISES
INC.

HEY!
WHAT
TH--?

WELL--WHAT A BREAK--WE KNOCK **SKINCH** OFF AND THIS MONKEY COMES RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS!

HEY, **NICK**! THE COPS'RE COMIN'! LET'S GO! F'HEAVENS SAKE, Y'WANNA GET CAUGHT?

OKAY, OKAY, TO THE RIVER. @!!?! WE HAVE A LAUNCH THERE!

BOY, WHAT A LUCKY BREAK FOR DAW'S!

LEAVE THE ROD ON HIM! TH' COP'S WILL BLAME HIM F'SURE!

SKINCH'S DONE FOR, COMMISSIONER!

BUT THIS ONE'S ALIVE! MUST'VE HAD QUITE A TUSSELE BEFORE HE KNOCKED **SKINCH** OFF!

BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM! IT WAS...

YEAH, YEAH! JUST LIKE YOU DIDN'T KILL THE **SPIRIT**. BUT HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE SHELLS FIRED OUTA YOUR GUN!

SKINCH PUT THE FINGER ON YOU, SON! HE CALLED IN AND WARNED ME THAT YOU WERE GUNNING FOR HIM AND THE **SPIRIT**! I'M BOOKING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF BOTH!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE! HURRY, **NICK**!

AAH, KEEP Y'R SHIRT ON-- DAW'S'LL GIT BLAMED FOR KNOCKIN' OFF **SKINCH**! NOW, ALL WE GOTTA DO IS BLOW----

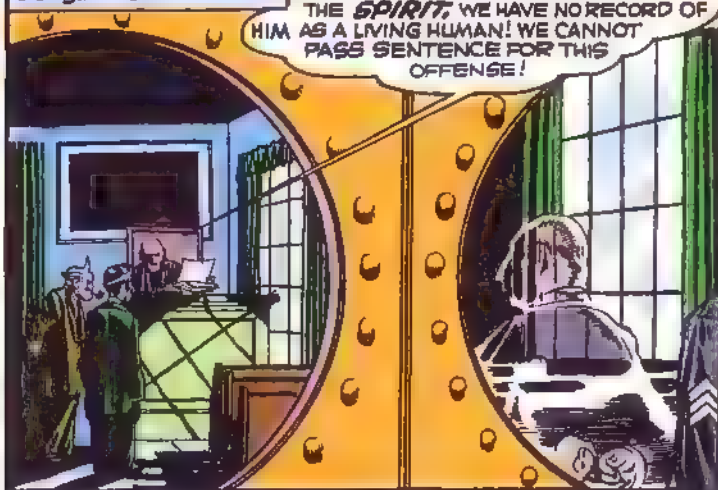
GAGG!!

IT ISN'T QUITE THAT EASY, **NICK**--TURN ABOUT!

GAGG

GAGG

Magistrate's Court

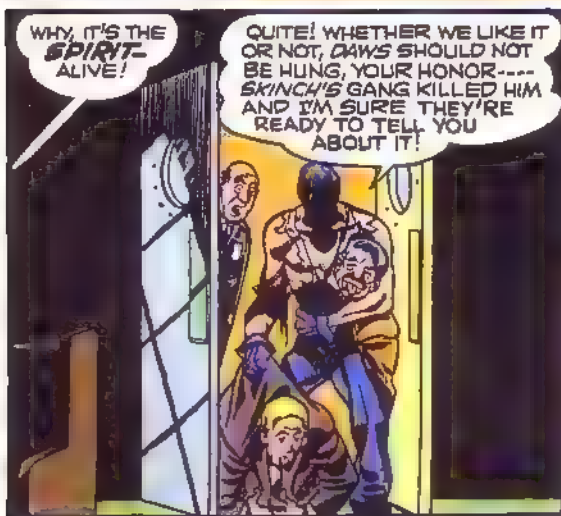


DUE TO THE PECULIAR IDENTITY OF THE **SPRIT**, WE HAVE NO RECORD OF HIM AS A LIVING HUMAN! WE CANNOT PASS SENTENCE FOR THIS OFFENSE!



BUT FOR THE MURDER OF JOSHUA SKINCH, I SENTENCE YOU TO HANG BY THE N...

WAIT!



WHY, IT'S THE **SPRIT**-ALIVE!

QUITE! WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, **DAWS** SHOULD NOT BE HUNG, YOUR HONOR---- **SKINCH'S** GANG KILLED HIM AND I'M SURE THEY'RE READY TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT!



TOODLE-OO ♪ **DOLAN**! GUESS MY LUCK IS RUNNING FINE!



One hour later... the late **SKINCH'S** office...

WELL, THE MUGS HANG--- **SKINCH** IS DEAD AND I INHERIT THE **SKINCH** EMPIRE! OH, JOY, THERE'S NO END TO MY GOOD LUCK!

OH, ISN'T THERE?



FOR YEARS I'VE CONNIVED, ALTERED BOOKS, FAKED TAXES, DONE ALL OF THE DIRTY WORK! I BUILT HIS EMPIRE...AND NOW I'LL INHERIT IT ALL! ME-ME!



I CAN MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE, OR DUMP HIS BODY IN QUICKTIME!

RING

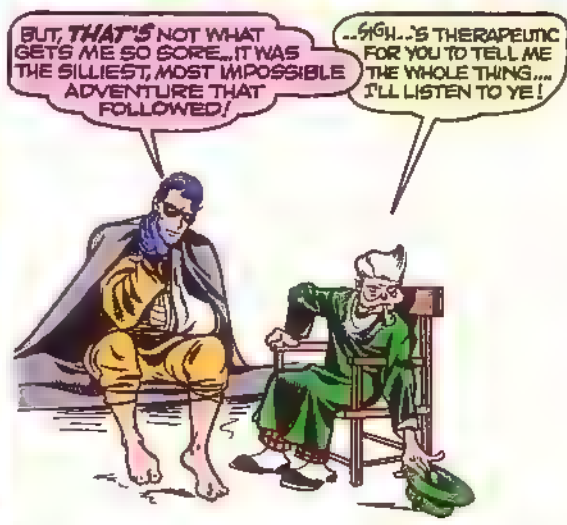
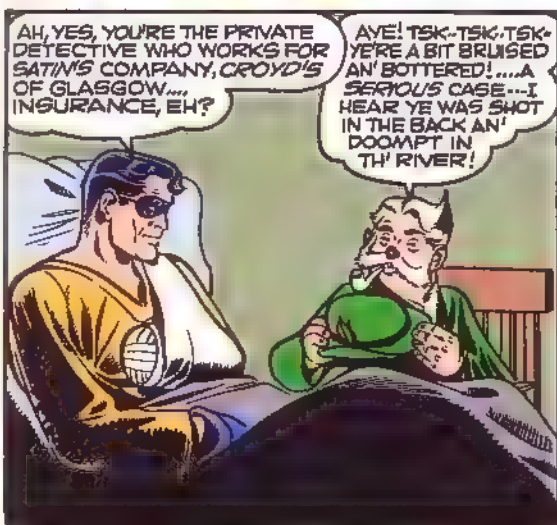
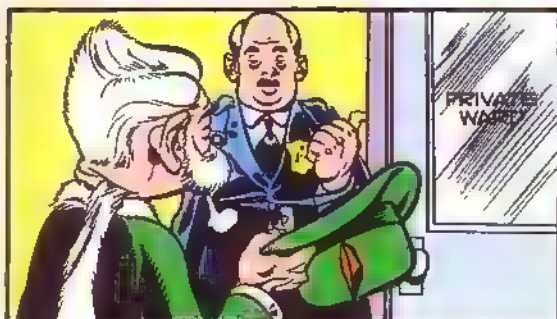
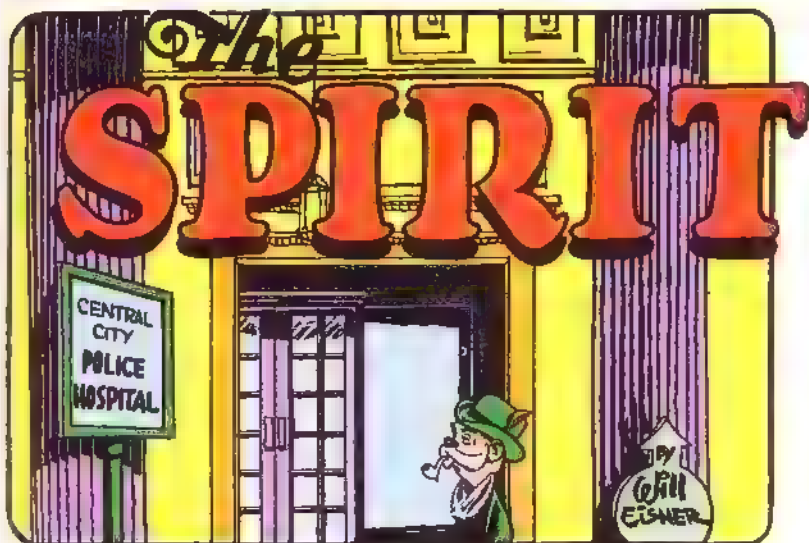


HELLO...YES, THIS IS **DEBIT P. QUARTERS**! I'M THE **SKINCH** COMPANY ACCOUNTANT! WHAT? YOU'RE ARRESTING ME FOR INCOME TAX EVASION? NO, YOU WON'T HAVE TO SEND THE F.B.I. MAN HERE!



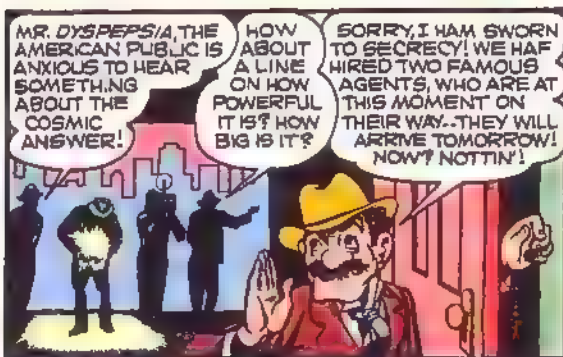
YOU CAN FIND ME AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...ANYTIME...YEAH...YEAH!

?



The first I heard..... was in a small news item on the export page of the CENTRAL CITY DAILY...a small BALKAN province, RAZVANY or GRAYANY...or something that sounds like that, announced that it had ready for export a formula they called the answer to **THE ATOMIC BOMB!** Their representative in CENTRAL CITY even announced he would give it to the UNITED NATIONS subcommittee that was in CENTRAL CITY on a real estate deal!

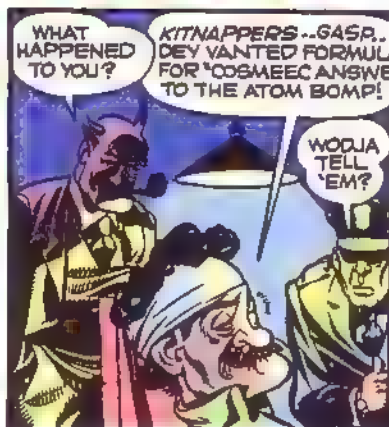
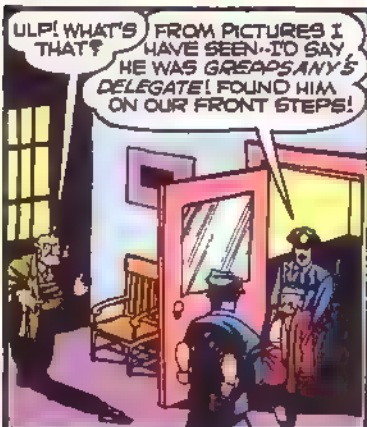
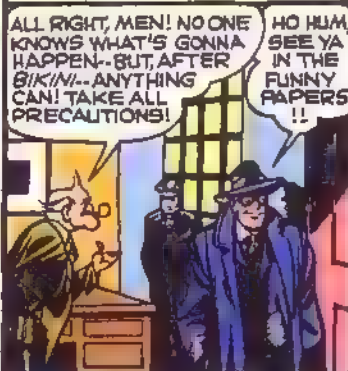
NATURALLY THEIR "COSMIC ANSWER" BECAME NEWS AND THE PAPERS GAVE IT ALL THE PLAY THEY COULD...EVEN OUR GANGSTERS BECAME INTERESTED!



VERY INTERESTED IN FACT!

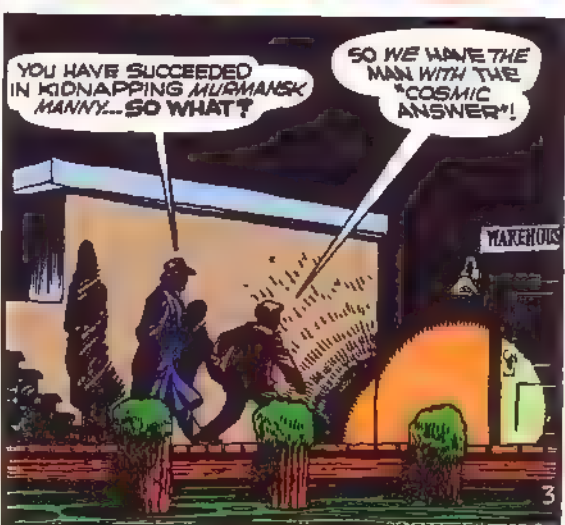
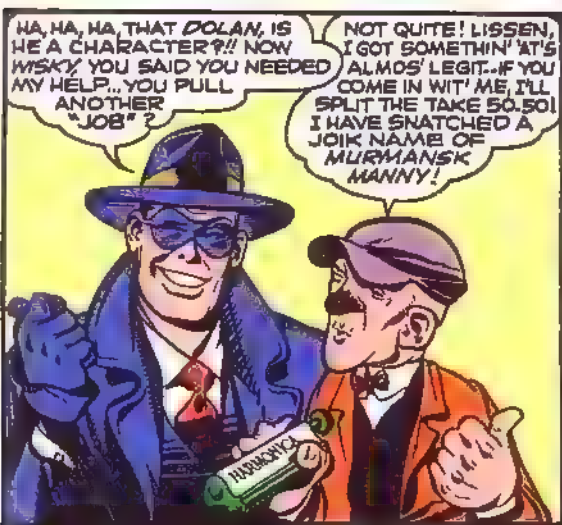
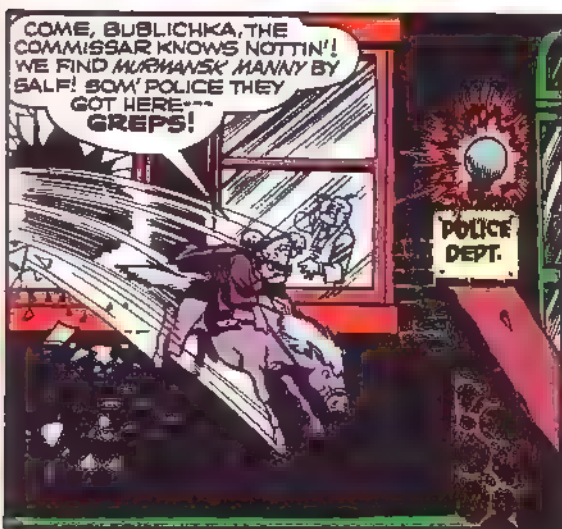
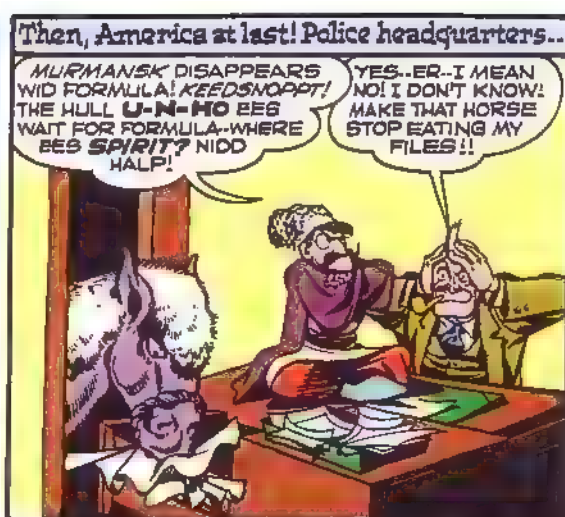
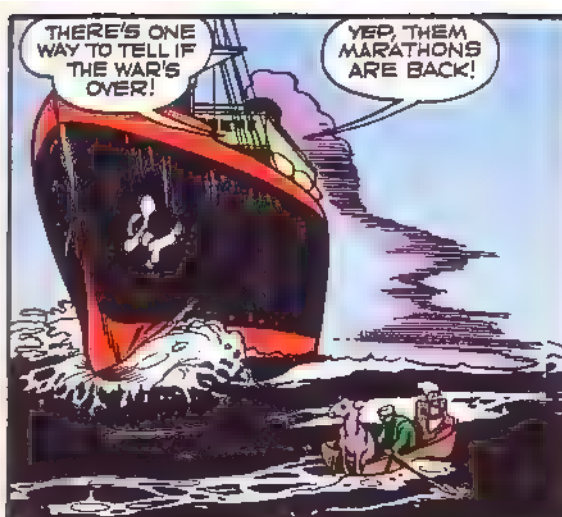


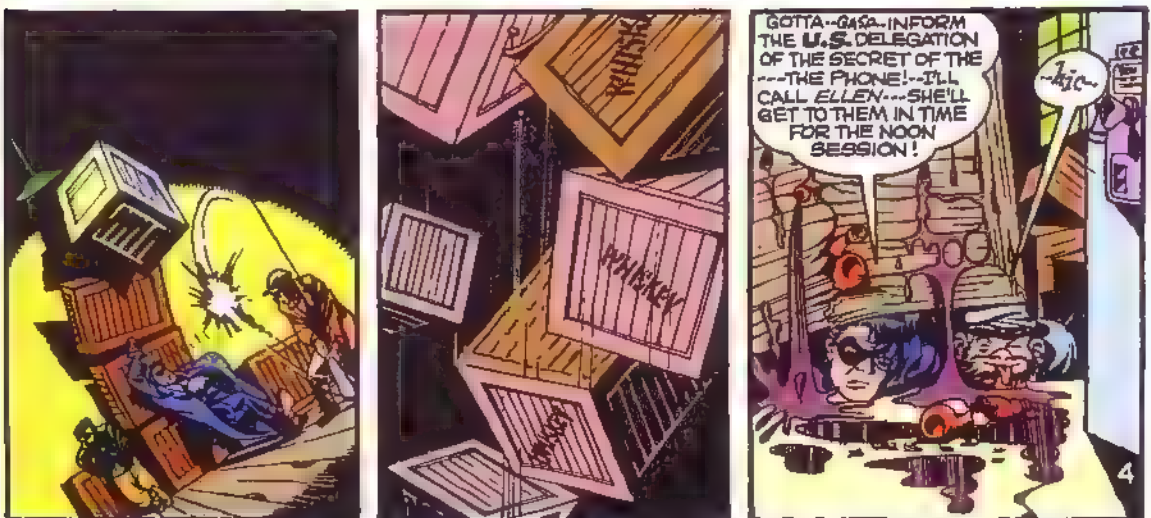
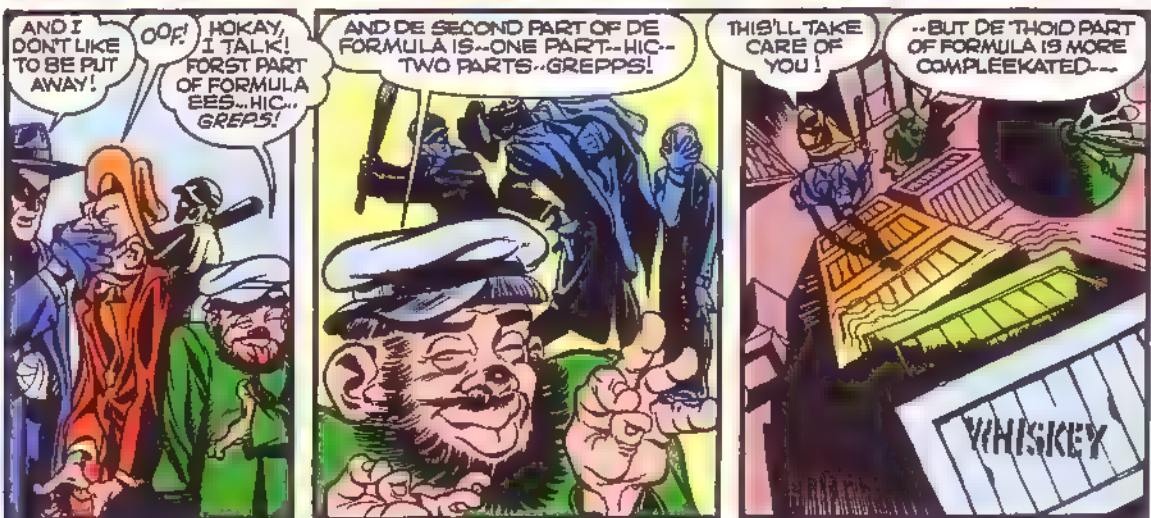
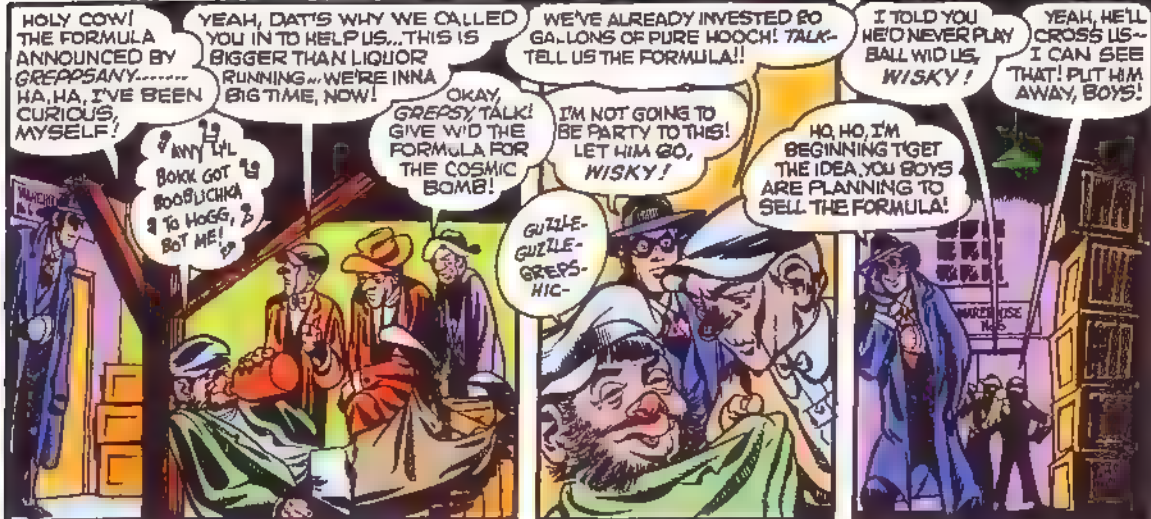
AS FOR ME, I WAS STILL QUITE WEAK FROM THE BEATING I TOOK IN THE DAW'S CASE A WEEK BEFORE...AND... I WANTED TO LOOK UP "WISKY"!

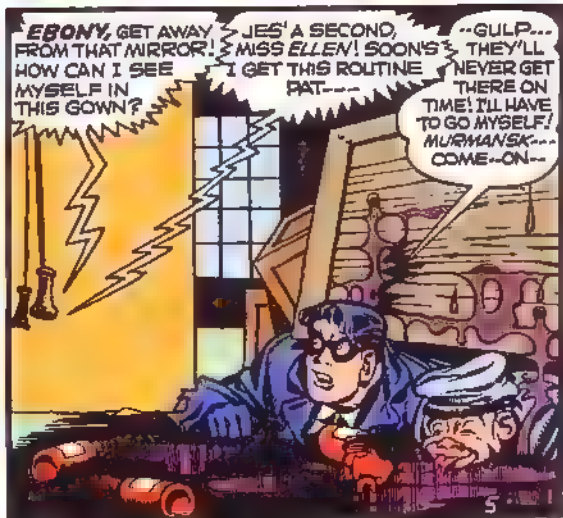
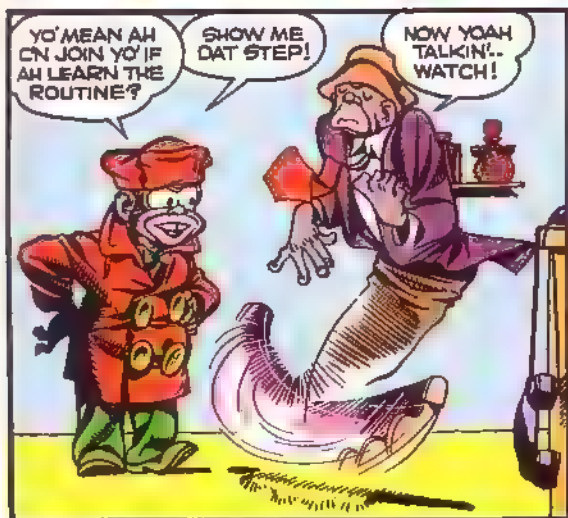
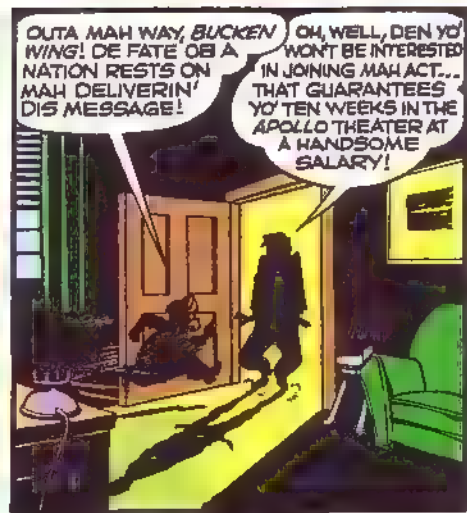
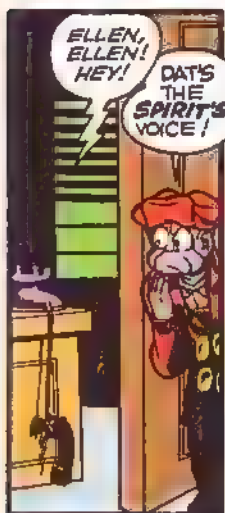


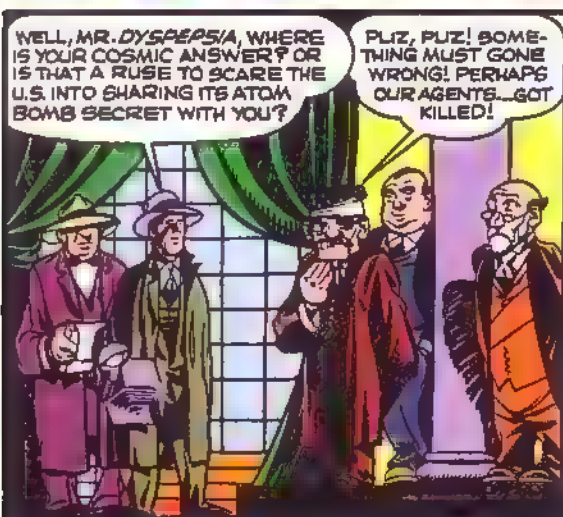
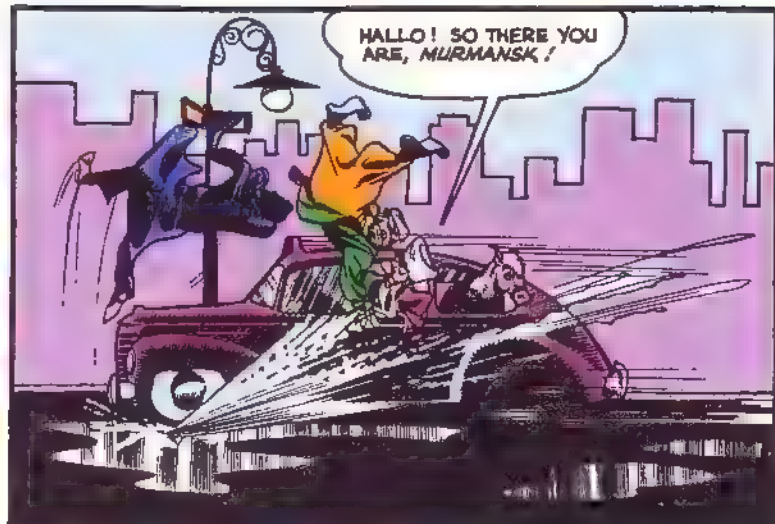
--and so, while the world waits, three hired delegates leave Greppsany for America with that nation's "cosmic answer"!

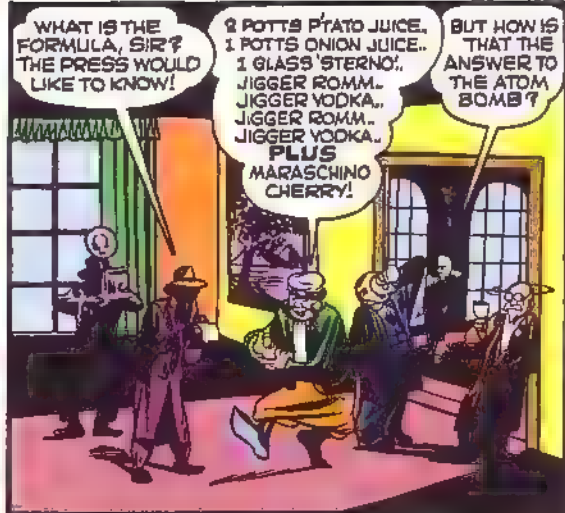
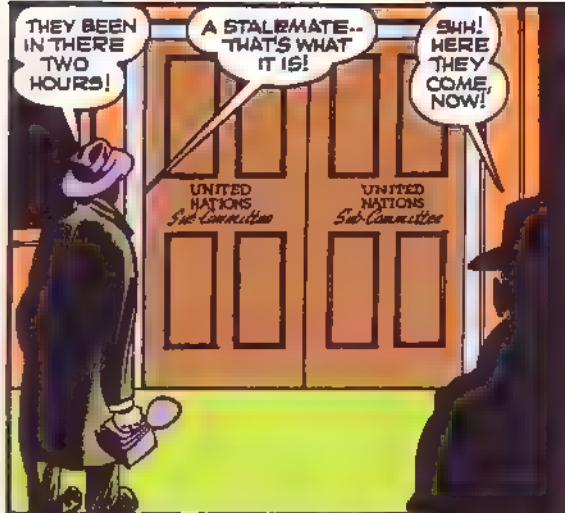














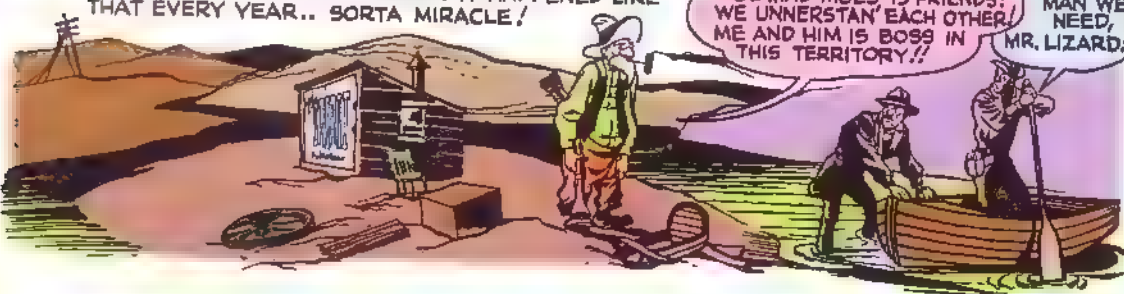
In the beginning there was the desert, the dust, Mad Moes, the river and Lizard... The Lizard was just a lazy desert character who sat oozing in the hot sun... but mad moes, the river? Oho!! Now there was something!!

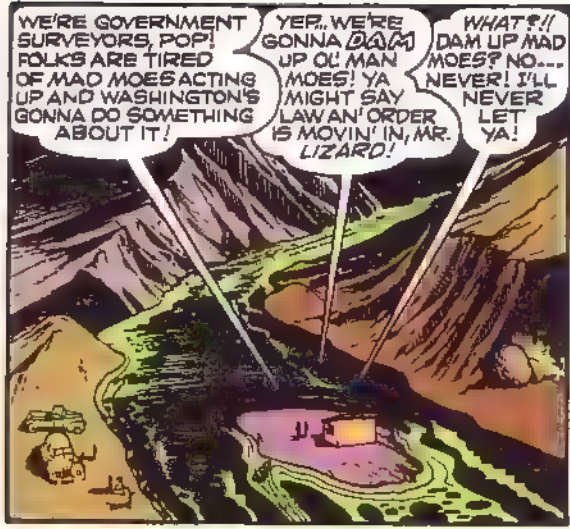


WELL, SIR, ONCE A YEAR.. 'BOUT SPRING MAD MOES WOULD SWELL UP, TURN PURPLE LIKE GRANPAW TALKIN' POLITICS AND DESTROY THE WHOLE DANG VALLEY!! ONLY THING STANDING WHEN IT WAS OVER WAS LIZARD'S SHACK! IT HAPPENED LIKE THAT EVERY YEAR.. SORTA MIRACLE!

Y'SEE, SIR.. ME AND OL' MAD MOES IS FRIENDS! WE UNNERSTAN' EACH OTHER! ME AND HIM IS BOSS IN THIS TERRITORY!!

Y'DON'T SAY?? WELL YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE NEED, MR. LIZARD!

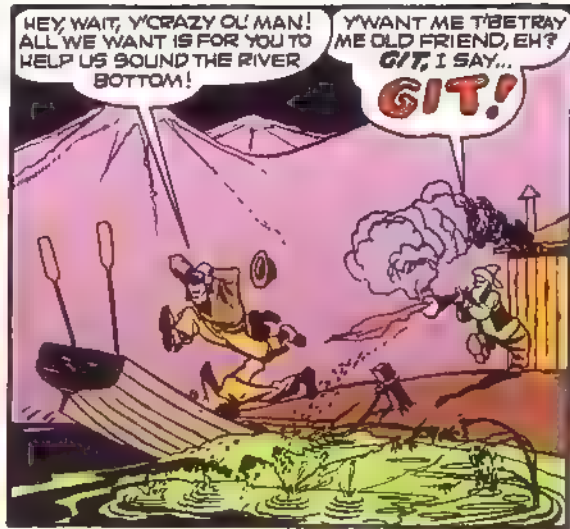




WE'RE GOVERNMENT SURVEYORS, POP! FOLKS ARE TIRED OF MAD MOES ACTING UP AND WASHINGTON'S GONNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

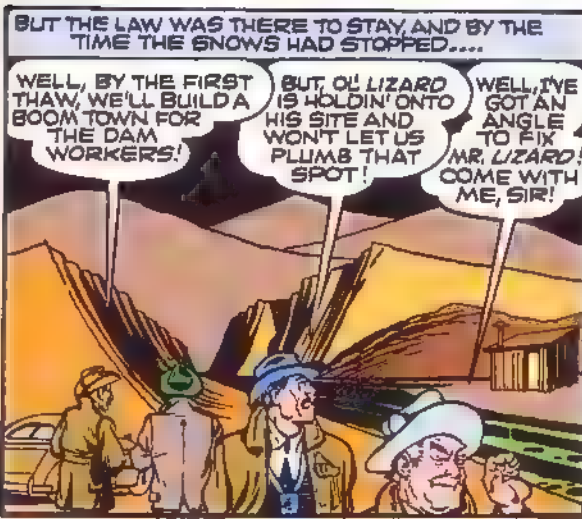
YEP, WE'RE GONNA DAM UP OL' MAN MOES! YA MIGHT SAY LAW AN' ORDER IS MOVIN' IN, MR. LIZARD!

WHAT?! DAM UP MAD MOES? NO... NEVER! I'LL NEVER LET YA!



HEY, WAIT, Y'CRAZY OL' MAN! ALL WE WANT IS FOR YOU TO HELP US SOUND THE RIVER BOTTOM!

Y'WANT ME T'BETRAY ME OLD FRIEND, EH? GIT, I SAY... **GIT!**

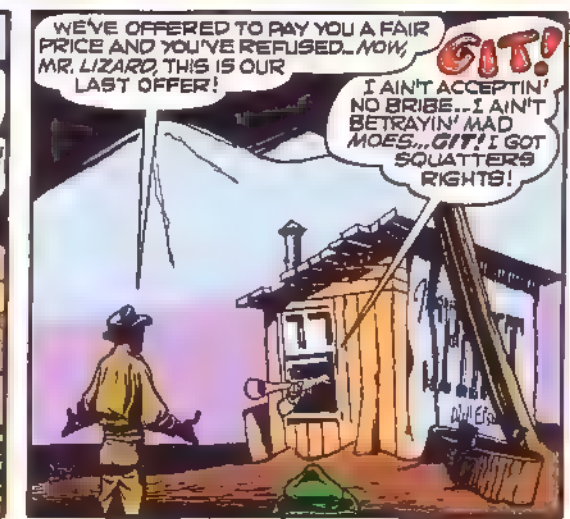


BUT THE LAW WAS THERE TO STAY, AND BY THE TIME THE SNOWS HAD STOPPED....

WELL, BY THE FIRST THAW, WE'LL BUILD A BOOM TOWN FOR THE DAM WORKERS!

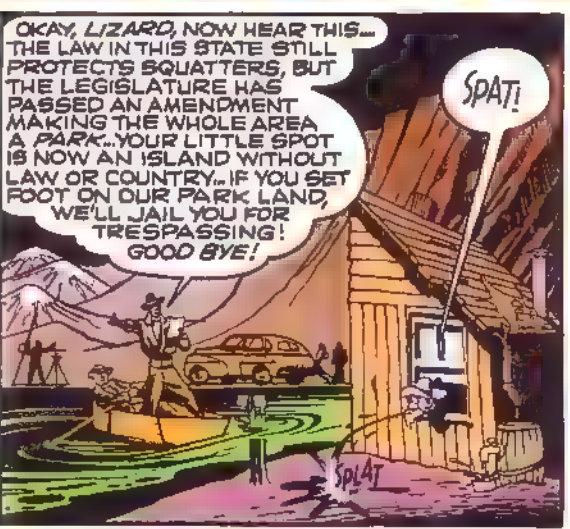
BUT, OL' LIZARD IS HOLDIN' ONTO HIS SITE AND WON'T LET US PLUMB THAT SPOT!

WELL, I'VE GOT AN ANGLE TO FIX MR. LIZARD! COME WITH ME, SIR!



WE'VE OFFERED TO PAY YOU A FAIR PRICE AND YOU'VE REFUSED... NOW, MR. LIZARD, THIS IS OUR LAST OFFER!

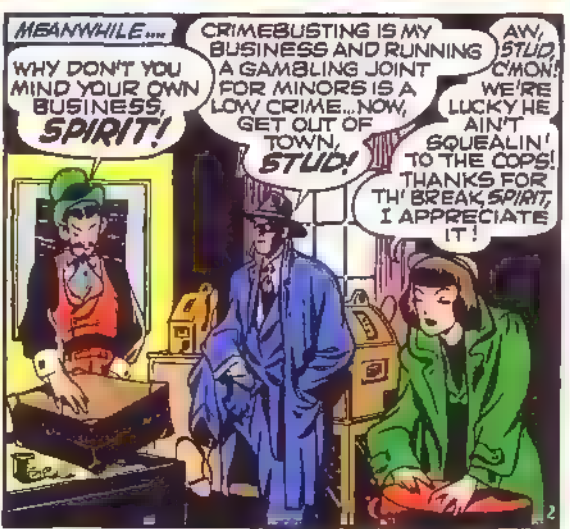
I AIN'T ACCEPTIN' NO BRIBE... I AIN'T BETRAYIN' MAD MOES... **GIT!** I GOT SQUATTERS RIGHTS!



OKAY, LIZARD, NOW HEAR THIS... THE LAW IN THIS STATE STILL PROTECTS SQUATTERS, BUT THE LEGISLATURE HAS PASSED AN AMENDMENT MAKING THE WHOLE AREA A PARK... YOUR LITTLE SPOT IS NOW AN ISLAND WITHOUT LAW OR COUNTRY... IF YOU SET FOOT ON OUR PARK LAND, WE'LL JAIL YOU FOR TRESPASSING! GOOD BYE!

SPAT!

SPLAT



MEANWHILE...

WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, **SPIRIT!**

CRIMEBUSTING IS MY BUSINESS AND RUNNING A GAMBLING JOINT FOR MINORS IS A LOW CRIME... NOW, GET OUT OF TOWN, **STUD!**

AYN, **STUD!** C'MON! WE'RE LUCKY HE AIN'T SQUEALIN' TO THE COPS! THANKS FOR TH' BREAK, **SPIRIT!** I APPRECIATE IT!

And so...some nights later...

OHO...IF IT AIN'T **STUD SHARPE!** YOU WERE TOLD TO STAY OFF THIS LINE.... WHERE'S Y'R TICKET?

ER... SUPPOSE WE, AH, CUT CARDS FOR IT, CONDUCTOR.

CUT CARDS WITH **YOU?** DONT BE SILLY... **GET OFF THIS TRAIN,** YOU CROOK!!

I'LL WRITE TO THE COMPANY, I'LL.....

...AH YES, THIS MUST BE THE FREE, EXCITING ROMANTIC LIFE YOU PROMISED ME... **NO HUM!**

QUIET, **QUEENY,** I'M THINKING... LOOK AT THAT STUFF YONDER!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO BUILD A DAM... WHY??

A DAM MEANS A BOOM TOWN... WHICH MEANS MEN WITH MONEY... WHICH MEANS SUCKERS.... AND, **LO,** THERE BEFORE OUR VERY EYES, A LIKELY SPOT... FORWARD, **QUEENY!**

AH, GOOD EVENING! POP!! YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE LET IN ON A GOOD THING!

GIT!

IF Y'R ONE OF THEM GOVERNMENT FELLERS, I'LL REMIND YA THAT THIS IS OUT-A-LAW TERRITORY BY Y'R OWN DECREE... Y'CAN TELL 'EM THAT I INTEND TO HALT THE DAMMIN' O'MY PAL **MOES!!**

GRAMPA, I AM THE ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYER!

By the following dawn...

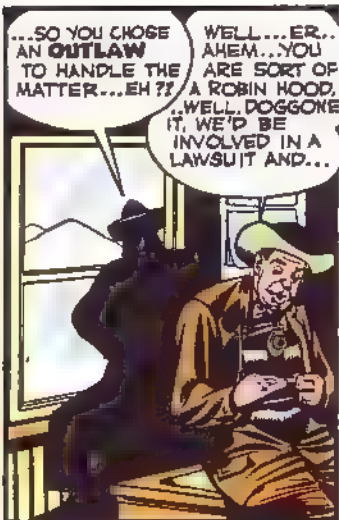
BUT HOW DOES A GAMBLIN' JOINT HELP ME STOP THE GOVERNMENT BUILDIN'??

HA HA HA... IN A FEW WEEKS THE WORKERS'LL BE SO BUSY GAMBLIN' THEY'LL BE CUTTING WORK EVERY OTHER DAY!

And so...

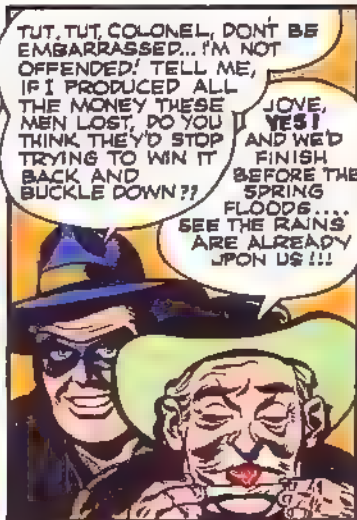
SO I GATHER **STUD'S** PREDICTION HAS WORKED FINE?

YES, IN THE PAST TWO WEEKS ABSENTEEISM HAS VIRTUALLY CRIPPLED CONSTRUCTION.... AND IRONICALLY ENOUGH, WE'VE TIED OUR OWN HANDS BY 'OUTLAWING' **LIZARD'S ISLE!!**



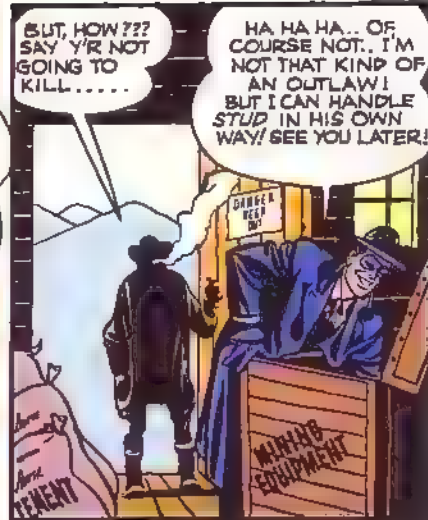
...SO YOU CHOSE AN OUTLAW TO HANDLE THE MATTER...EH??

WELL...ER... AHEM...YOU ARE SORT OF A ROBIN HOOD, WELL, DOGGONE IT, WE'D BE INVOLVED IN A LAWSUIT AND...



TUT, TUT, COLONEL, DON'T BE EMBARRASSED...I'M NOT OFFENDED! TELL ME, IF I PRODUCED ALL THE MONEY THESE MEN LOST, DO YOU THINK THEY'D STOP TRYING TO WIN IT BACK AND BUCKLE DOWN??

JOVE, YES! AND WE'D FINISH BEFORE THE SPRING FLOODS... SEE THE RAINS ARE ALREADY UPON US !!!



BUT, HOW??? SAY Y'R NOT GOING TO KILL.....

HA HA HA... OF COURSE NOT.. I'M NOT THAT KIND OF AN OUTLAW! BUT I CAN HANDLE STUP IN HIS OWN WAY! SEE YOU LATER!



And the next evening.....

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN !! DOESN'T IT EVER LET UP ??... LOOK AT THE RIVER... BET IF THAT HALF OF THE DAM WASN'T UP WE'D BE FLOODED !!!



...AND THAT STUP SHARPE, GETS ON ME NERVES, TOO..



WE GOT OVER 800,000 BUCKS IN SLUCKER MONEY AND HE STILL KEEPS ON... WE SHOULD CLEAR OUT...BAH..WHERE IS HE NOW???



I'M TOWN FOR GROCERIES... D..DARLING!!!



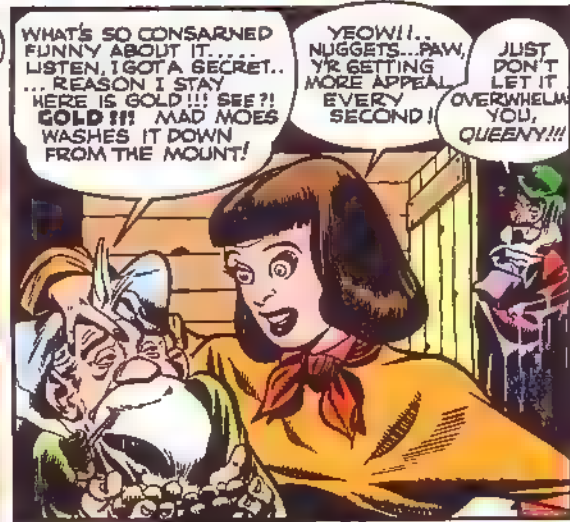
...WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU FTF WHY ARE Y' BOOGLING AT ME?

IT'S 'CAUSE Y'SMELL SO PURTY!



HOLY SMOKE!

HA HA HA!!! I GET IT NOW! Y'R IN LOVE WITH ME!!! HO HO HO HO!!



WHAT'S SO CONSARNED FUNNY ABOUT IT.... LISTEN, I GOT A SECRET... REASON I STAY HERE IS GOLD!!! SEE?! GOLD!!! MAD MOES WASHES IT DOWN FROM THE MOUNT!

YEOW!!.. NUGGETS...PAW, Y'R GETTING MORE APPEAL EVERY SECOND!

JUST DON'T LET IT OVERWHELM YOU, QUEENY!!!



NOW DON'T GET SORE, STUD! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T CROSS YOU...

..HMM, I DOUBT IF I COULD GET ODDS ON THAT!..GOLD, EH, POP?? THAT'S WHY YOU WANNA KEEP THEM FROM DAMMING THE RIVER...



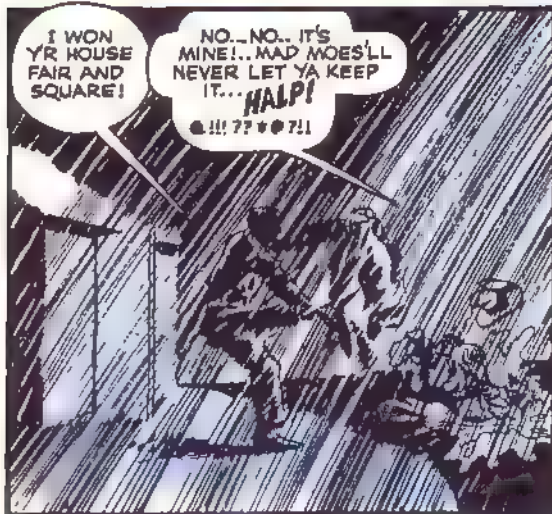
IF YOU AIM TO STEAL THIS ISLAND FUM ME, I'LL...

STEAL?? WHY, POP, HOW COULD YOU! I'LL GIVE YOU A FAIR CHANCE- PICK A CARD!



BUT I DONT WANTA... OH WELL... TWO O' CLUBS!

TSK, TOO BAD. I'VE THE ACE OF SPADES... NOW BEAT IT... ..IT'S ALL MINE...



I WON YR HOUSE FAIR AND SQUARE!

NO...NO... IT'S MINE!..MAD MOES'LL NEVER LET YA KEEP IT...
HALP!
●!!! ?? * * ?!



THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO SEE... A CLEAN-CUT GAMBLING MAN WHO LIVES UP TO HIS BETS!

THE SPIRIT!

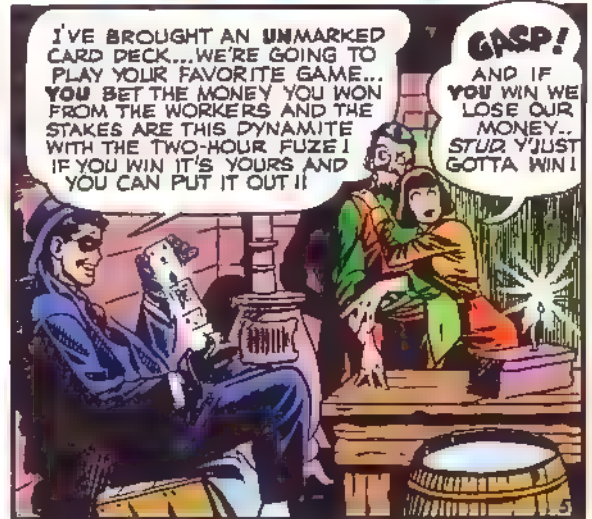


GOT A LIGHT, QUEENY?

Y..YEAH.... WHAT D'YOU WANT? THIS ISLAND'S OUTTA STATE JURISDICTION!



I KNOW..JUST CAME TO DO A LITTLE GAMBLING! THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, ISN'T IT, STUD!?



I'VE BROUGHT AN UNMARKED CARD DECK...WE'RE GOING TO PLAY YOUR FAVORITE GAME... YOU BET THE MONEY YOU WON FROM THE WORKERS AND THE STAKES ARE THIS DYNAMITE WITH THE TWO-HOUR FUZE! IF YOU WIN IT'S YOURS AND YOU CAN PUT IT OUT II

GASP!

AND IF YOU WIN WE LOSE OUR MONEY... STUD Y'JUST GOTTA WIN!

Meanwhile...

MAD MOES'LL
HELP ME! HE'S
MY FRIEND!

HEY MIKE...WHO'S
THAT DOWN THERE
FOOLIN' WITH THE
SLUICE GATE?...

HOLY HINK! SOME SCREWBALL
IS TRYIN' TO OPEN THE GATE!
HEY! Y'CRAZY FOOL,
Y'LL FLOOD THE VALLEY!!

COME OUT,
MAD MOES!
AND WASH 'EM
ALL AWAY!
COME OUT!!!

LEGGO
Y'CRAZY..

TOO LATE!

Meanwhile...

A FULL HOUSE.
HO HUM...
I'VE WON
AGAIN!

LET HIM HAVE
THE DOUGH,
STUD! LET'S GO..
THE RIVER'S
RISING!

SHADDAP!!
NO ONE EVER
BEAT ME AT
POKER!!

..YAWN: I WIN
ONCE MORE!
NO ONE'S EVER
PLAYED YOU WITH
HONEST CARDS!
HOW MUCH
MONEY HAVE
YOU LEFT??

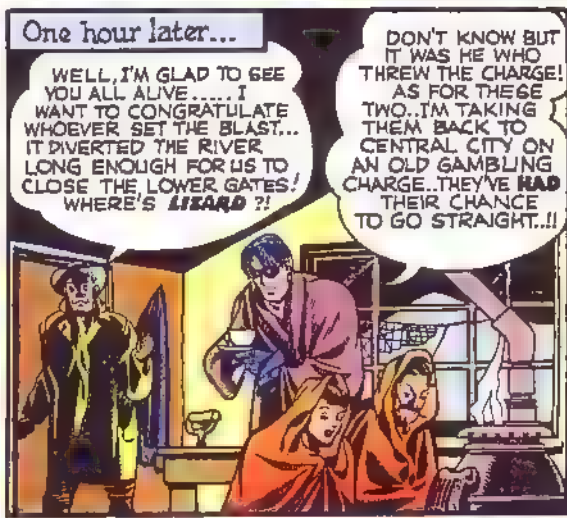
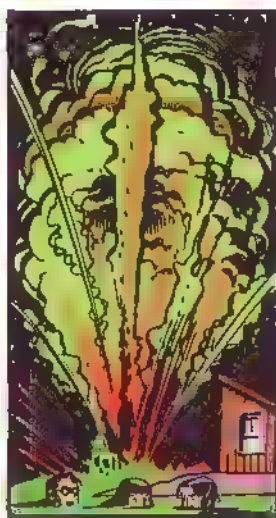
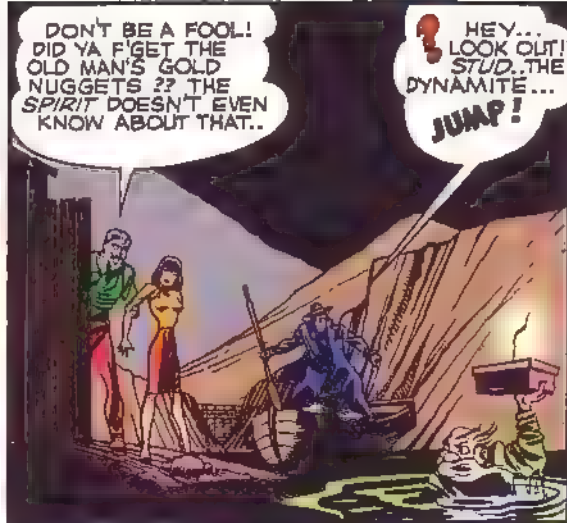
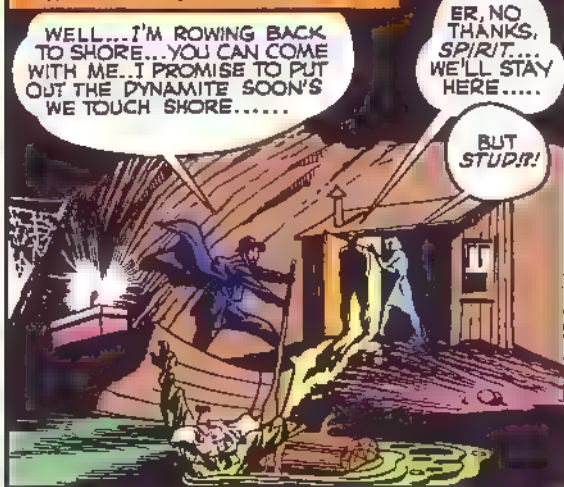
Y'BROKE ME!
I NEVER SEEN
ANYONE AS
LUCKY AS
YOU!!!

WHATCHA
GONNA
DO WITH ALL
THAT DOUGH,
SPIRIT??

..GIVE IT BACK TO
THE WORKERS..
GOT TO BE GOING
NOW....YOU
TWO HAD
BETTER LEAVE..
THE
RIVER'S RISING!

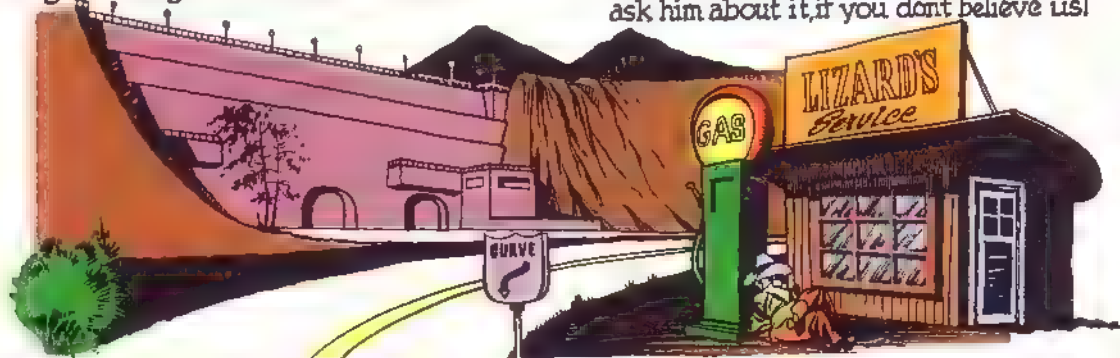
WE'LL CARE
FOR
OURSELVES!
NOW F'HEAVEN'S
SAKE, TAKE THAT
DYNAMITE
WITH YOU!!!

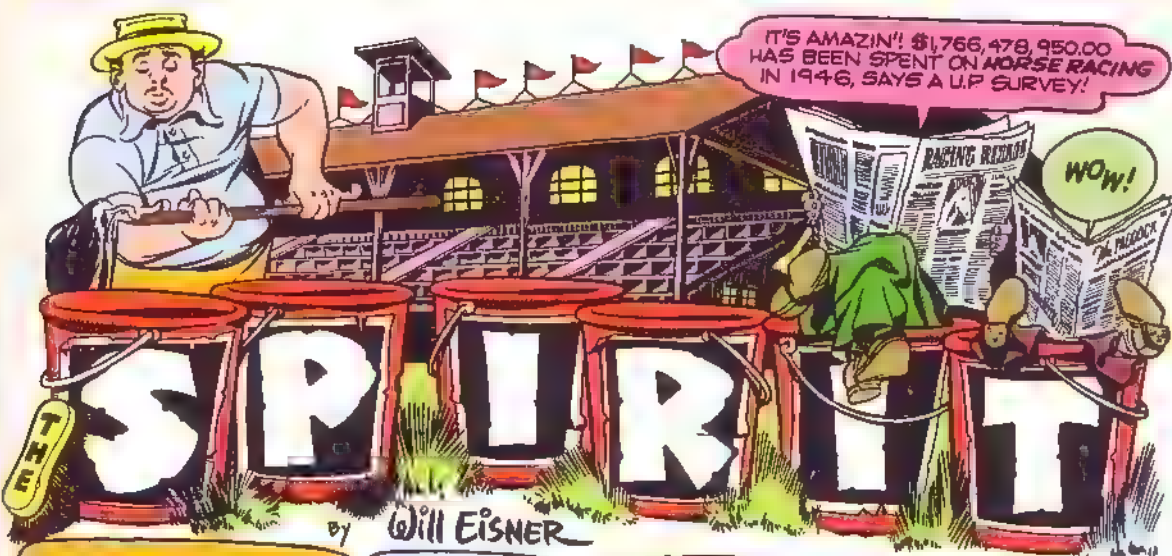
...And so...a few minutes later:



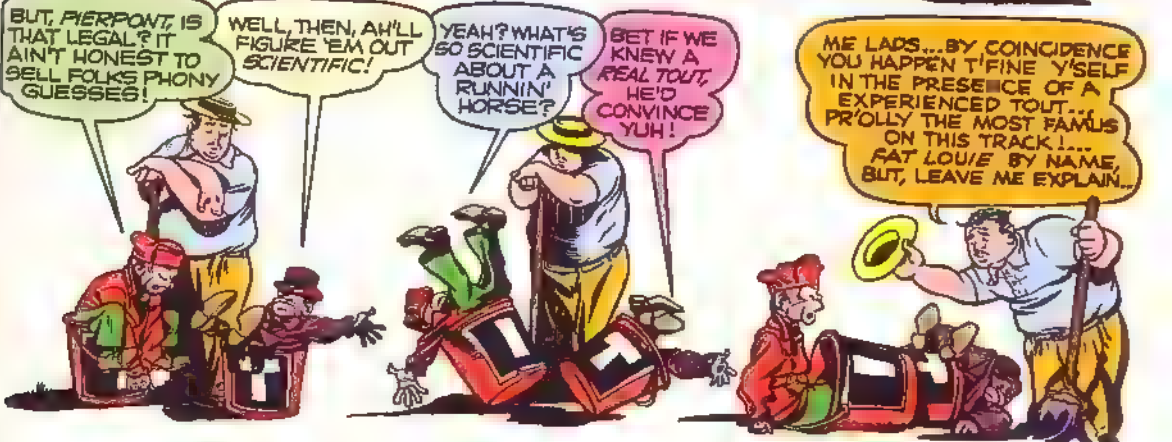
...And so...as you can plainly see....the absenteeism stopped. The dam was built jailing **Mad Moes** behind a stout wall of concrete...and so the law conquered the great renegade river, **Mad Moes**.

...And what about Lizard? well, when the river dried up the isle became part of the state once more and the river bed is now U.S. highway 103... Stop in at Lizard's gas station and ask him about it if you don't believe us!





By **Will Eisner**



First yegotta be able to gain a man's confidence...like this f--- instance....

IT'S SCIENTIFIC, PAL...PURE SCIENCE! THE HORSE IS NAMED "FORTUNE," SEVEN LETTERS... LUCKY 7! ITS JOCKEY IS 17 YEARS OLD... IT WON 7 RACES AND IS ONE OF 7 COLTS!

GREAT!! I'LL BET 10 BUCKS FOR MYSELF AND 10 FOR YOU, PAL!

Exactly one minute, ten seconds later.....

THE WINNAH..TURTLE SOUP!

DON'T GET SORE! I GOT A BETTER ONE IN THE SECOND!

A LITTLE ROUGH, BUT IT GOT ME INSIDE THE TRACK FOR NOTHING! NOW, TO WORK THE FAT LOOEY GUARANTEED MONEY MAKER ANGLE, STRICTLY FOR THE EXPERIENCED BETTORS!

IT'S "FIDDLE" IN THE SECOND! GOT IT FROM THE TRAINER!

HMM... I'LL PUT 10 BUCKS ON HIM FOR YOU, TOO!

"TWINCH" IN THE SECOND, HMM?

CAN'T LOSE! I CLOCKED EVERY RACE HE'S RUN...ER.. PUT \$10 ON HIM FOR ME!

THE JOCKEY'S MOTHER TOLD YA "CORNFLAKES" WOULDN'T WIN IN THE SECOND!

SURE...A MOTHER WOULDN'T LIE ABOUT HER OWN SON, WOULD SHE? AHEM... PUT \$10 ON IT FOR ME, TOO... EH?

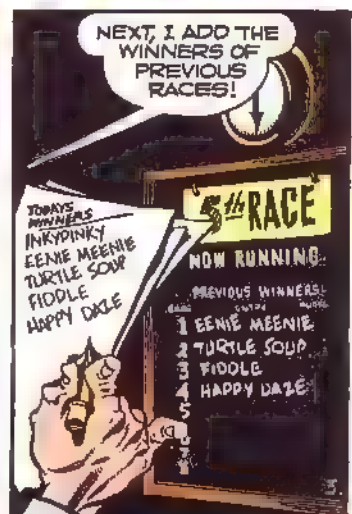
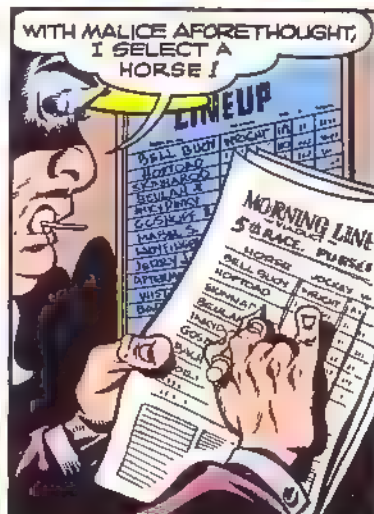
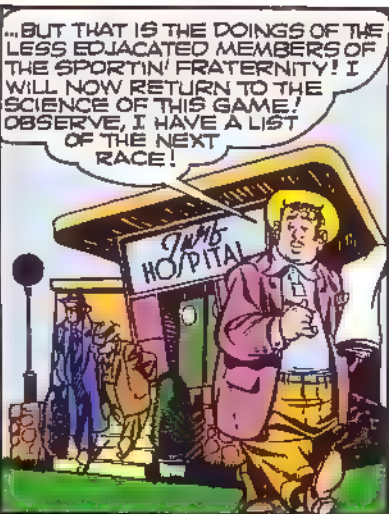
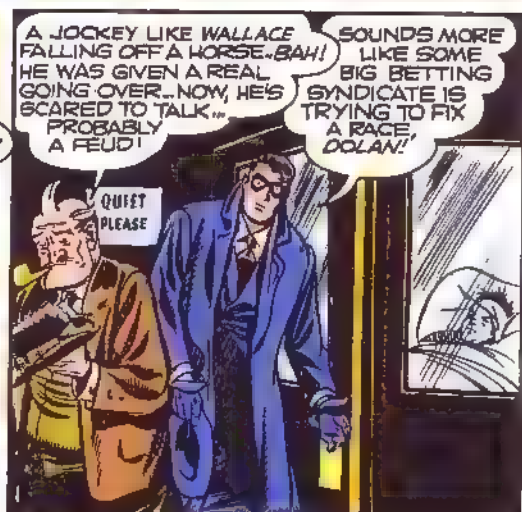
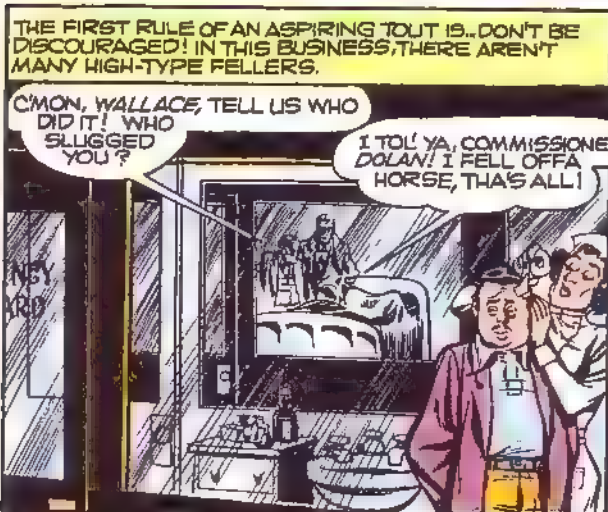
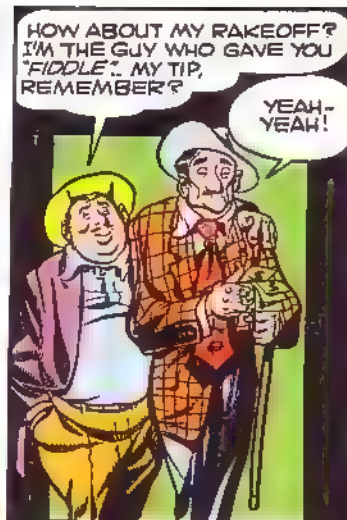
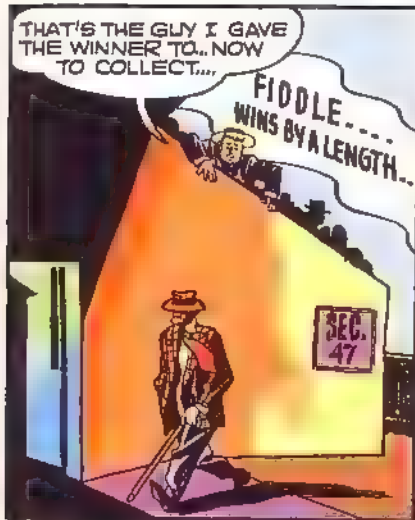
FAT LOOEY, I WANT YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW I APPRECIATE WHAT YA PASSED ON TO ME ABOUT "GINGER" IN THE SECOND!

TUT-TUT! YOU CAN SHOW YR APPRECIATION BY PUTTIN' \$10 ON FR ME!

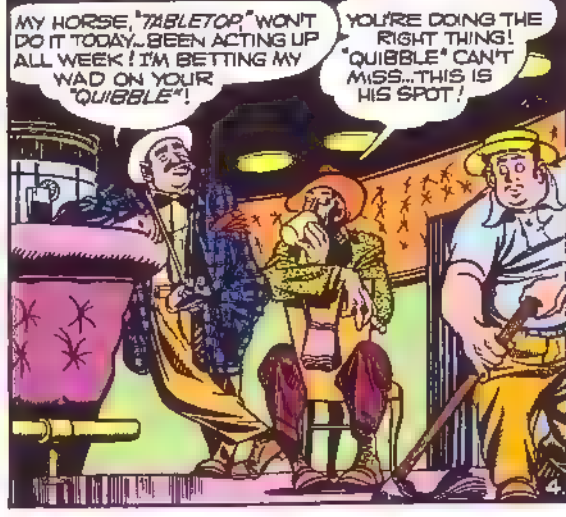
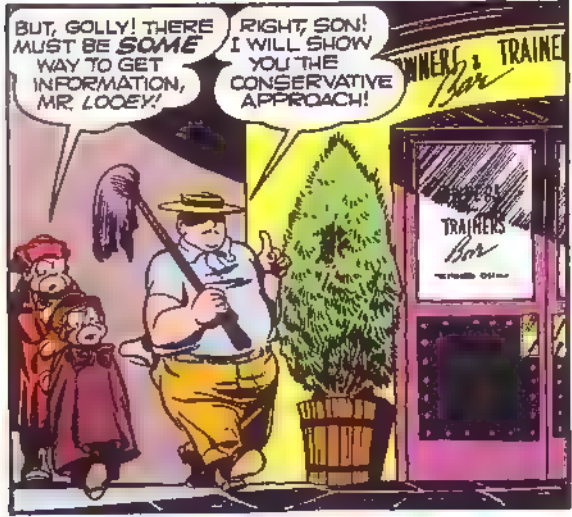
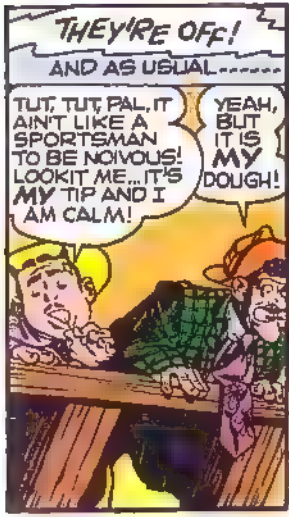
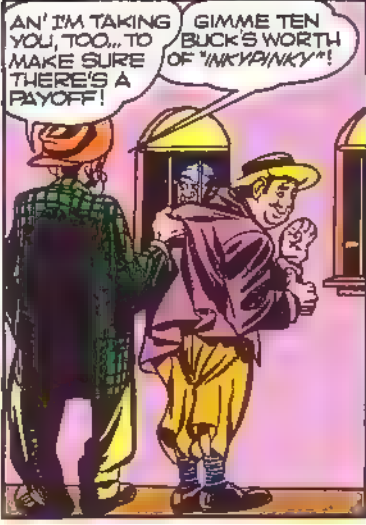
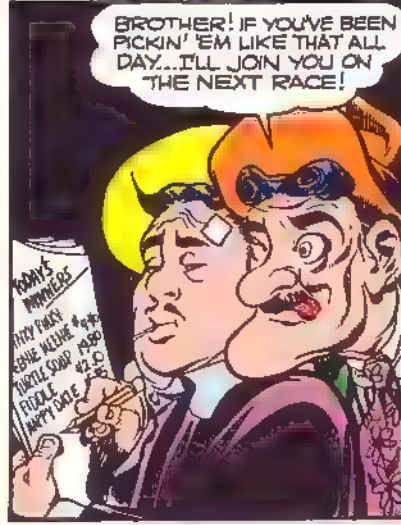
THEY'RE OFF!

DUM DE DUM! EV'BODY IS NOIVUS BUT ME...YSEE, I GOTTA WIN...BECAUSE EVERY HORSE IN THAT RACE HAS A SAWBUCK BET ON IT FOR ME! SHARP..EH?

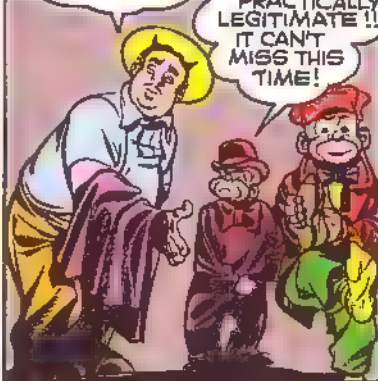
BOX 13



---AND THEN---



BOY, WHEN THE OWNER OF ONE HORSE IN THE RACE BETS ON ANOTHER GUY'S NAG, THAT'S A REAL TIP! LEND ME EV'Y CENT Y'GOT, KIDS.. THIS IS THE MCCOY!



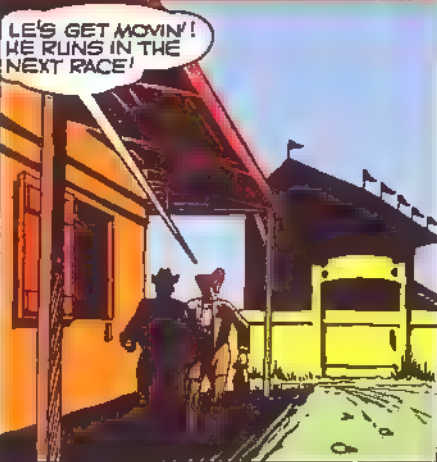
CHEE... PRACTICALLY LEGITIMATE!! IT CAN'T MISS THIS TIME!

BET 'QUIBBLE' GOT IT RIGHT FROM THE OWNER...AND BET THIS DOUGH, TOO!



RIGHTO! WOW...IF AN OWNER HIMSELF BETS ON THAT HORSE, 'SGOTTA BE GOOD!

While back in the stable area.....



LE'S GET MOVIN'! HE RUNS IN THE NEXT RACE!

WITH A SHOT OF JOY JUICE IN THIS PLUG AN' THE OTHER HORSE'S JOCKEY FIXED...IT'S A CINCH!



YOU'RE RIGHT... EXCEPT IT NEEDS ONE MORE LITTLE FIX....LIKE THIS!!



BANG!



YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THIS MONKEY WHILE I PUT THE FIX ON THE JOCKEY!



SURE THING! WHEN I WATCH 'EM, THEY STAYS WATCHED!

AND SO.....

"QUIBBLE" LOST! DERE'S DE GUY WOT GAVE US "QUIBBLE"?



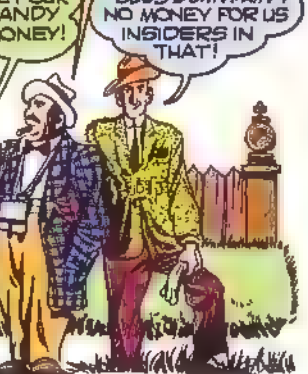
LET'S GET HIM!

GOSH, MR. OWNER, FAT LOOEY SAID YOU WAS TALKIN' ABOUT...



WHY, THAT CHUMP! DID HE THINK WE'D GIVE HIM THE REAL WINNER?

YEAH! AND WE BET OUR CANDY MONEY!



AND HAVE THE PUBLIC BET THE ODDS DOWN, PAINT NO MONEY FOR US INSIDERS IN THAT!

WHEW! WAS I LUCKY TO GIVE THOSE GUYS THE SLIP...HEY, WHAT'S THAT?



YOU'LL DO AS WE SAY...OR WIND UP IN THE HOSPITAL, LIKE JOCKEY WALLACE! Y'HEAR?



YOU KEEP 'SPEEDWELL' UP FRONT TILL THE STRETCH AN' THEN FALL BACK !!



YEAH, WE GAVE 'LATCHKEY' THE NEEDLE...WE'LL DO THE REST!



WOW! WHAT AN ANGLE....A FIXED RACE...CAN'T MISS, NOW...IT'S SO GOOD I'M GONNA BET MY NEXT WEEK'S SALARY ON IT...BOY, OH, BOY!



GIMME \$2 ON 'LATCHKEY' AND TO MAKE SURE THE DOUBLE-CROSSERS DON'T DOUBLECROSS ME, GIMME \$2 ON 'SPEEDWELL' TOO!



PAL, IN YOU I SEE A MAN WITH SPORTING BLOOD!



THEY'RE OFF! SPEEDWELL TAKES THE LEAD!

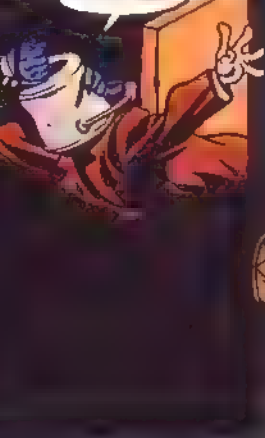


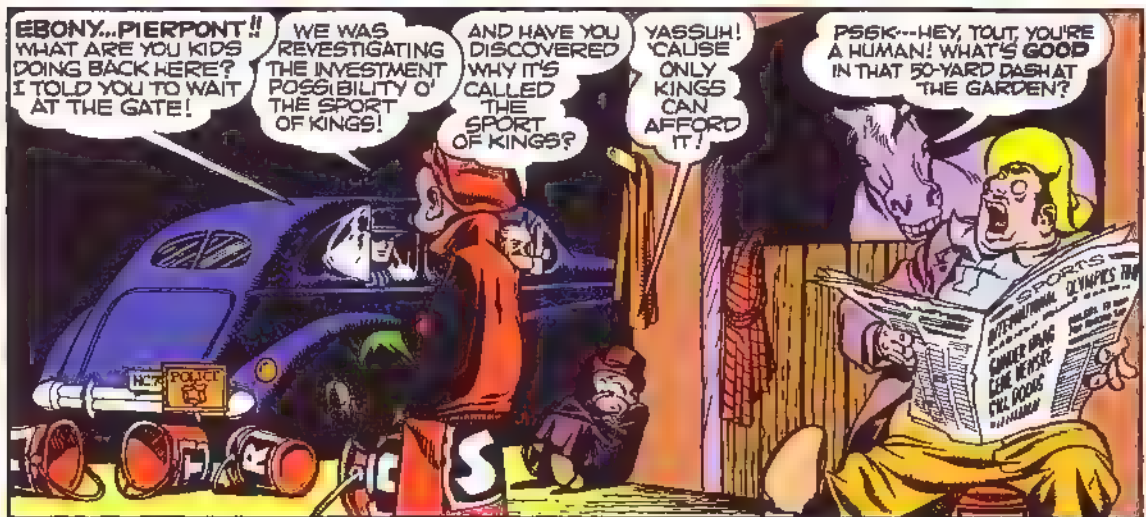
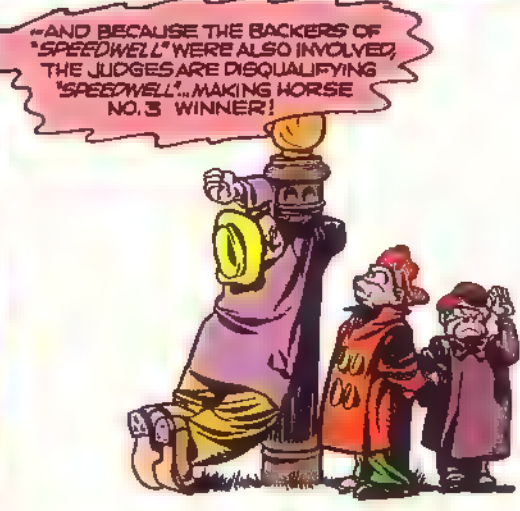
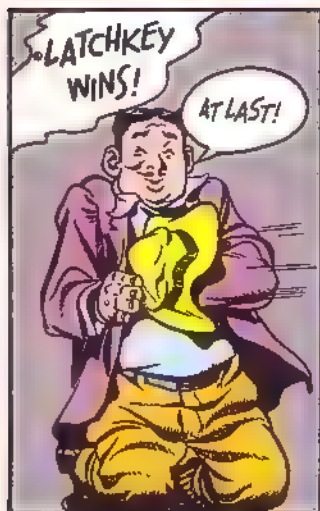
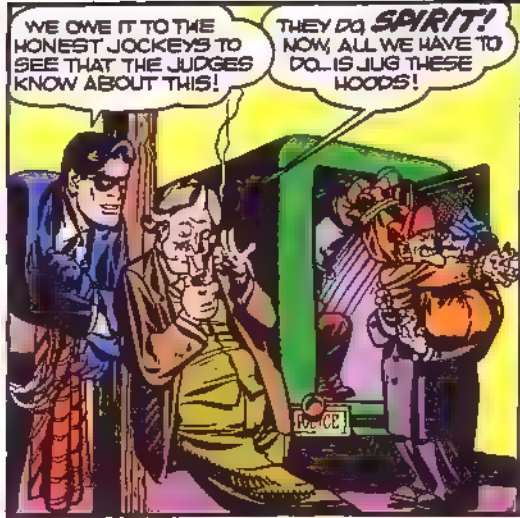
LET'S GO, JOE, SO WE CAN GET IN LINE, CASH THE TICKETS AN' MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY WHEN THE RACE IS OVER!



THEY'RE AT THE QUARTER!

HEY, JOE...WHOOPS! IT'S GETTIN' DARK IN HERE!







On last election eve, in the Central City fifth election district, Prosperity Party's Joe Scallopini finished rounding up the voters and left for the polls!

He knew his candidate did not stand much chance against Reform's Julius Caesar, but political ward-heeling was the only way he knew to start on a political career...

...but that career ended abruptly at 11 pm that night...



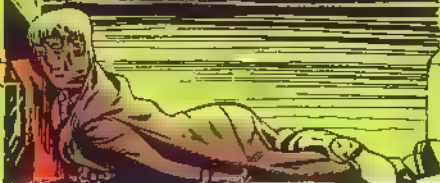
...for, somewhere between his home and the polls, Joe Scallopini was accosted by hoodlums of the Reform Party...

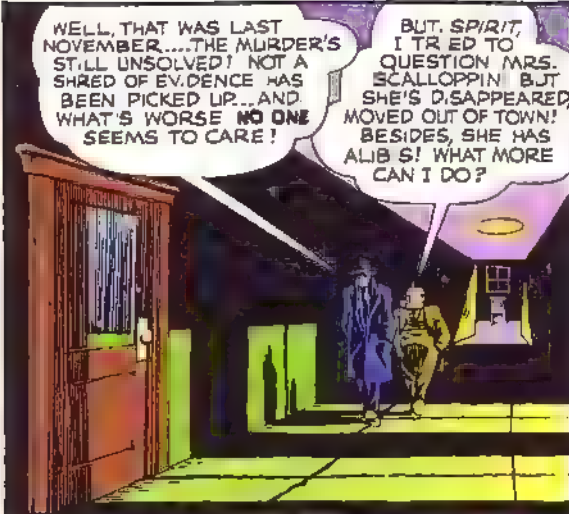


...and casually beaten to death!



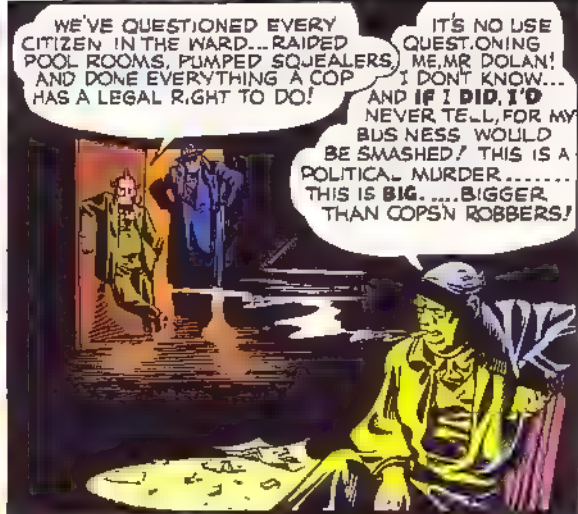
ONE WAY





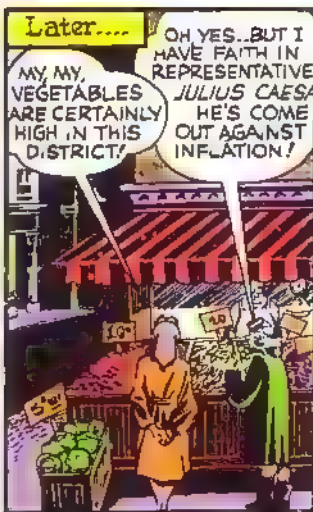
WELL, THAT WAS LAST NOVEMBER....THE MURDER'S STILL UNSOLVED! NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE HAS BEEN PICKED UP...AND WHAT'S WORSE **NO ONE** SEEMS TO CARE!

BUT, SPIRIT, I TRIED TO QUESTION MRS. SCALLOPINI BUT SHE'S DISAPPEARED MOVED OUT OF TOWN! BESIDES, SHE HAS ALIBI! WHAT MORE CAN I DO?



WE'VE QUESTIONED EVERY CITIZEN IN THE WARD...RAIDED POOL ROOMS, PUMPED SQUEALERS, AND DONE EVERYTHING A COP HAS A LEGAL RIGHT TO DO!

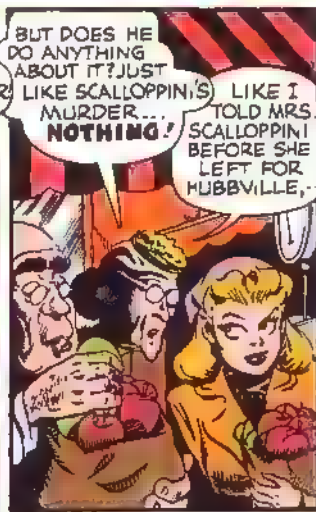
IT'S NO USE QUESTIONING ME, MR. DOLAN! I DON'T KNOW... AND IF I DID, I'D NEVER TELL, FOR MY BUS NESS WOULD BE SMASHED! THIS IS A POLITICAL MURDER..... THIS IS BIG....BIGGER THAN COPS'N ROBBERS!



Later....

MY, MY, VEGETABLES ARE CERTAINLY HIGH IN THIS DISTRICT!

OH YES...BUT I HAVE FAITH IN REPRESENTATIVE JULIUS CAESAR! HE'S COME OUT AGAINST INFLATION!



BUT DOES HE DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT? JUST LIKE SCALLOPINI'S MURDER... **NOTHING!**

LIKE I TOLD MRS SCALLOPINI BEFORE SHE LEFT FOR HUBBVILLE,



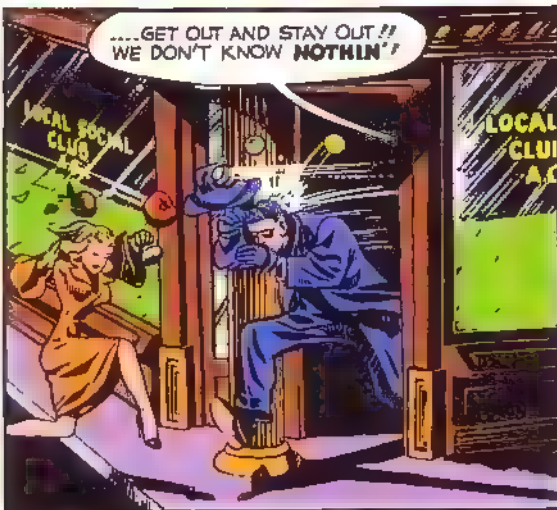
MAYBE YOU THINK **TOO MUCH**, MADAM! IF YOU DON'T WANT Y'R HUSBAND'S STORE SMASHED, Y'D BETTER SHUT UP!



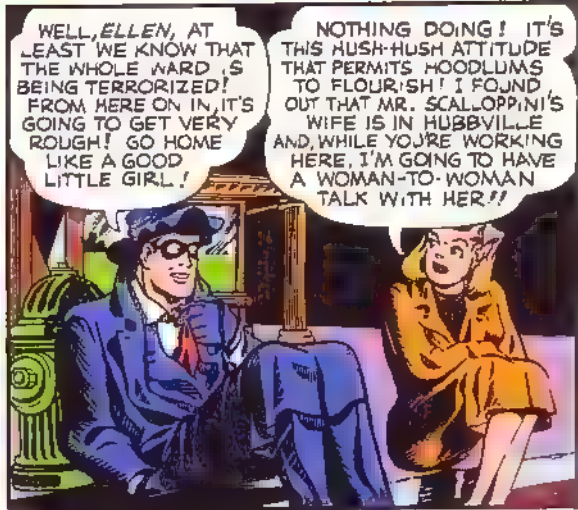
WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?

YOU SNOOPER!

TRYING TO GET HONEST FOLK INTO TROUBLE, EH?

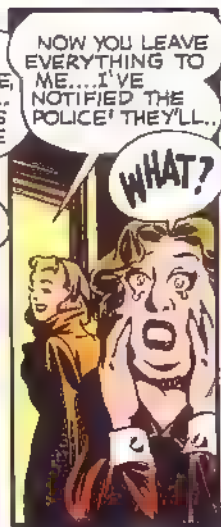
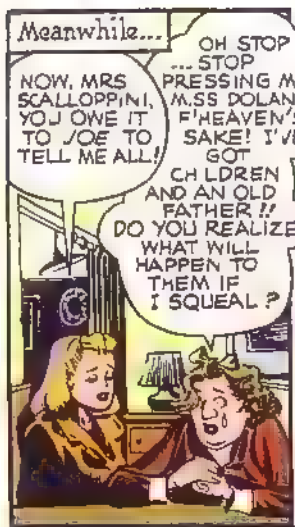
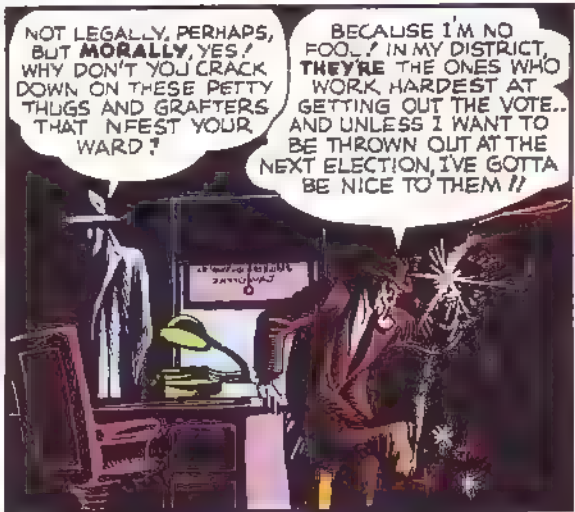
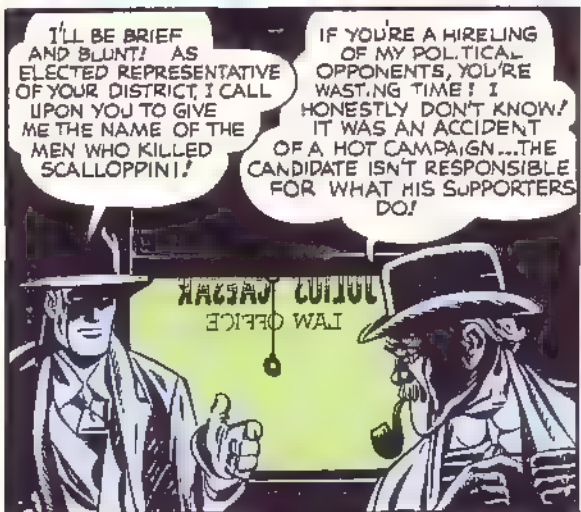
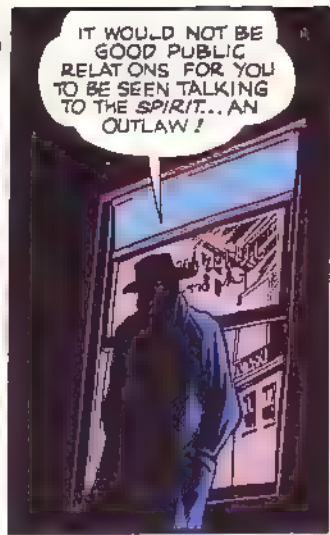


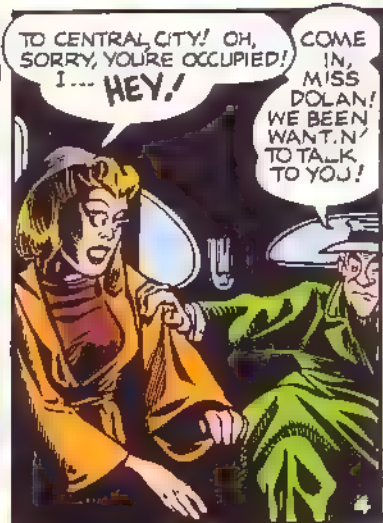
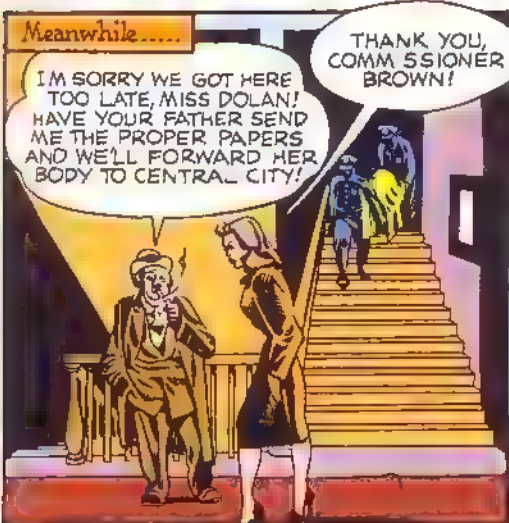
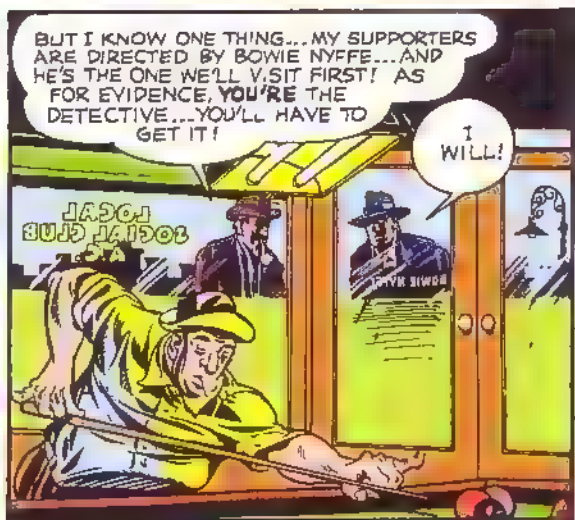
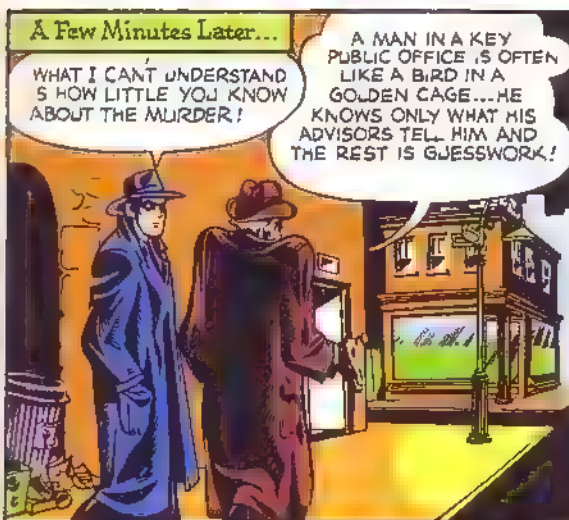
....GET OUT AND STAY OUT!! WE DON'T KNOW **NOTHIN'!**



WELL, ELLEN, AT LEAST WE KNOW THAT THE WHOLE WARD IS BEING TERRORIZED! FROM HERE ON IN, IT'S GOING TO GET VERY ROUGH! GO HOME LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!

NOTHING DOING! IT'S THIS HUSH-HUSH ATTITUDE THAT PERMITS HOODLUMS TO FLOURISH! I FOUND OUT THAT MR. SCALLOPINI'S WIFE IS IN HUBBVILLE AND, WHILE YOU'RE WORKING HERE, I'M GOING TO HAVE A WOMAN-TO-WOMAN TALK WITH HER!!





In Central City...

HELLO, CAESAR! WHEN'RE YA GONNA INNERDUCE THAT HIGHWAY BILL? I NEED BUSINESS!

...AND WHATCHA DOIN' WITH THIS SPIRIT GUY?

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO CLEAN UP THAT SCALLOPPINI MESS...AND THE SPIRIT IS GOING TO HELP ME!

HEY, MIKE--- JULIUS CAESAR'S GONNA SOLVE THE MURDER!

HEY, BOWIE, HE'S GONNA FIND OUT WHO CROAKED JOE! WHADDYA SAY T'DAT?

BURP

NOW, CAESAR, IS THAT HOW YOU REPAY US FOR GETTIN' YA VOTES ??... WHY DONTCHA F GET ABOUT IT LIKE THE PUBLIC DID?

I'VE DECIDED TO DO WITHOUT THE SUPPORT OF MURDERERS!

HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

OH...SCALLOPPINI WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED! A COUPLE OF THE WARD HEELS GOT A LITTLE TOO ENTHUSIASTIC... BEAT H.M UP AND HE ACCIDENTALLY DIED..THAT'S ALL!

THAT'S..ALL?? THAT'S MANSLAUGHTER!

AND HERE'S SOME EVIDENCE... A LETTER TELLING MRS SCALLOPPINI TO GET OUT OF TOWN AND A CHECK SIGNED BY BOWIE TO HER !!

NOW THIS, PLUS SOMETHING TANGIBLE LIKE THIS RING YOUR HOOD IS WEARING...

OW! LEGGO!

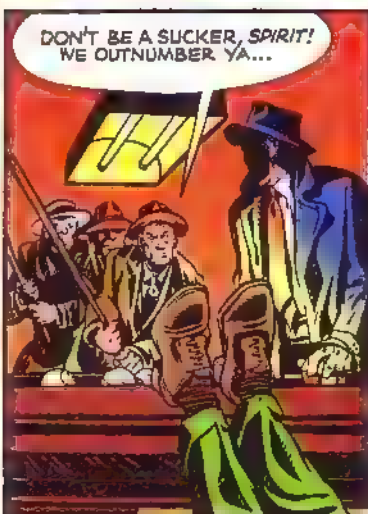
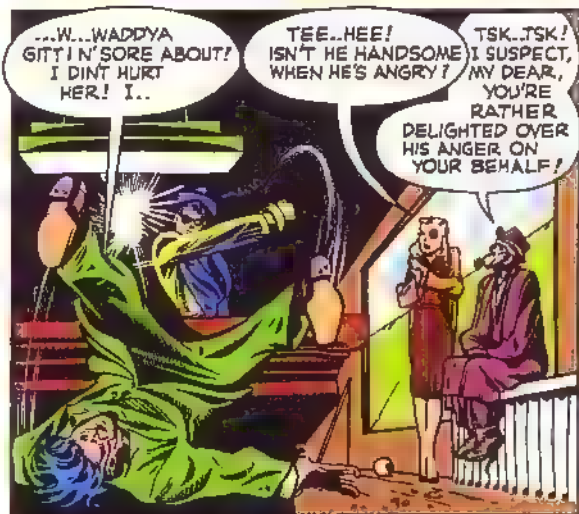
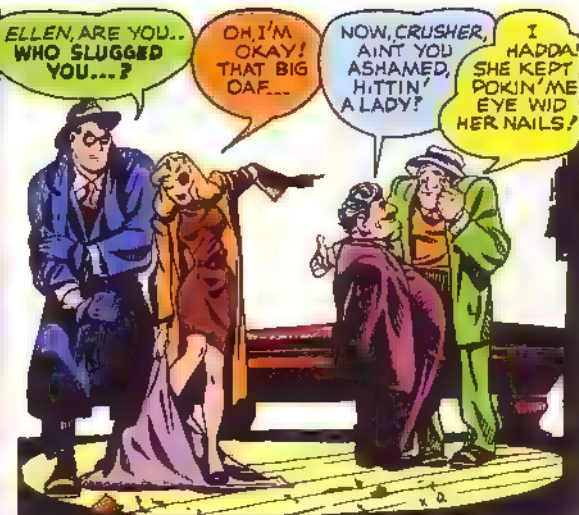
AND IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THE BROWN SPOTS IN THE SPACES OF THE RING ARE BITS OF DRIED BLOOD-- JOE SCALLOPPINI'S BLOOD !!

WHY, YOU NOSY COP! GIMME...

?

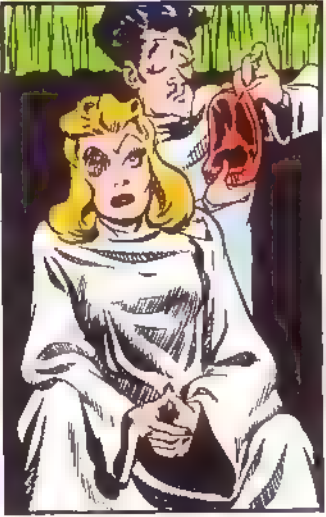
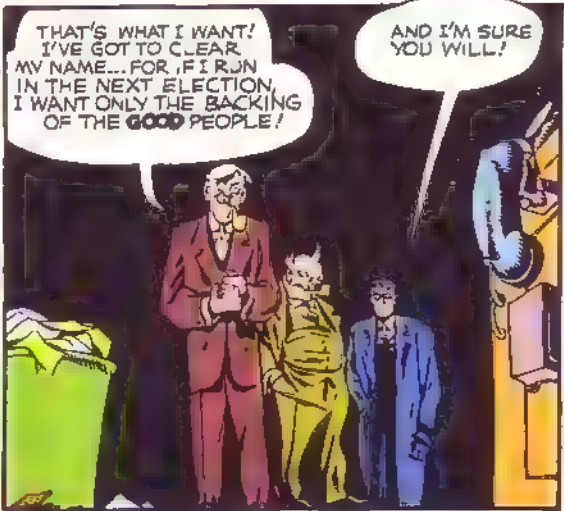
HEY, BOWIE, I..... MMMHFF!

SHADDAP! Y'FOOL, WE GOT VISITORS!





Several days Later...



March 2 1947

At the turn of the last century, Doctor Ward Wilmore hit upon a new theory of TIME.

Writing alone in the cold eminence of his gloomy castle, he concluded that TIME was nothing more than another form of matter...a gossamer substance spun about us like a spider's web.

He claimed further that man passed through history as though passing a long series of rooms, and everything that happened yesterday is still there, and all that will happen to us tomorrow exists and is waiting for our arrival.

The revolving Earth, he believed, is the vehicle. If the Earth were to halt for a moment on its axis, we would merely relive the events of yesterday. On the other hand, if the globe were to spin faster, the future would rush upon us like a wave.

To prove his point he built a balloon and set out to explore the future..... Naturally he was never seen or heard from again.

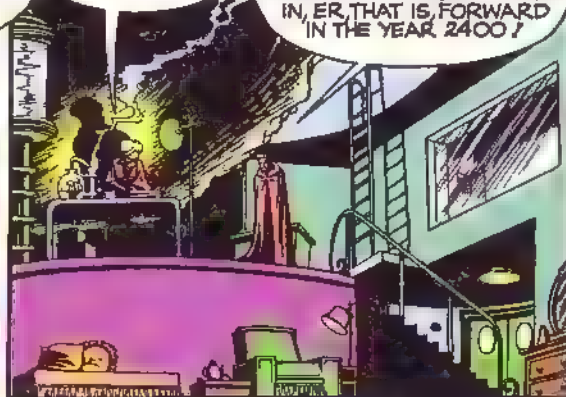
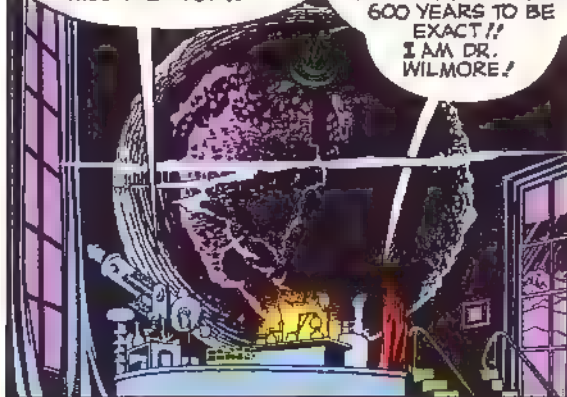


NATURALLY... HE PROBABLY
DRIFTED OFF INTO SPACE!
SUCH A THEORY IS POPPYCOCK,
AS ANY SCHOOL CHILD
WILL TELL YOU !!

BUT HE DIDN'T... HE
SUCCEEDED IN REACHING
OUTER SPACE WHERE,
IN THE VACUUM, HE WAS
ABLE TO MAKE TIME...
600 YEARS TO BE
EXACT !!
I AM DR.
WILMORE!

YOU WILL HAVE
A BLEAK TIME
PROVING IT...
I ASSURE YOU!

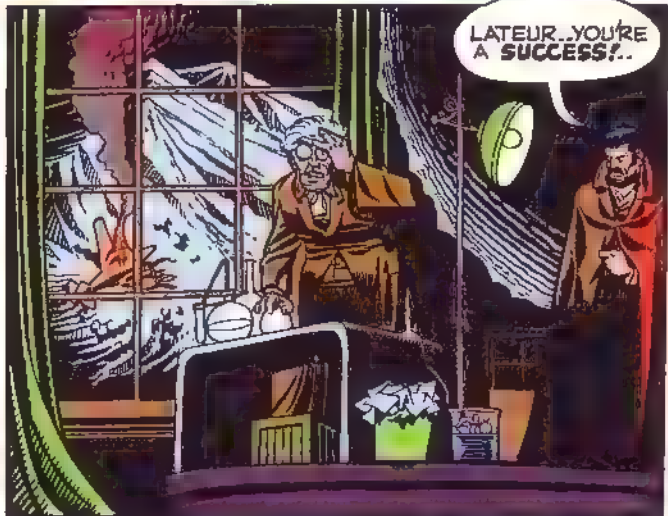
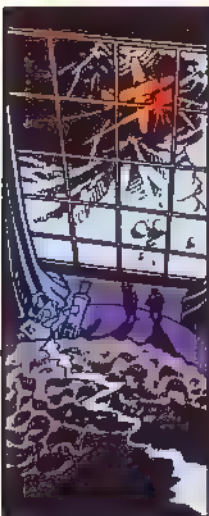
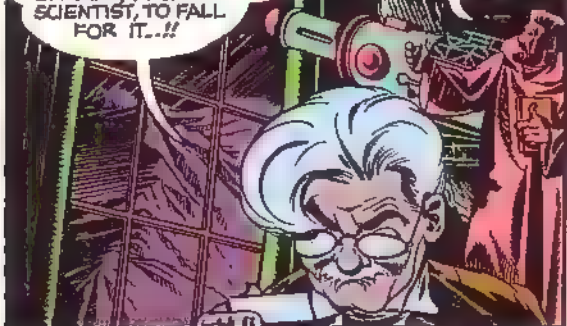
NEVERTHELESS... I AM
HERE, AS YOU CAN SEE!
AND I'VE BROUGHT ALONG
A DIARY OF EVENTS CULLED
FROM OLD PAPERS BACK
IN, ER, THAT IS, FORWARD
IN THE YEAR 2400!



SO... I WAKE UP ONE
MORNING TO FIND YOU
DESCENDING IN A BALLOON.
... YOU PREDICT A FEW
POLITICAL EVENTS WITH
SOME ACCURACY AND
YOU EXPECT ME, AUGUST
LATEUR, A GREAT
SCIENTIST, TO FALL
FOR IT...!!

YES, AND I'LL MAKE ANOTHER
PREDICTION! IN ANOTHER
MOMENT... THE MOLECULAR
BEAM YOU'VE BEEN
EXPERIMENTING WITH
WILL FINALLY WORK...

AT 11 P.M. TONIGHT... WHICH IS ONE
MINUTE FROM NOW... A TRANSCONTINENTAL
PLANE FLYING THROUGH THIS ACTIVE
FIELD WILL CRASH !!



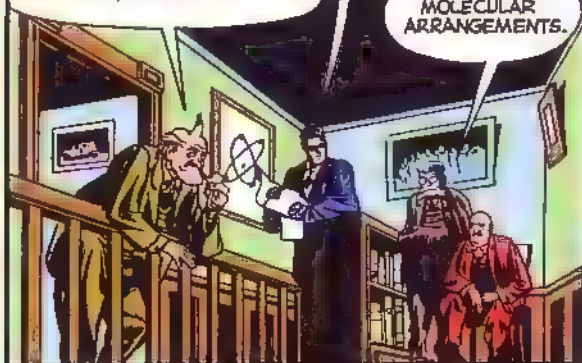
LATEUR... YOU'RE
A SUCCESS?..

Several Days Later... at Police Headquarters

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN,
BUT WE HAVE NO
TRACE OF DR. FLOSS!
WHEN THE PLANE WRECK WAS
SEARCHED, SHE WAS MISSING!

SHE ??

YES...OUR COLLEAGUE
IS DR. SILKEN FLOSS,
THE PHYSICIST! WE
HAD HOPED TO HEAR
HER PAPER ON
MOLECULAR
ARRANGEMENTS.



WHAT WAS
THE CAUSE OF
THE PLANE
CRASH... MR.
SPIRIT ?

NO ONE KNOWS...
THE PLANE SEEMED
TO MELT ON
THE GROUND..

...WHICH BRINGS ME
TO THE POINT...
HERE IS A
CARBURETOR FROM
THE WRECKED PLANE.
DO YOU NOTICE
SOMETHING ODD?

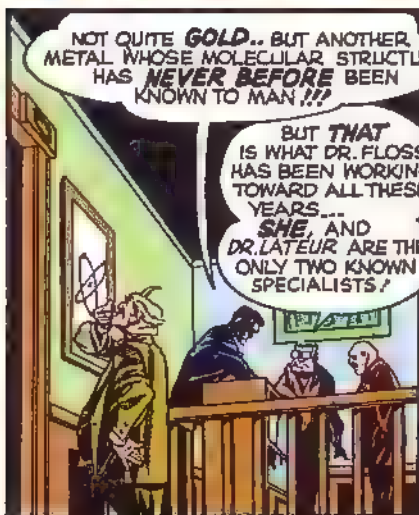


YES,
PART OF IT
IS MELTED INTO
A
STRANGE SORT
OF METAL,
....LIKE
GOLD!

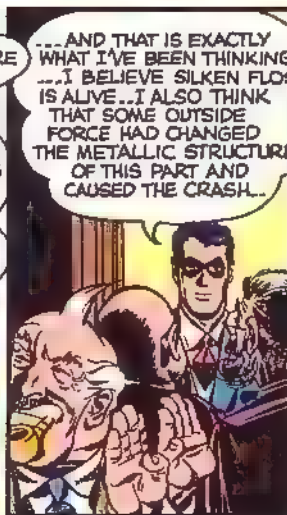


NOT QUITE **GOLD**.. BUT ANOTHER
METAL WHOSE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE
HAS **NEVER BEFORE** BEEN
KNOWN TO MAN !!!

BUT **THAT**
IS WHAT DR. FLOSS
HAS BEEN WORKING
TOWARD ALL THESE
YEARS...
SHE, AND
DR. LATEUR ARE THE
ONLY TWO KNOWN
SPECIALISTS?

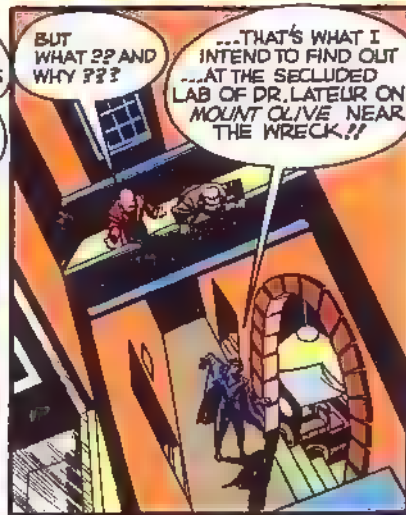


...AND THAT IS EXACTLY
WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING.
...I BELIEVE SILKEN FLOSS
IS ALIVE...I ALSO THINK
THAT SOME OUTSIDE
FORCE HAD CHANGED
THE METALLIC STRUCTURE
OF THIS PART AND
CAUSED THE CRASH..



BUT
WHAT ?? AND
WHY ???

...THAT'S WHAT I
INTEND TO FIND OUT
...AT THE SECLUDED
LAB OF DR. LATEUR ON
MOUNT OLIVE NEAR
THE WRECK.!!



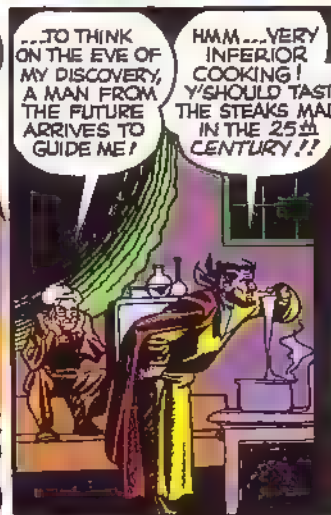
GAD, SIR, I'M
BEGINNING TO
BELIEVE YOU!

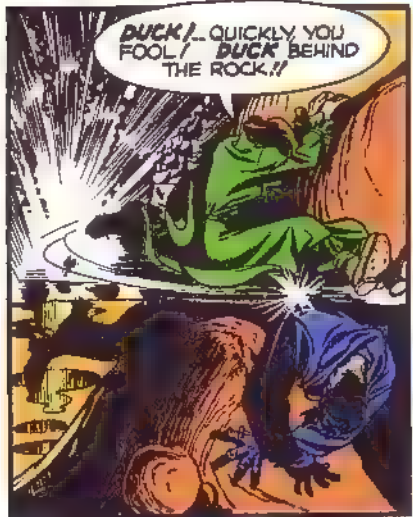
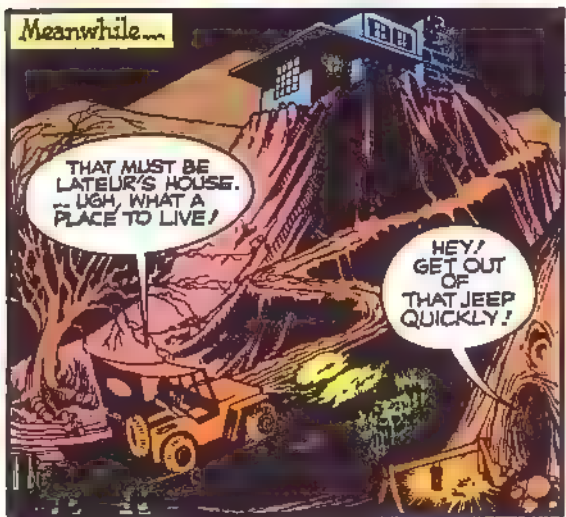
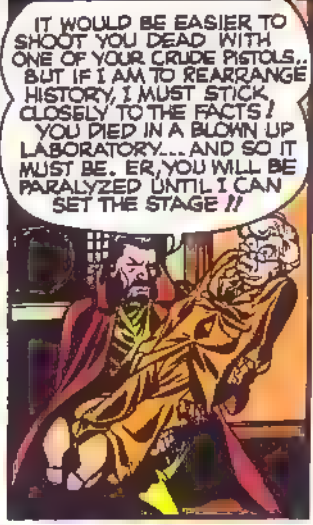
...TO THINK
ON THE EVE OF
MY DISCOVERY,
A MAN FROM
THE FUTURE
ARRIVES TO
GUIDE ME!

HMM...VERY
INFERIOR
COOKING!
Y-SHOULD TASTE
THE STEAKS MADE
IN THE 25th
CENTURY !!

TELL ME...WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO THIS DISCOVERY
...WHAT DID YOUR HISTORY
BOOKS SAY??

OUR HISTORIANS
RECORDED THAT **YOU**
DIED BEFORE YOUR
DISCOVERY COULD BE
MADE KNOWN !!!







WHO...?
...NAME IS
DR SILKEN FLOSS,
NUCLEAR PHYSICIST!
THIS WAY,
PLEASE...



BUT HOW
??
...SURVIVED
PLANE CRASH...
DISCOVERED THIS
TUNNEL TO
DR. LATEUR'S LAB...
...AND TONIGHT IT
IS TIME TO
VISIT HIM..



...AH, THEN YOU
DISCOVERED THE MELTED
CARBURETOR... FIGURED
THE DOCTOR HAD AT
LAST SUCCEEDED! YOU'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR A
CHANCE TO TAKE IT
FROM HIM...EH?



WELL,
SHUT MY MOUTH
AND CALL ME CLAMMY,
THE LAD CAN USE
MORE THAN ONE-
SYLLABLE WORDS!

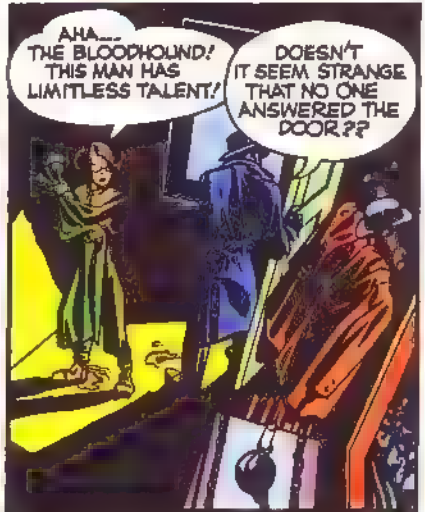


...THE TRUTH IS I'VE
BEEN SPYING...HOPING
TO DISCOVER THE SECRET!
YSEE, I HAD FAILED IN
MY RESEARCH...

SHHH...



HOLD IT...I'VE
GOT A QUEER
FEELING WE'RE
BEING WATCHED!!

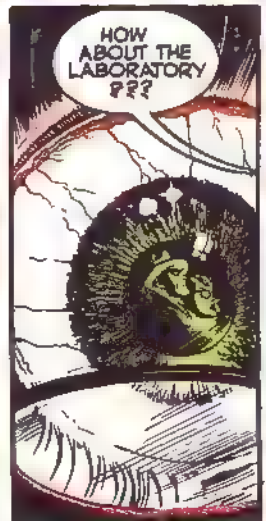


AHA...
THE BLOODHOUND!
THIS MAN HAS
LIMITLESS TALENT!

DOESN'T
IT SEEM STRANGE
THAT NO ONE
ANSWERED THE
DOOR??



HELLO!

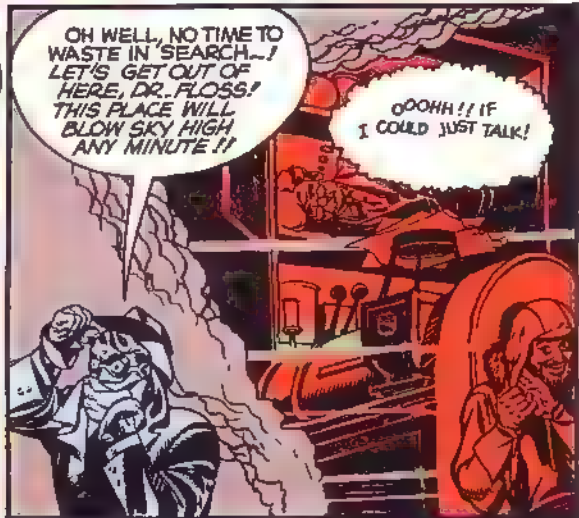
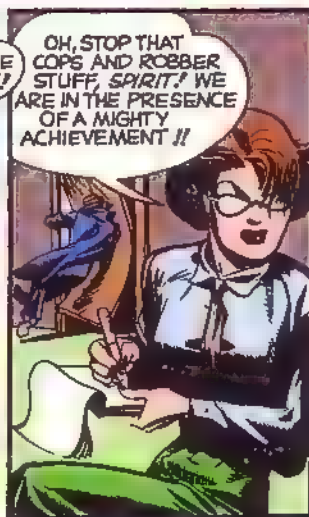
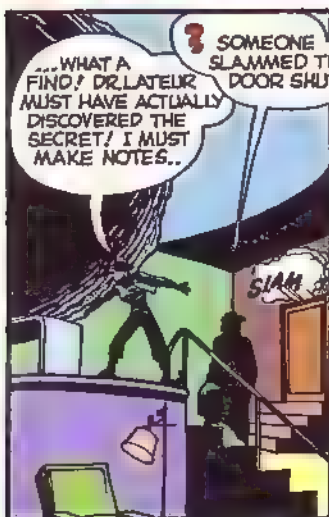
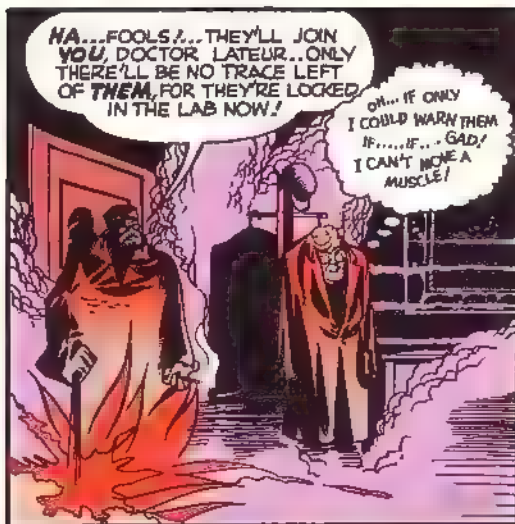


HOW
ABOUT THE
LABORATORY
???



NOT
HERE, EITHER!
...I DON'T
LIKE IT ALL!
!!!

TSK..TSK..I'LL WAGER YOU
WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO
BE ABLE TO SPEAK, EH?
HEH HEH...





...DON'T BE SILLY, SPIRIT. I CAN'T LEAVE NOW... I'VE GOT AT LEAST AN HOUR'S NOTES TO TAKE!

SORRY, DOCTOR!

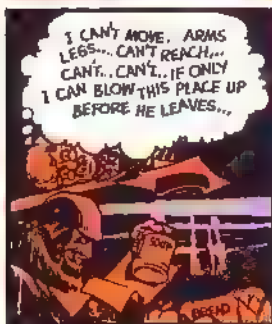


PUT ME DOWN, YOU MUSCLE-BOUND NEANDERTHAL !!!

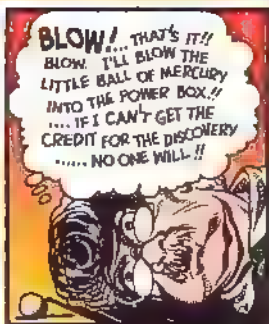
...MERELY RETURNING THE FAVOR YOU DID ME EARLIER!



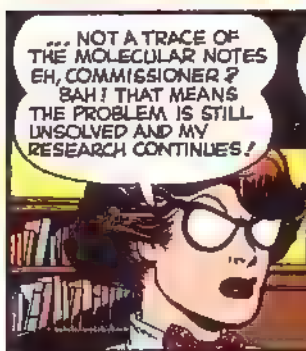
THEY'RE SAFE, SAFE... THANK HEAVENS! GREAT WORK, SPIRIT.. NOW TO STOP DR. WILMORE!



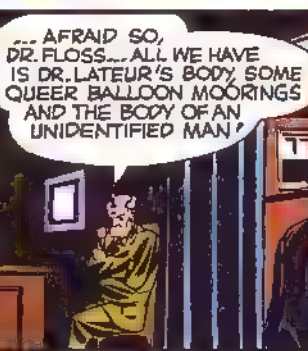
I CAN'T MOVE... ARMS LEGS... CAN'T REACH... CAN'T... CAN'T... IF ONLY I CAN BLOW THIS PLACE UP BEFORE HE LEAVES...



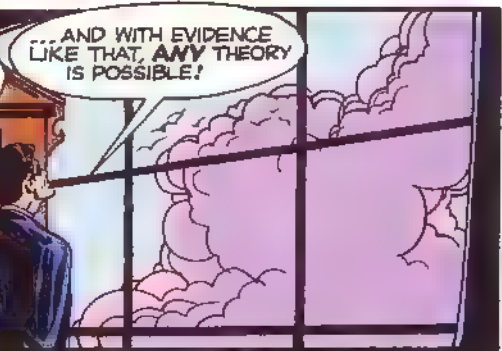
BLOW!... THAT'S IT!! BLOW! I'LL BLOW THE LITTLE BALL OF MERCURY INTO THE POWER BOX!! ...IF I CAN'T GET THE CREDIT FOR THE DISCOVERY ...NO ONE WILL!!



... NOT A TRACE OF THE MOLECULAR NOTES EH, COMMISSIONER ? BAH! THAT MEANS THE PROBLEM IS STILL UNSOLVED AND MY RESEARCH CONTINUES!

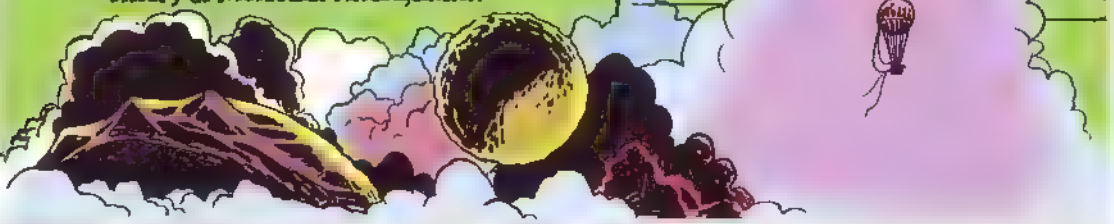


... AFRAID SO, DR. FLOSS... ALL WE HAVE IS DR. LATEUR'S BODY, SOME QUEER BALLOON MOORINGS AND THE BODY OF AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN!

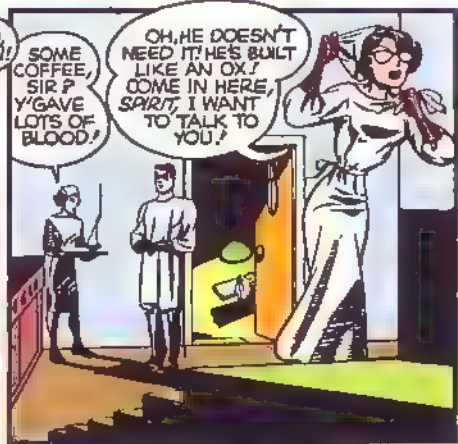
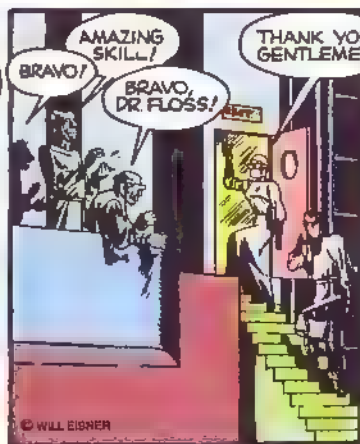
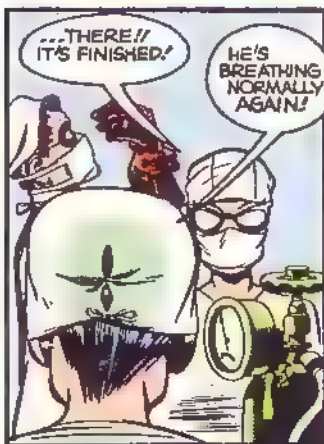
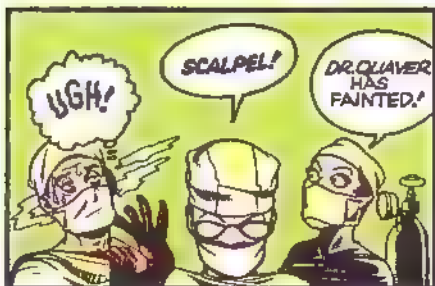
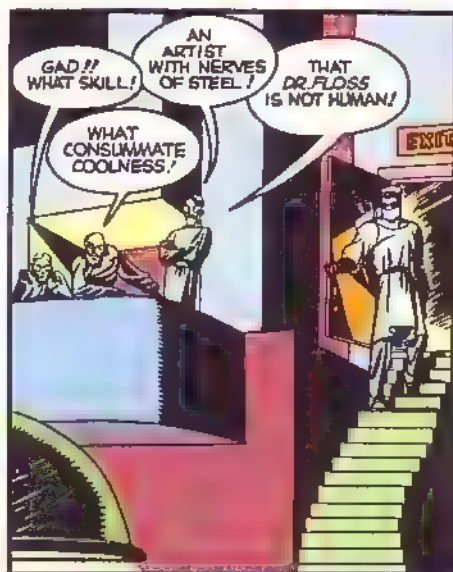
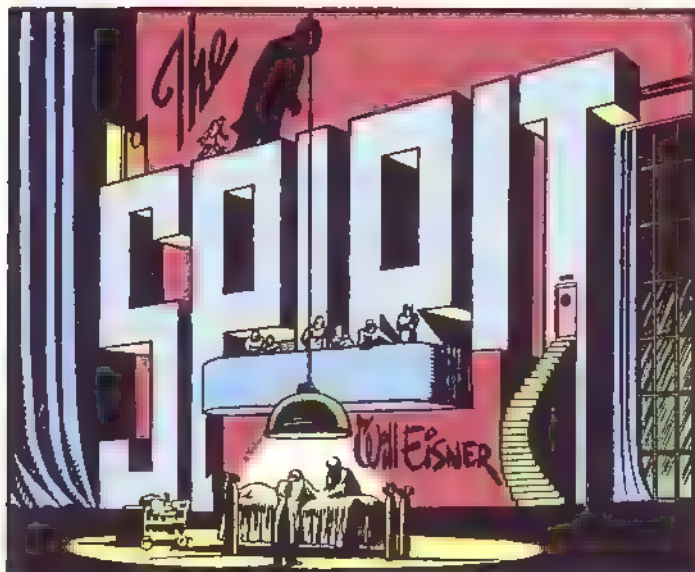


... AND WITH EVIDENCE LIKE THAT, ANY THEORY IS POSSIBLE!

... And as the sands of Time run out, a tiny powered balloon rises beyond the thick atmosphere about the Earth, into the vacuum past the outer layer of space, and there, after a brief pause for direction, it chugs swiftly into the future.... its passenger basket empty save for a package of papers marked "Theory of Molecular Arrangement".



THE SPIRIT NEXT WEEK DRAMA I DETEST WEAKLING MEN! RAW EMOTION THE SPIRIT DID WHAT? ...ANYONE NEVAH EVEN ASK MAH PERMISSION!

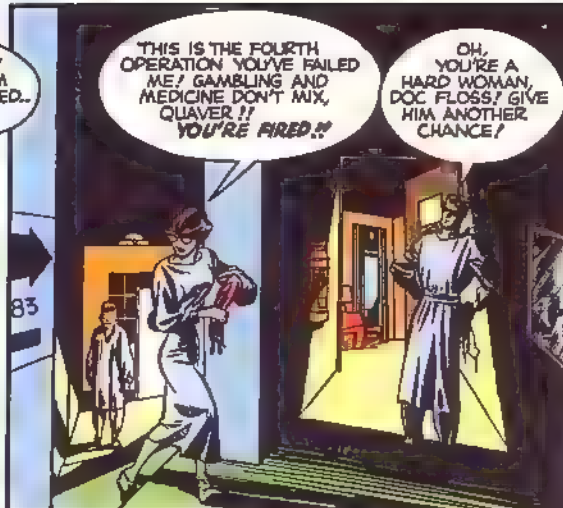




I THOUGHT YOU WERE A PHYSICIST, SILKEN!... IS THE COOL DR. FLOSS A TRIPLE THREAT PLAYER??

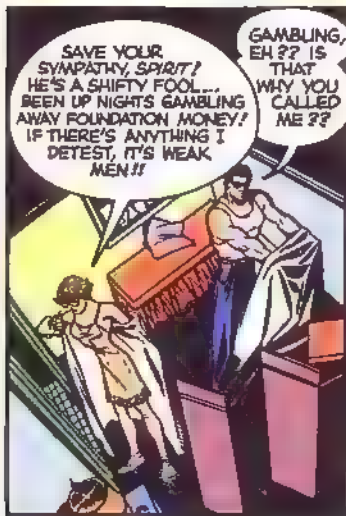
SURGERY IS A NECESSITY IN MY MORE ADVANCED STUDIES... AH, DR. QUAYER, RECOVERED SO SOON...??

I... I'M SORRY DR. FLOSS... I'M SORRY I FAINTED... BEEN ILL...



THIS IS THE FOURTH OPERATION YOU'VE FAILED ME! GAMBLING AND MEDICINE DON'T MIX, QUAYER!!
YOU'RE FIRED!!

OH, YOU'RE A HARD WOMAN, DOC FLOSS! GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE!



SAVE YOUR SYMPATHY, SPIRIT? HE'S A SHIFTY FOOL... BEEN UP NIGHTS GAMBLING AWAY FOUNDATION MONEY! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I DETEST, IT'S WEAK MEN!!

GAMBLING, EH?? IS THAT WHY YOU CALLED ME??



OH, NO!! SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT... I WANT YOUR AID ON A NEW PROJECT!

ER... (COUGH) AH... WOULD YOU CARE FOR, ER, AH, A LITTLE PRIVACY!!



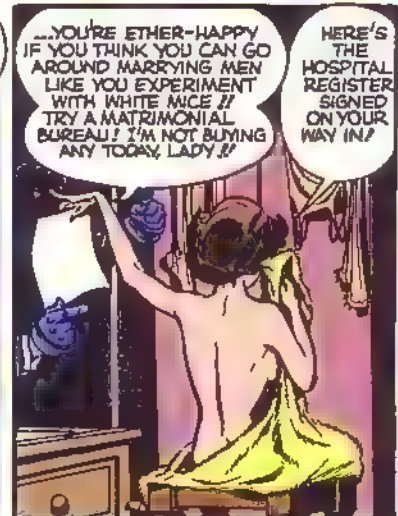
OH... HA, HA, HA! AH, YES... I FORGOT YOU'RE THE CONVENTIONAL, SHY TYPE!

AND I FORGOT YOU'RE THE COOL, PURELY SCIENTIFIC DOCTOR! WHAT'S THE NEW PROJECT, PULLING WINGS FROM FLIES?



OH, NO... VERY ROMANTIC! I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME! HUSBAND-AND-WIFE STUFF, Y'KNOW!!

WHAT?!



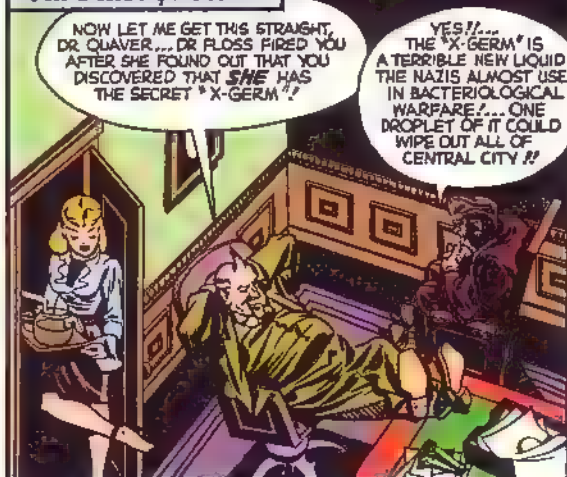
...YOU'RE ETHER-HAPPY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GO AROUND MARRYING MEN LIKE YOU EXPERIMENT WITH WHITE MICE!! TRY A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU! I'M NOT BUYING ANY TODAY, LADY!!

HERE'S THE HOSPITAL REGISTER SIGNED ON YOUR WAY IN!



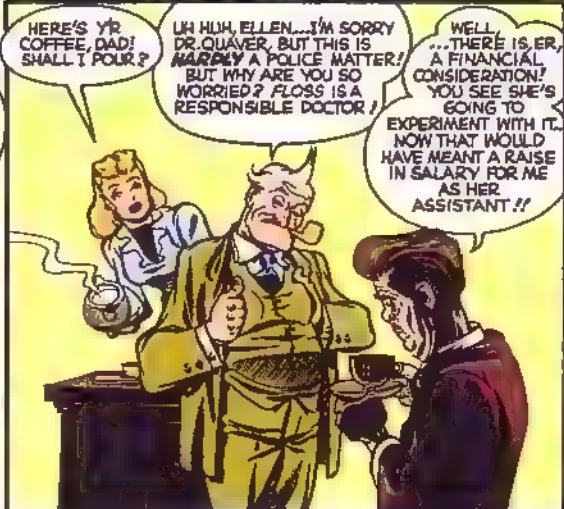
...EASY ON YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE, SONNY! TIS THE OLD SWITCH!... YOU UNWITTINGLY SIGNED A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE! TUT, TUT, IT WON'T BE SO BAD AFTER YOU GET USED TO IT!

Police Headquarters...



NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, DR. QUAVER... DR. FLOSS FIRED YOU AFTER SHE FOUND OUT THAT YOU DISCOVERED THAT *SHE* HAS THE SECRET "X-GERM"!

YES!!... THE "X-GERM" IS A TERRIBLE NEW LIQUID THE NAZIS ALMOST USED IN BACTERIOLOGICAL WARFARE... ONE DROPLET OF IT COULD WIPE OUT ALL OF CENTRAL CITY!!



HERE'S YR COFFEE, DAD! SHALL I POUR?

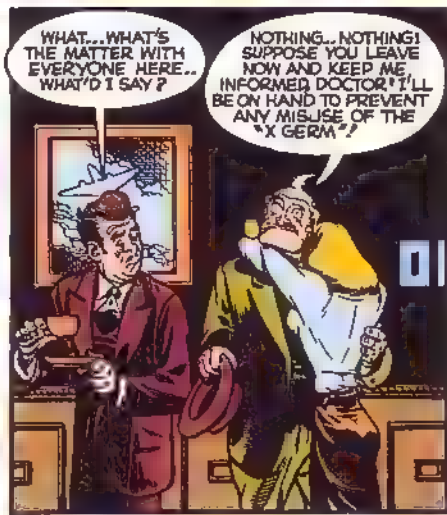
UH HUH, ELLEN... I'M SORRY DR. QUAVER, BUT THIS IS *HARDLY* A POLICE MATTER! BUT WHY ARE YOU SO WORRIED? FLOSS IS A RESPONSIBLE DOCTOR!

WELL... THERE IS, ER, A FINANCIAL CONSIDERATION! YOU SEE SHE'S GOING TO EXPERIMENT WITH IT. NOW THAT WOULD HAVE MEANT A RAISE IN SALARY FOR ME AS HER ASSISTANT!!



AHA... I GET IT! YOU WANT TO FORCE HER TO RE-HIRE YOU... BY GETTING THE POLICE TO STEP IN!

WELLER... SHE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME FURTHER BY *MARRYING* A WELL-KNOWN OUTLAW, THE SPIRIT!



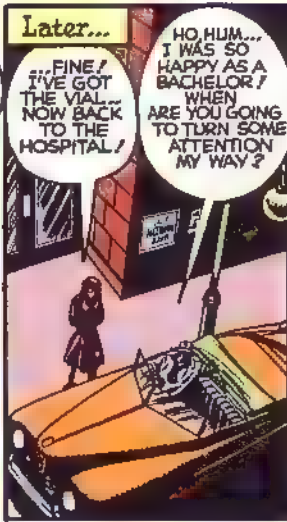
WHAT... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYONE HERE... WHAT'D I SAY?

NOTHING... NOTHING! SUPPOSE YOU LEAVE NOW AND KEEP ME INFORMED. DOCTOR! I'LL BE ON HAND TO PREVENT ANY MISUSE OF THE "X-GERM"!



WELL, DOC, I CAN TELL FROM YOUR FACE YOU DIDN'T GET ANYWHERE! YA' OWE ME \$30,000 AND I'M GETTING IMPATIENT!

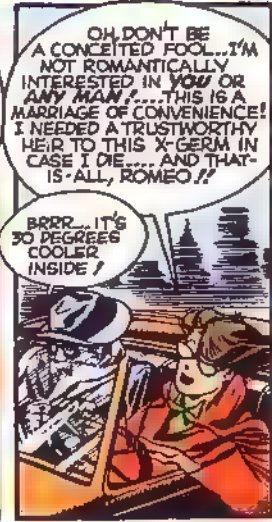
DON'T WORRY, PARLAY. I CAN HANDLE THIS WITHOUT DOLAN! SHE'S GETTING THE X-GERM FROM THE BANK VAULT TONIGHT... WAIT FOR ME AT YOUR HIDEOUT! I'VE ANOTHER TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!



Later...

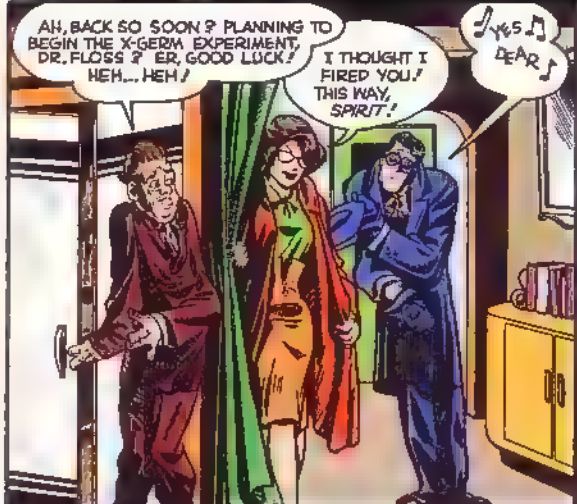
...FINE! I'VE GOT THE VIAL... NOW BACK TO THE HOSPITAL!

HO HUM... I WAS SO HAPPY AS A BACHELOR! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TURN SOME ATTENTION MY WAY?



OH, DON'T BE A CONCEITED FOOL... I'M NOT ROMANTICALLY INTERESTED IN YOU OR ANY MAN!... THIS IS A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE! I NEEDED A TRUSTWORTHY HEIR TO THIS X-GERM IN CASE I DIE... AND THAT IS-ALL, ROMEO!!

BRRR... IT'S 30 DEGREES COOLER INSIDE!



AH, BACK SO SOON? PLANNING TO BEGIN THE X-GERM EXPERIMENT, DR. FLOSS? ER, GOOD LUCK! HEH... HEH!

I THOUGHT I FIRED YOU! THIS WAY, SPIRIT!

YES! DEAR!



AND STOP BEING COY WITH ME... THIS IS BUSINESS, STRICTLY BUSINESS!

YES!



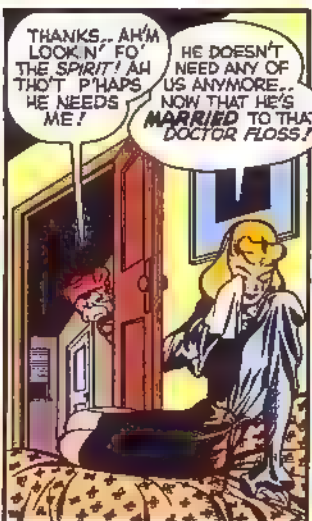
WHILE I STERILIZE MY ARMS... YOU CAN WARM THAT X-GERM VIAL ON THE BUNSEN BURNER... AND BE CAREFUL! IT'S DEADLY STUFF!

HOLY HINKLE, I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA! WHEN!



Meanwhile...

SOB - C-COME IN... SOB -



THANKS... AH'M LOOK'N' FO' THE SPIRIT! AH THOT' P'HAPS HE NEEDS ME!

HE DOESN'T NEED ANY OF US ANYMORE... NOW THAT HE'S MARRIED TO THAT DOCTOR FLOSS?



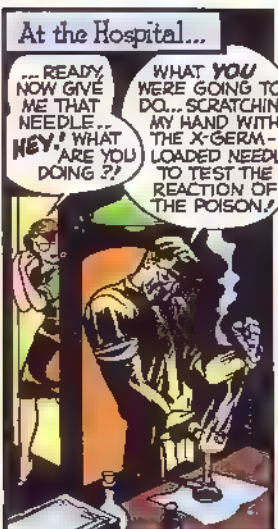
M...MARRIED!!

...AND HE NEVUH EVEN ASK MAH PERMISSION!!



C'MON, MISS ELLEN, LES' US GO OVUH T' THE HOSPITAL! AH'M SHORE IT AIN'T TRUE... WE'LL SEE FO' OURSELVES!

SOB... VERY WELL!



At the Hospital...

...READY, NOW GIVE ME THAT NEEDLE... WHAT KEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO... SCRATCHING MY HAND WITH THE X-GERM-LOADED NEEDLE TO TEST THE REACTION OF THE POISON!

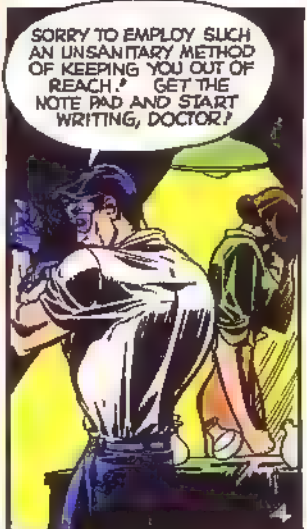


AN ADMIRABLE IDEA YOU HAD... BUT SUPPOSE YOU DIED... WHO WOULD TAKE NOTES... ME?? ...I'M NO SCIENTIST! BETTER LET ME BE THE GUINEA PIG!

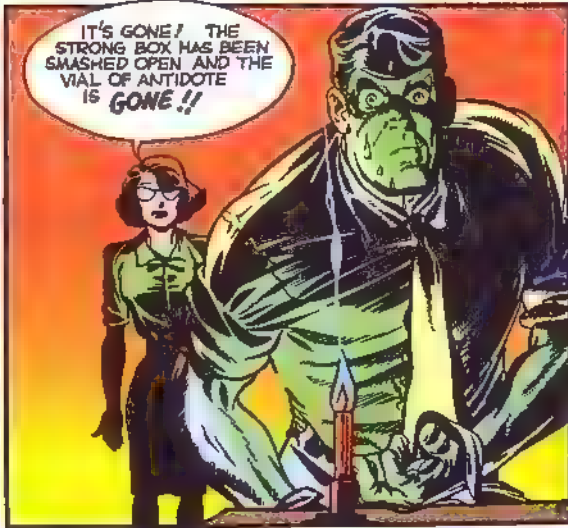
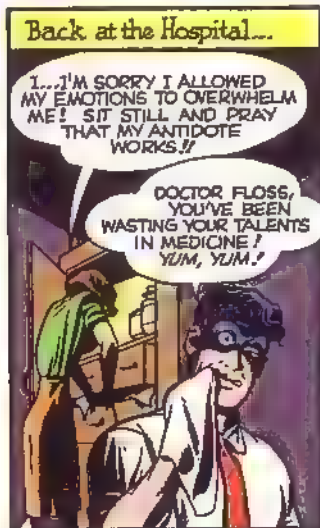
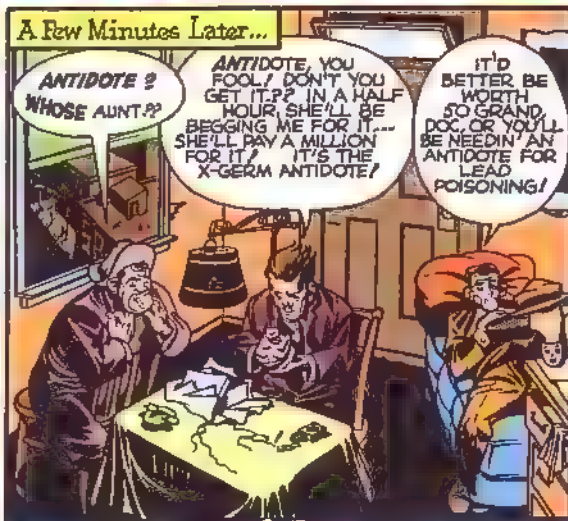
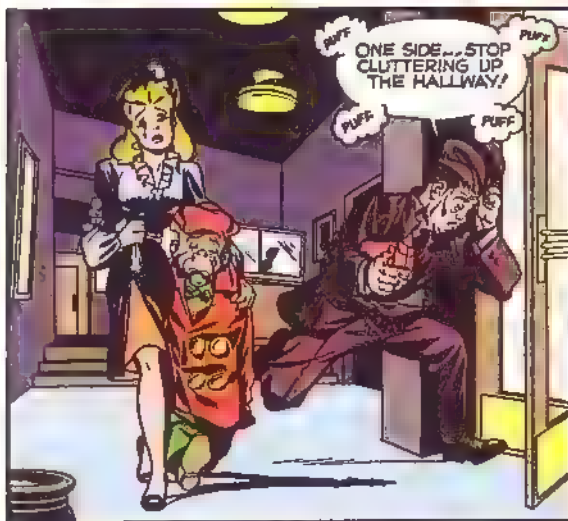
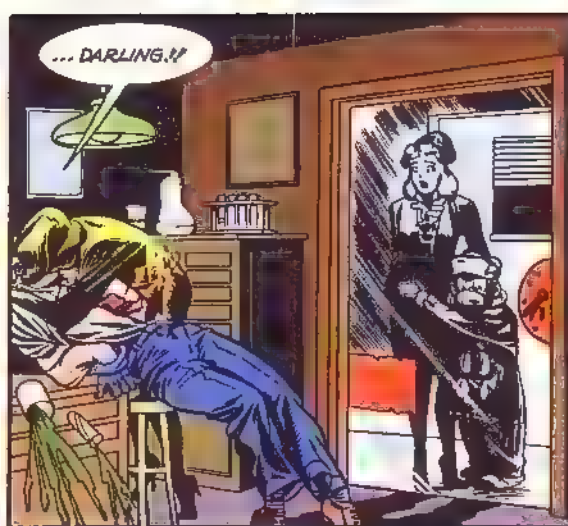
NO NO! YOU FOOL!

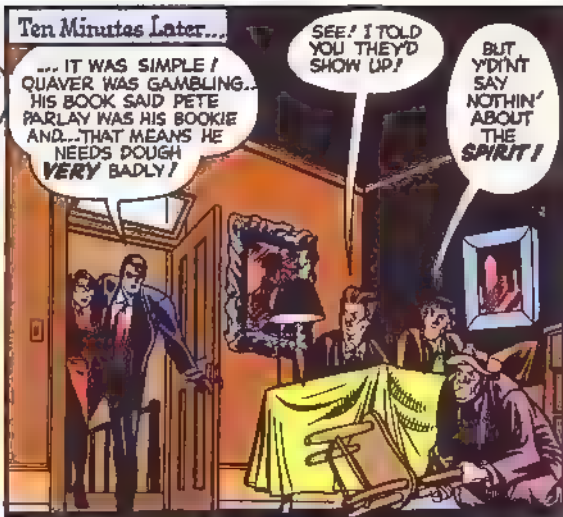


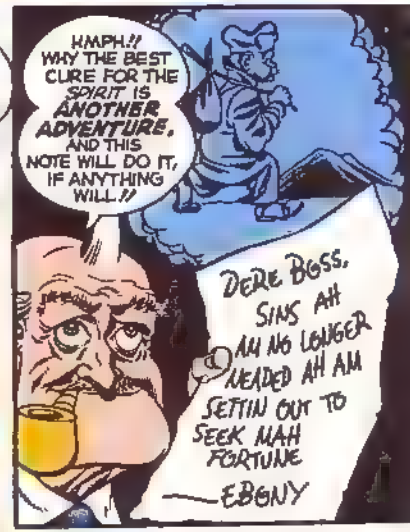
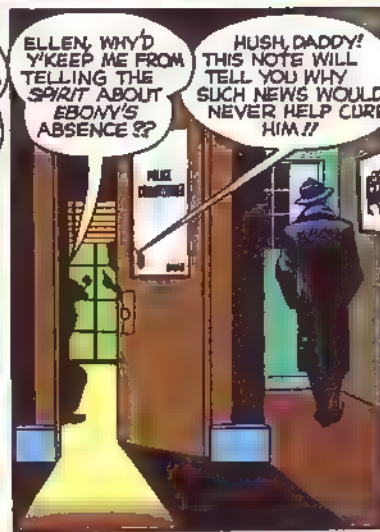
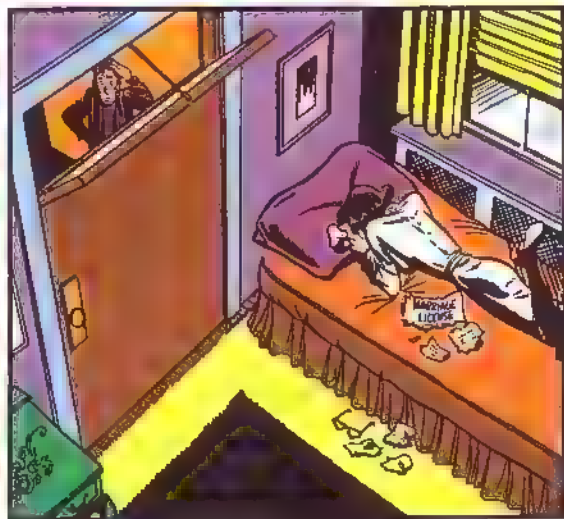
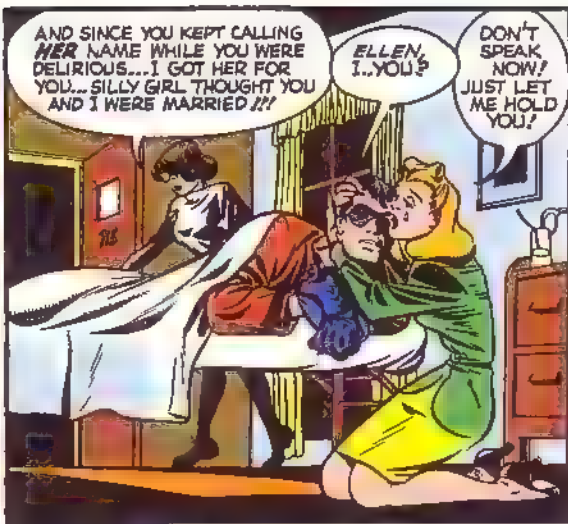
MMFF...



SORRY TO EMPLOY SUCH AN UNSANITARY METHOD OF KEEPING YOU OUT OF REACH! GET THE NOTE PAD AND START WRITING, DOCTOR!







NEXT WEEK

The Spirit
BOOK SECTION
BRINGS YOU BOOK No.1. in
The ODYSSEY of EBONY...

PLUS!

AT NO COST...
CLIPPING TWO
TODAY'S
MAGAZINE

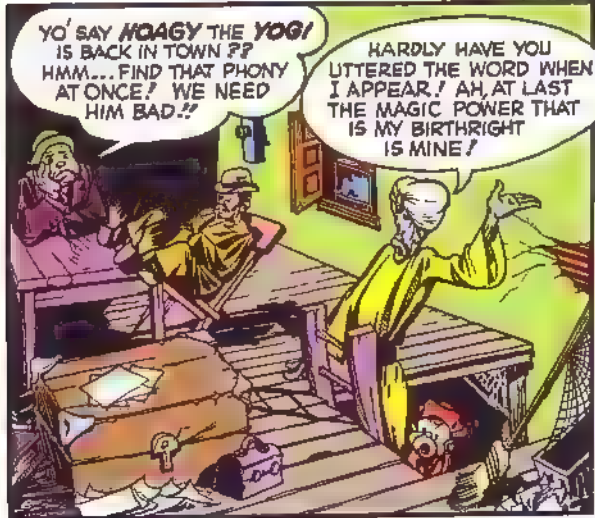
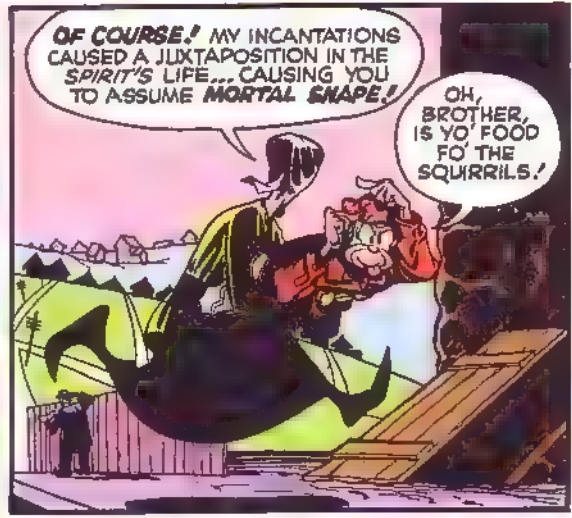
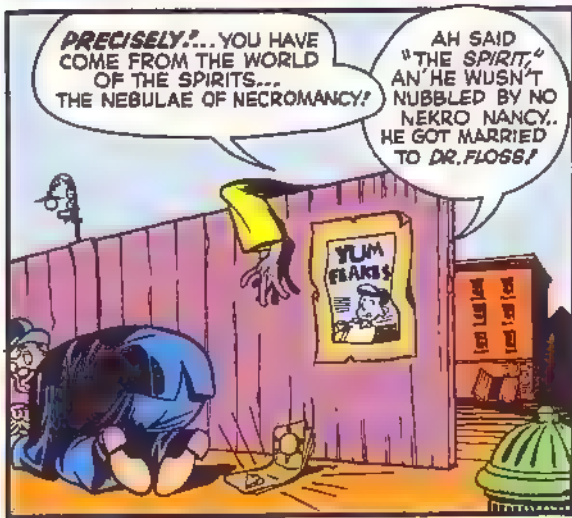
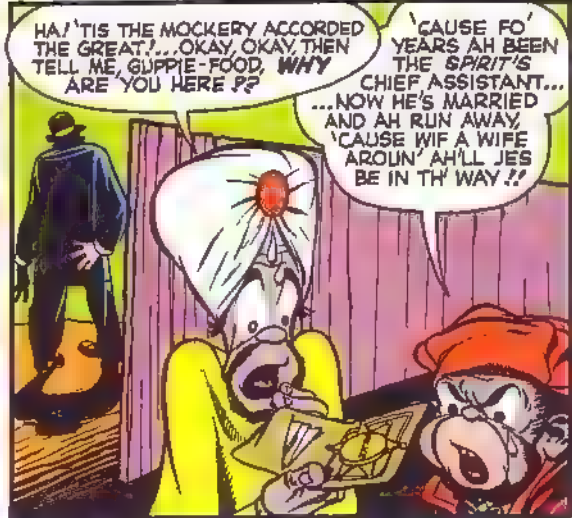
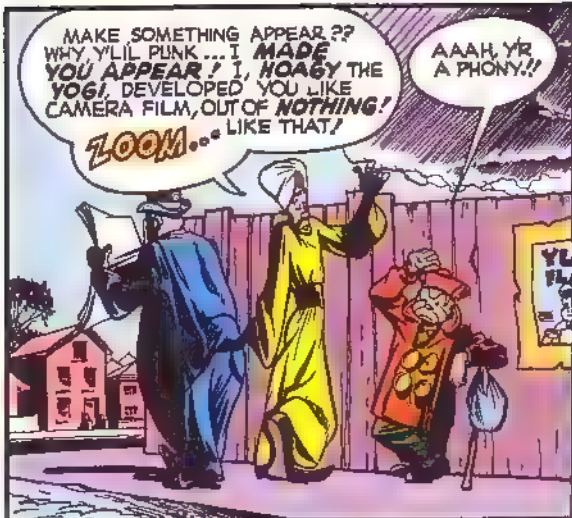
WORTH SEE YOU

AND

I WANT TO
SEE YOU
TODAY

March 16 1947







THE TELETYPE /...
WITH THE DAY'S STATE
-WIDE REPORTS /.../



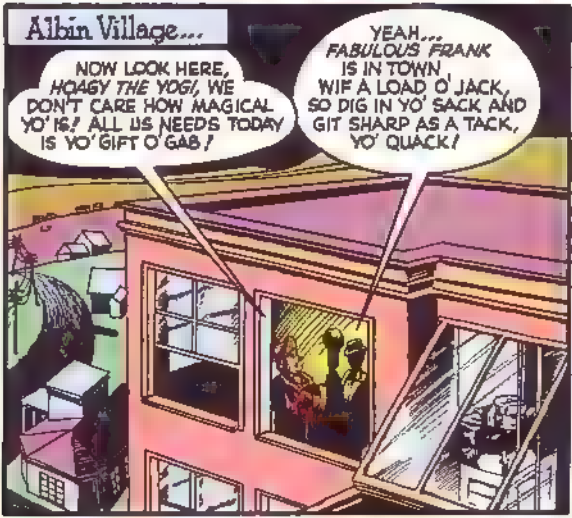
...ROBBERY AT ALBIN VILLAGE /
...AH, LISTEN TO THIS...
DETECTIVE REPORTS BADGE
STOLEN BY HOOAGY THE YOGI,
ACCOMPANIED BY LITTLE
BOY...RED CAP, RED COAT...
LARGE BUTTONS!



SOUNDS LIKE **EBONY!**
ALBIN VILLAGE IS
FIFTY MILES NORTH OF
HERE...I'LL CALL CHIEF
CARTER UP THERE. HE'LL
PICK UP THE LAD! /



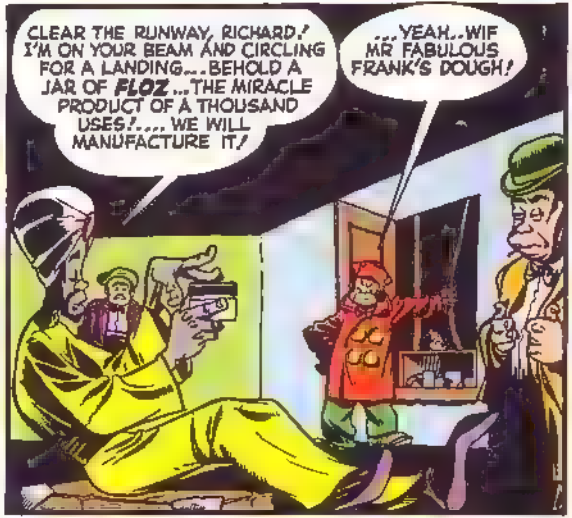
NO...I'LL GET
HIM MYSELF! THIS IS
A DELICATE PERSONAL
MATTER! /



Albin Village...

NOW LOOK HERE,
HOOAGY THE YOGI, WE
DON'T CARE HOW MAGICAL
YO' IS! ALL US NEEDS TODAY
IS YO' GIFT O' GAS! /

YEAH...
FABULOUS FRANK
IS IN TOWN.
WIF A LOAD O' JACK,
SO DIG IN YO' SACK AND
GIT SHARP AS A TACK,
YO' QUACK! /



CLEAR THE RUNWAY, RICHARD!
I'M ON YOUR BEAM AND CIRCLING
FOR A LANDING...BEHOLD A
JAR OF **FLOZ**...THE MIRACLE
PRODUCT OF A THOUSAND
USES?... WE WILL
MANUFACTURE IT! /

...YEAH...WIF
MR FABULOUS
FRANK'S DOUGH! /



THAT IS DISHONEST AND
AH'M OBLIGED TO WARN YO'
THAT, AS A CRIMEFIGHTER,
AH'LL BRING YO' TO
JUSTICE!! /



...BACK TO THE NETHER
WORLD WHENCE I BROUGHT
YOU, CHURL! /... YOU
ANNOY ME! /



WELL, I'LL BE! Y'MADE HIM
DISAPPEAR, HOOAGY! /

OF COURSE! I AM A
YOGI. I MAKE PEOPLE
APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR
AT WILL! NOW LET'S
GET TO WORK! /



AH! **TRAPPED!**



AT THE MOMENT,
MR. MOUSE... YO'S
BETTER OFF THAN A
HUMAN BEIN' LIKE ME!
...YOU KIN GET OUT OR
IN WIF EASE!



JUMPIN' JITNEYS!
... AH GOT IT!



MOUSE, YOU
BETTER NOT FAIL ME
OR AH'LL NEVUH GIT
OUT....

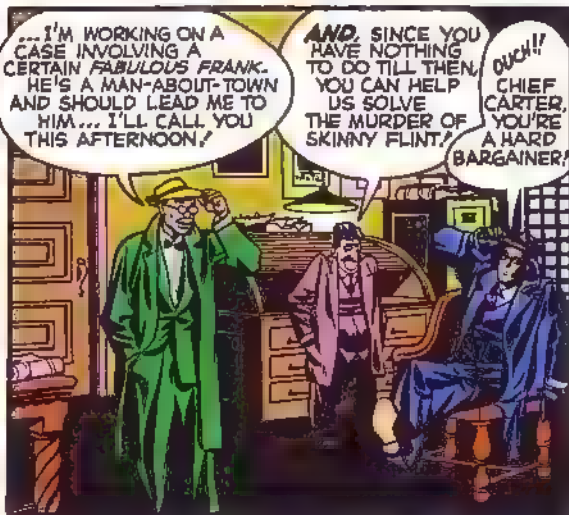


The Albin Village Police Headquarters:

SPIRIT, I WANT
YOU TO MEET
ONE OF OUR KEENEST
AND MOST ABLE DETECTIVES,
LIUT. GREY! HE'LL
LOCATE **EBONY** IF
ANYONE CAN!

GLAD TO
KNOW YOU!

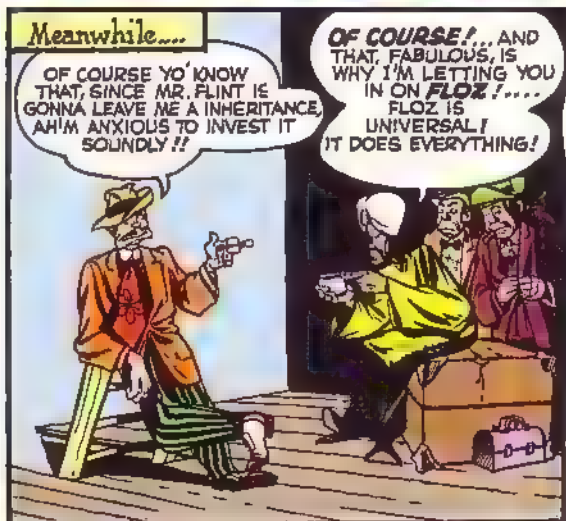
AN HONOR
FOR ME!... I'VE
BEEN AN ADMIRER
OF YOURS FOR
MANY YEARS!



...I'M WORKING ON A
CASE INVOLVING A
CERTAIN **FABULOUS FRANK**.
HE'S A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN
AND SHOULD LEAD ME TO
HIM... I'LL CALL YOU
THIS AFTERNOON!

AND, SINCE YOU
HAVE NOTHING
TO DO TILL THEN,
YOU CAN HELP
US SOLVE
THE MURDER OF
SKINNY FLINT!

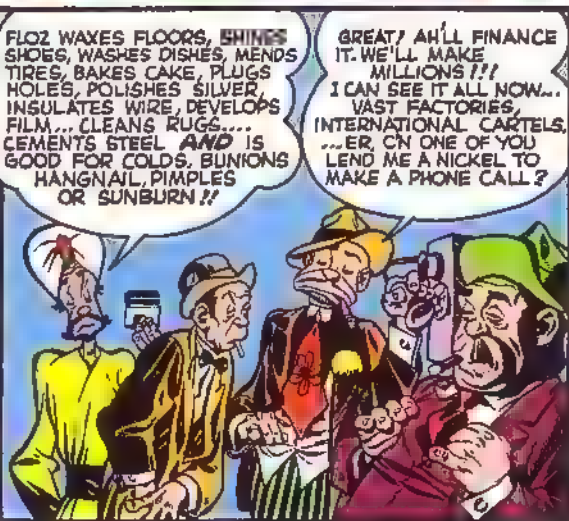
DUCK!!
CHIEF
CARTER,
YOU'RE
A HARD
BARGAINER!



Meanwhile....

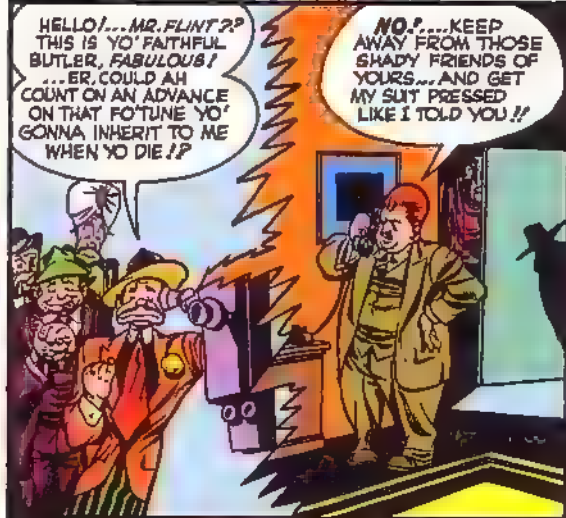
OF COURSE YO' KNOW
THAT, SINCE MR. FLINT IS
GONNA LEAVE ME A INHERITANCE,
AH'M ANXIOUS TO INVEST IT
SOUNDLY!!

OF COURSE!... AND
THAT, **FABULOUS**, IS
WHY I'M LETTING YOU
IN ON **FLOZ**!....
FLOZ IS
UNIVERSAL!
IT DOES EVERYTHING!



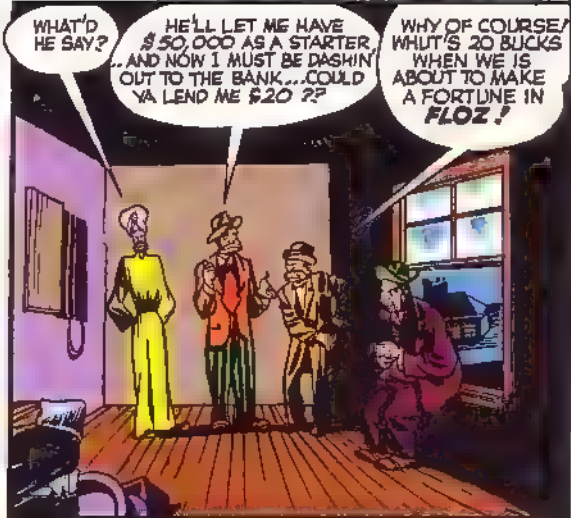
FLOZ WAXES FLOORS, SHINES
SHOES, WASHES DISHES, MENDS
TIRES, BAKES CAKE, PLUGS
HOLES, POLISHES SILVER,
INSULATES WIRE, DEVELOPS
FILM... CLEANS RUGS....
CEMENTS STEEL **AND** IS
GOOD FOR COLDS, BUNIONS
HANGNAIL, PIMPLES
OR SUNBURN!!

GREAT! AH'LL FINANCE
IT. WE'LL MAKE
MILLIONS!!!
I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW...
VAST FACTORIES,
INTERNATIONAL CARTELS,
...ER, CN ONE OF YOU
LEND ME A NICKEL TO
MAKE A PHONE CALL?



HELLO!...MR. FLINT??
THIS IS YO' FAITHFUL
BUTLER, FABULOUS!
...ER, COULD AH
COUNT ON AN ADVANCE
ON THAT FO'TUNE YO'
GONNA INHERIT TO ME
WHEN YO DIE !P

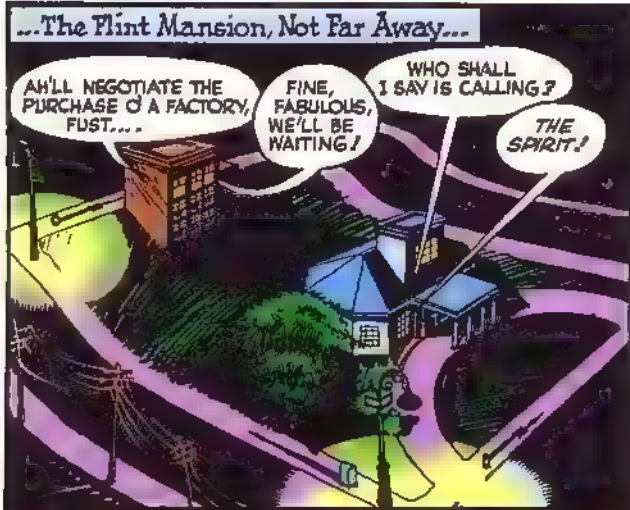
NO!....KEEP
AWAY FROM THOSE
SHADY FRIENDS OF
YOURS...AND GET
MY SUIT PRESSED
LIKE I TOLD YOU!!



WHAT'D
HE SAY?

HE'LL LET ME HAVE
\$50,000 AS A STARTER
...AND NOW I MUST BE DASHIN'
OUT TO THE BANK...COULD
YA LEND ME \$20 ??

WHY OF COURSE!
WHUT'S 20 BUCKS
WHEN WE IS
ABOUT TO MAKE
A FORTUNE IN
FLOZ!



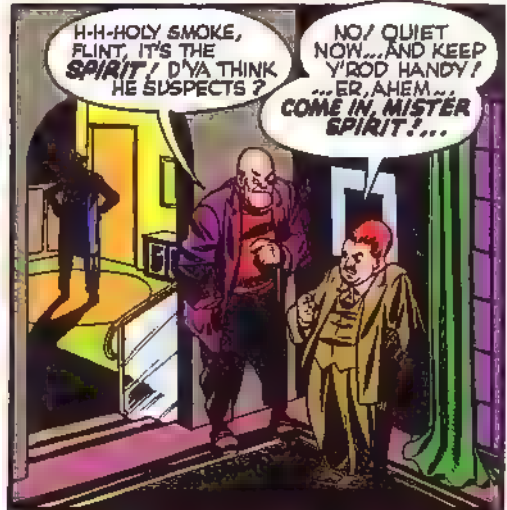
...The Flint Mansion, Not Far Away...

AH'LL NEGOTIATE THE
PURCHASE O' A FACTORY,
FUST...

FINE,
FABULOUS,
WE'LL BE
WAITING!

WHO SHALL
I SAY IS CALLING?

THE
SPIRIT!



H-H-HOLY SMOKE,
FLINT, IT'S THE
SPIRIT! D'YA THINK
HE SUSPECTS?

NO! QUIET
NOW...AND KEEP
Y'ROD HANDY!
...ER, AHEM...
**COME IN, MISTER
SPIRIT!...**



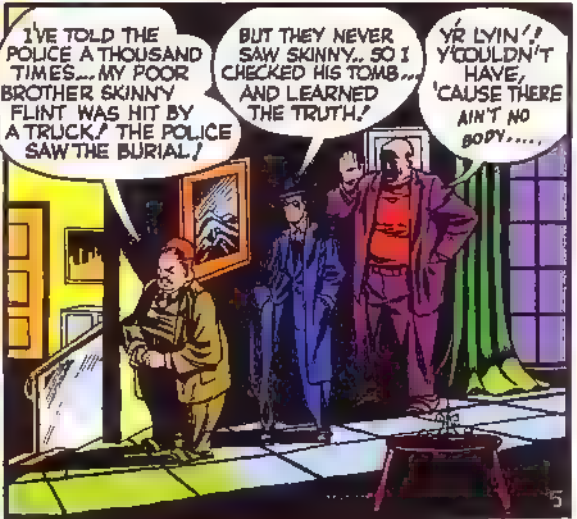
WELL, MR. FLINT, I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU BUDDIED WITH
MOUNTAIN MIKE!

DON'T GET
ROUGH, SPIRIT!



STATE YOUR
BUSINESS,
PLEASE!

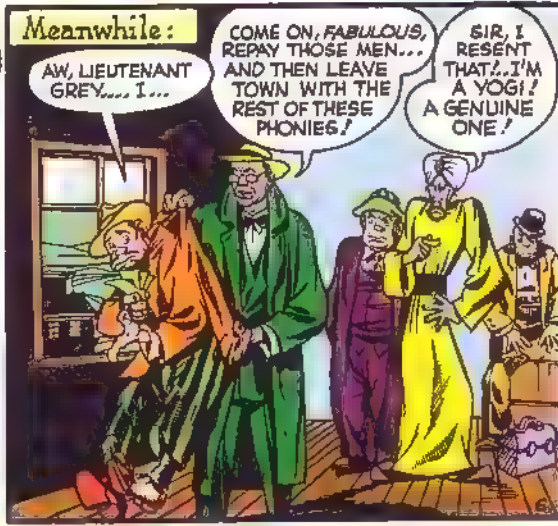
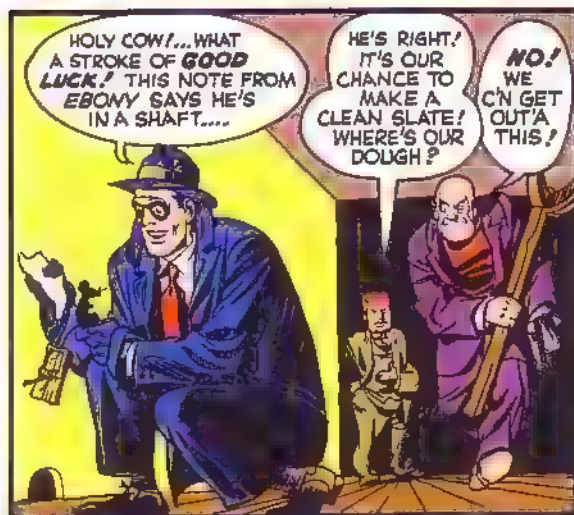
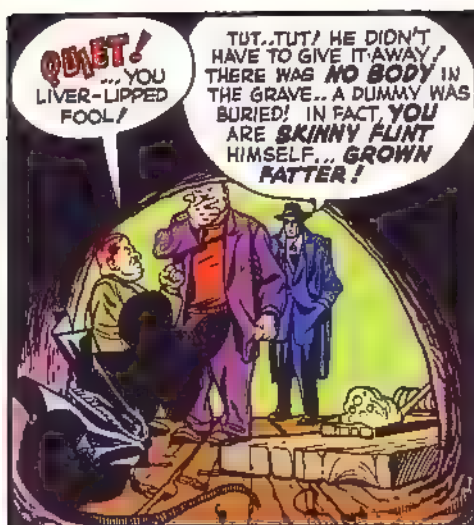
AH,
ALTERED
FINGER-
PRINTS!,,
WHEN, EXACTLY,
WAS YOUR
BROTHER
MURDERED?

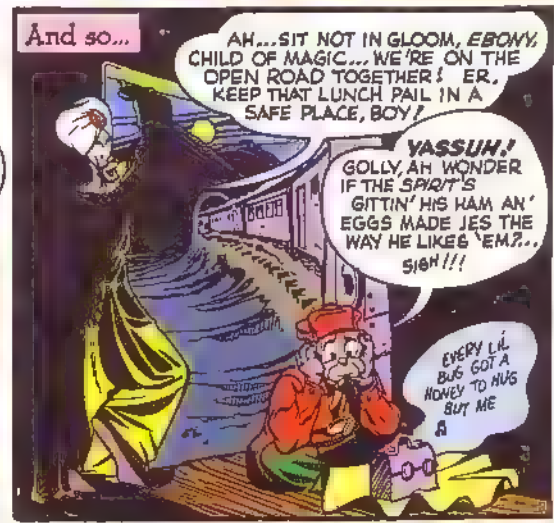
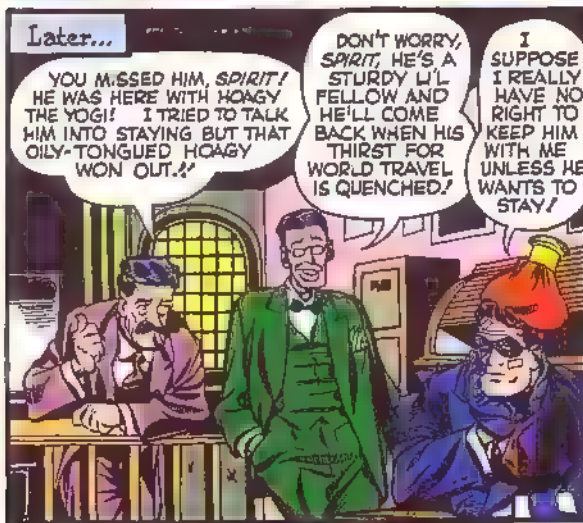
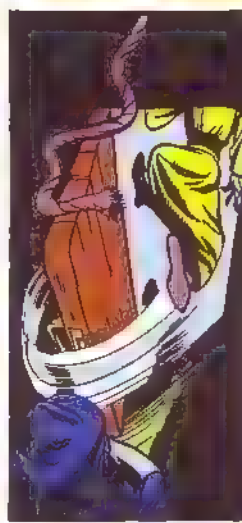
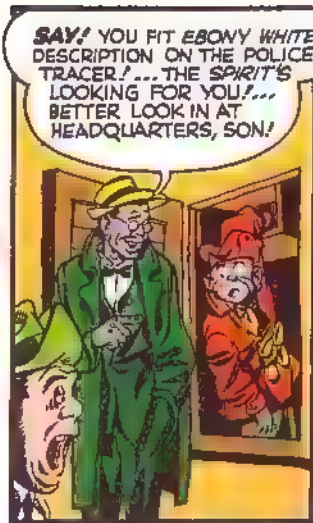
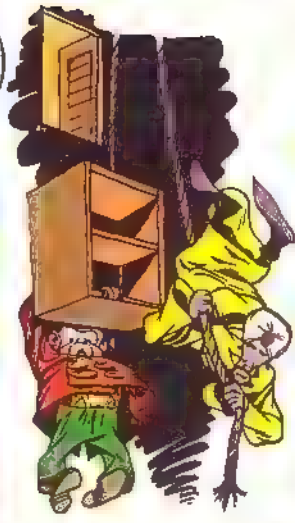


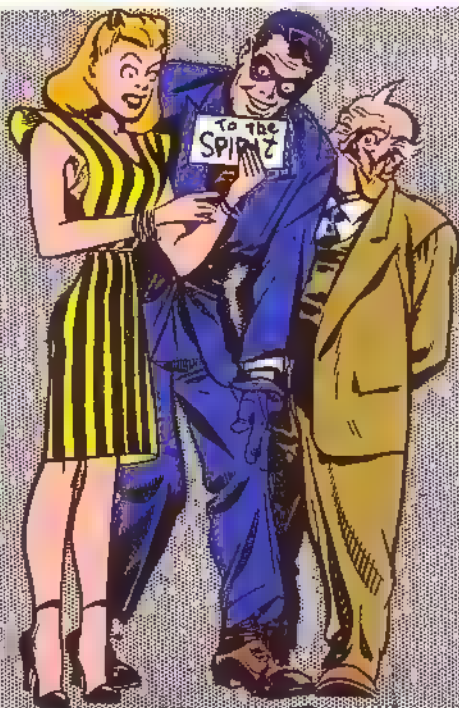
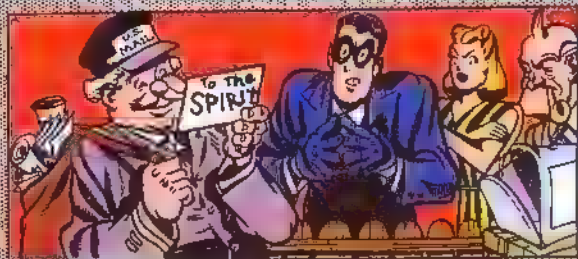
I'VE TOLD THE
POLICE A THOUSAND
TIMES...MY POOR
BROTHER SKINNY
FLINT WAS HIT BY
A TRUCK! THE POLICE
SAW THE BURIAL!

BUT THEY NEVER
SAW SKINNY... SO I
CHECKED HIS TOMB...
AND LEARNED
THE TRUTH!

Y'R LYIN'!
Y'COULDN'T
HAVE,
'CAUSE THERE
AIN'T NO
BODY....



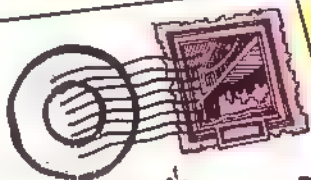




Dere Spirit

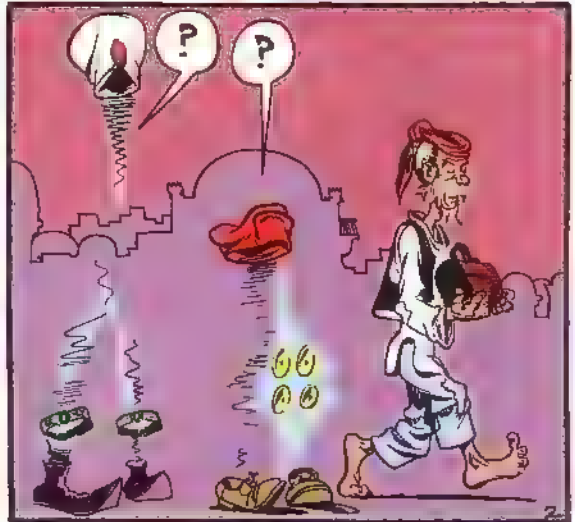
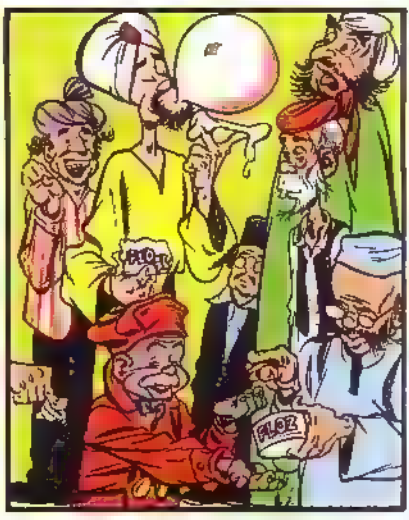
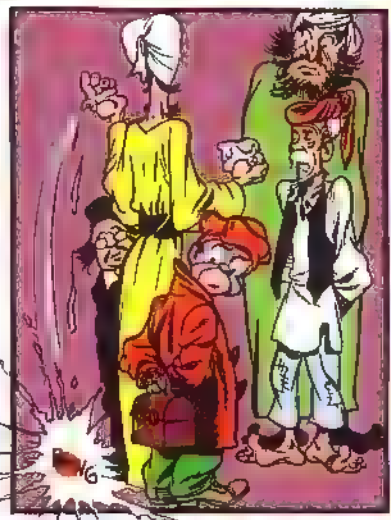
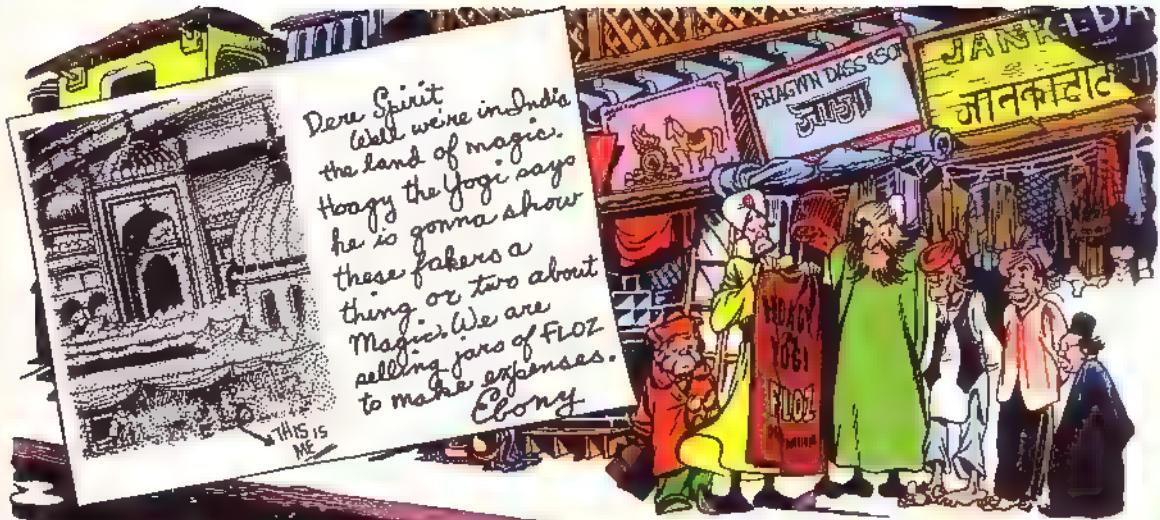
I am off on the hi-road
of adventure in the kumpony
of Hoagy the Yogi who thinks
I am a ghost he made appear
last week. I think he is a
FOLEY but pins he is paying
my fare I dont care. He sez
we are going to sell the magic
lunch-box to a Eastern potent
king.

I am sure to come back
a millonaire and will open
up my own Detektiff kumpony
Ebony



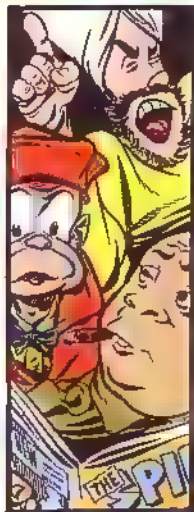
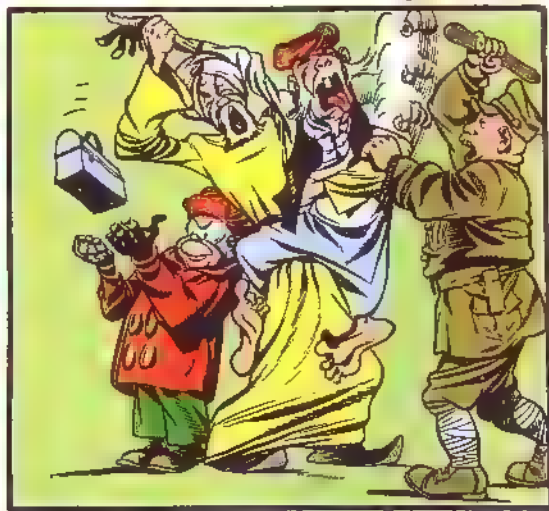
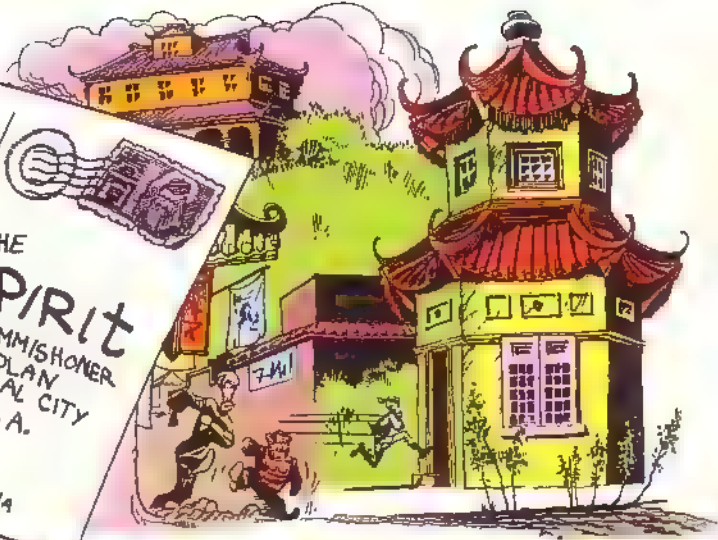
THE
SPIRIT

© 1946 BY WILL EISNER
% COMMISSIONER
DOLAN
CENTRAL CITY,
U. S. A.



Dare Spirit.
 This is the first time
 I've been able to write
 since we got ~~magic~~
 unmagicked again.
 People kin see it's again.
 They say it was done
 by Thiriboro. We're in
 China on the trail of
 TU-DE-LAMA who stole the
 magic fail from us.
 China is a funny place.
 They're all foriners.
 P.S. We have just found TU-DE-LAMA
 and we're chasing him.

THE
SPRIT
 % COMMISSIONER
 DOLAN
 CENTRAL CITY
 U.S.A.

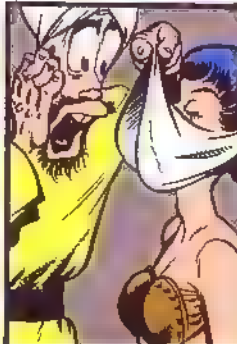
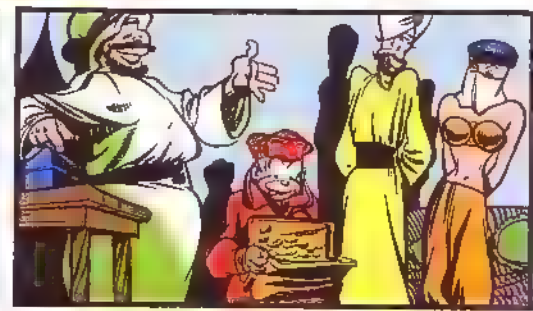
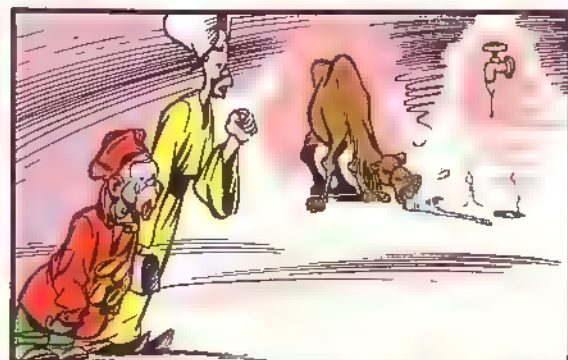


Dere Spirit
I guess you are surprized to
find this comes from Arabia. We
are on our way to the Sheik of
Arabee to sell him the box.. He
advertized in the papers that he
will pay 1 million pezooyas for it.
We are entering the desert which
is full of mirages.

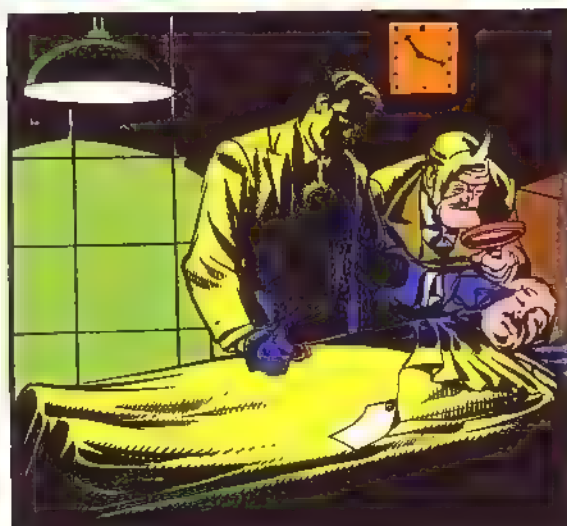
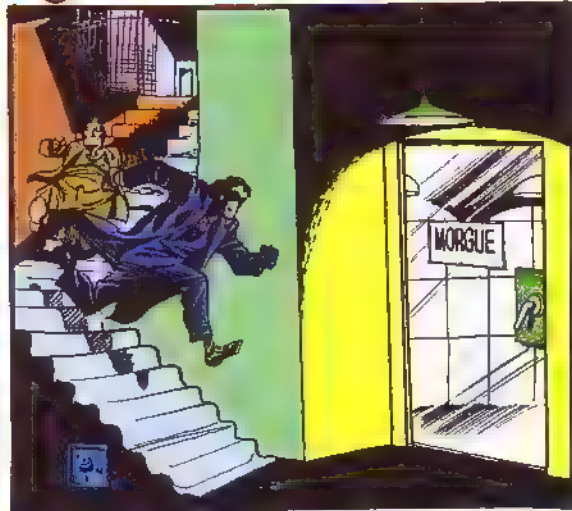
P.S.
EVERYONE HAS
HIS OWN
KINDA MIRROR

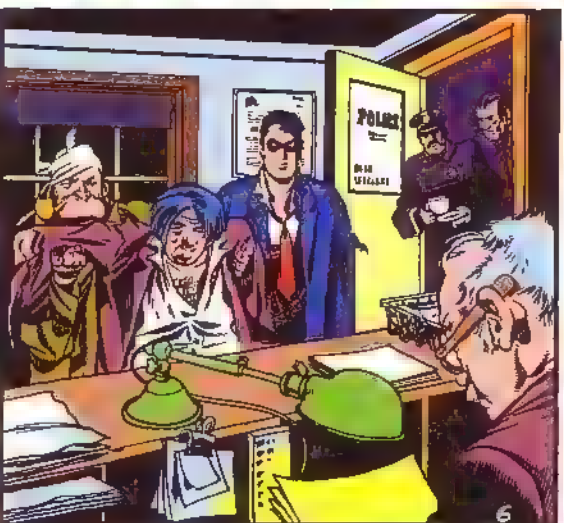
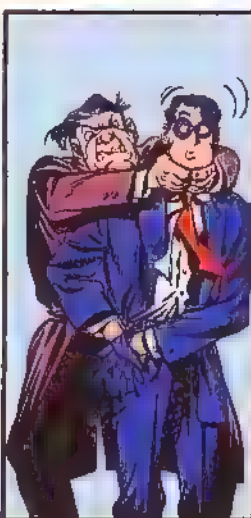
Ebony

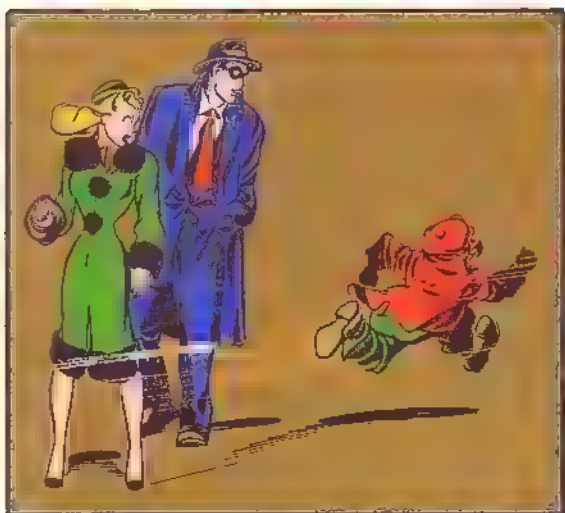
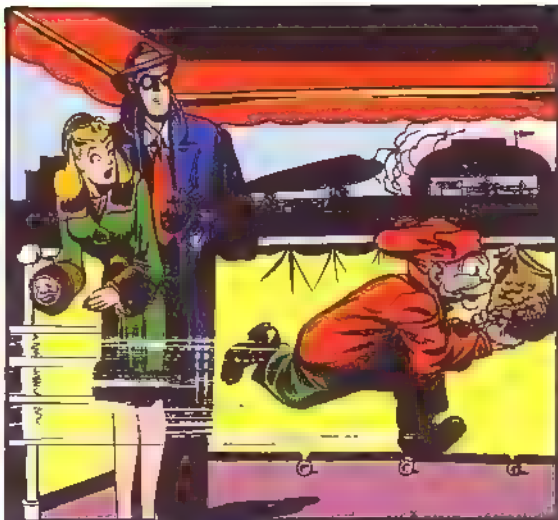
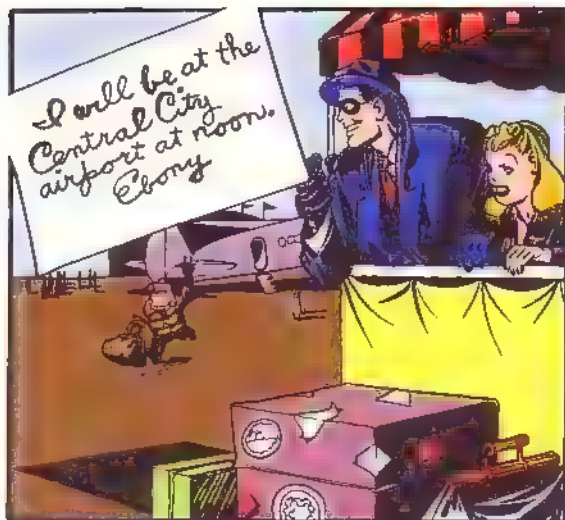
DON'T BELIEVE THAT.
WE AINT SEEN ONE
FOR A WEEK.



Dere Spirit
I am on my way
home...I have 1 million
pezoegas...I enclosed
a gift for you...It is
a ring I bought for only
100 pezoegas..The man
said there is only two
in the world..The other
was bought by Mr SW SNEAD
the importer you been
suspicious of. Clony





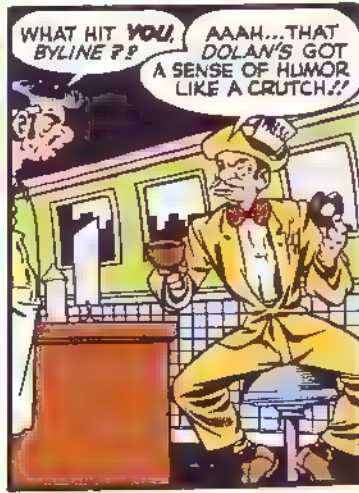
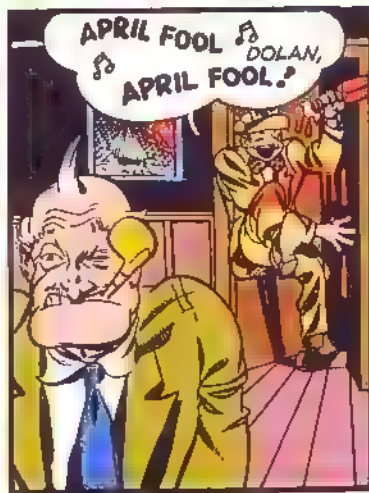
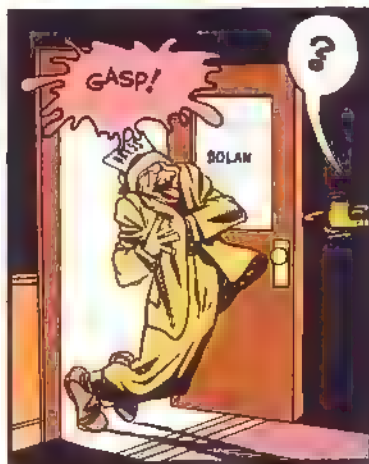
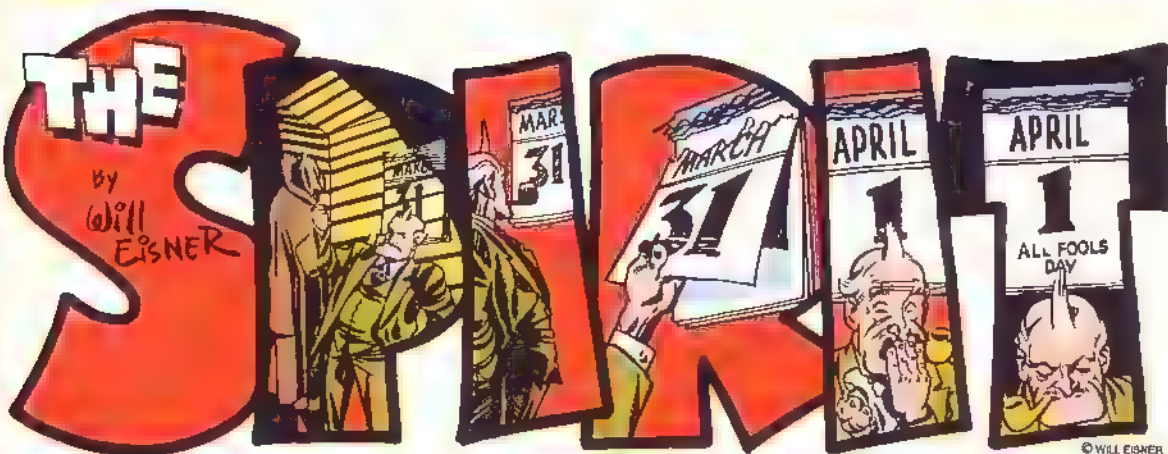


NEXT WEEK...

THE
SPIRIT
BRINGS YOU...



AN APRIL FOOL JOKE
THAT'LL SIMPLY
KILL YOU!



Later... City Room... Central Evening News...

Later... City Room... Central Evening News...

EEK!

HA HA APRIL FOOL!!

SYLINE, Y'NITWIT...
YR COPY'S LATE AGAIN!
BETTER RUN IT DOWN TO
THE COMPOSING ROOM
Y'RSELF...HURRY!

THANKS, I'LL RUSH IT THROUGH. HOW'S THE APRIL FOOL GAGS THIS YEAR, BYLINE?

NOT SO HOT! NOBODY'S GOT ANY SENSE OF HUMOR THESE DAYS!

OBITUARY

WELL? WHAT D'YA KNOW?
ROGER P. DEFICIT AND
AVERY VAULT KILLED IN
WHAT SEEMED LIKE A
SUICIDE PACT AT MIDNIGHT.
.... NOW I HADN'T NOTICED
THAT ITEM IN THE DEATH
NOTICES BEFORE?

REALLY ??

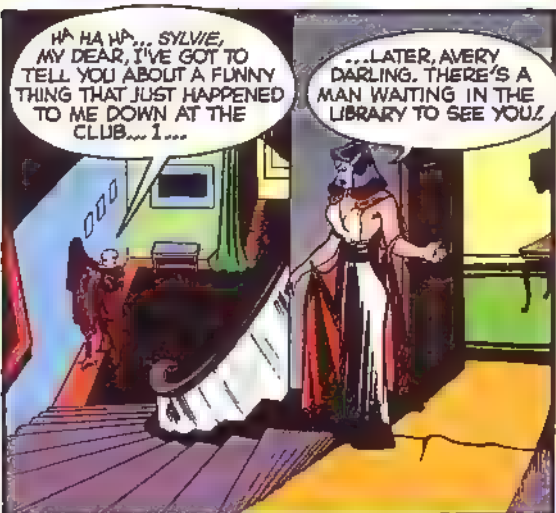
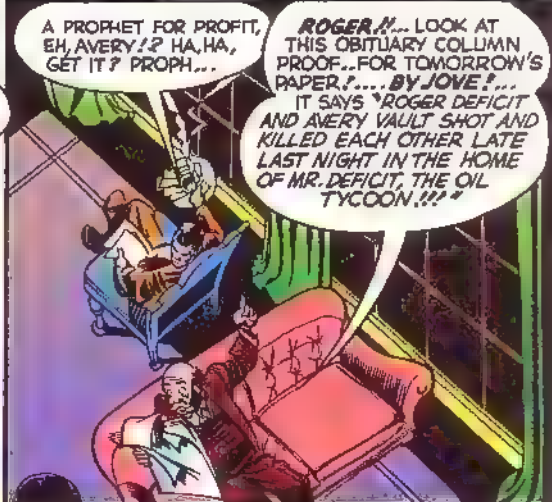
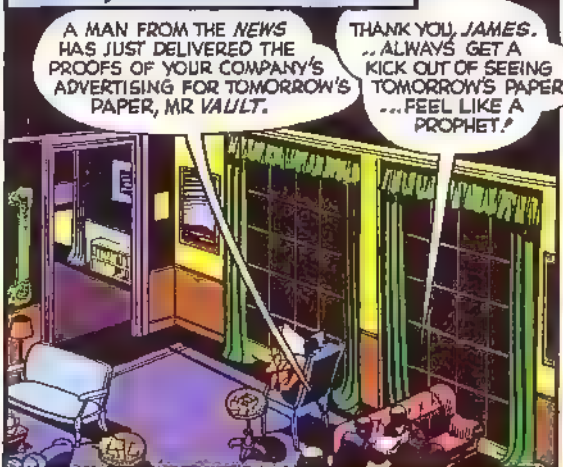
PRESS

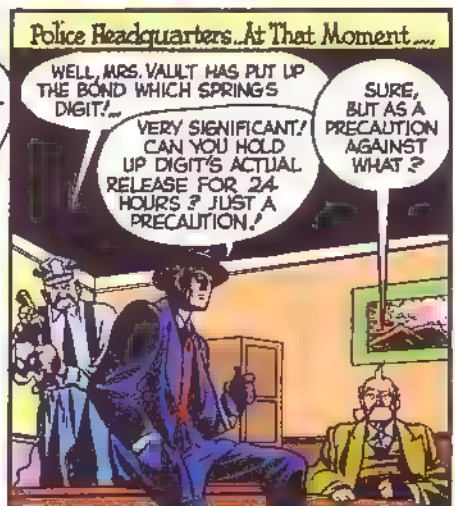
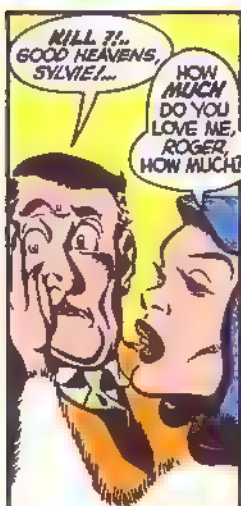
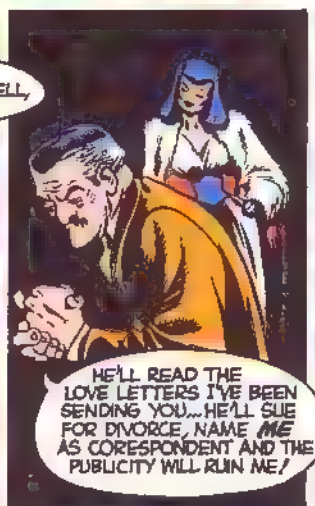
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!
...THEY WERE **PALS**
AND PARTNERS SINCE
BOYHOOD? OH, WELL ...
SAY, WILL YOU DROP THESE
STONE-PROOFS OFF AT
THE CITY CLUB FOR ME?

SURE!

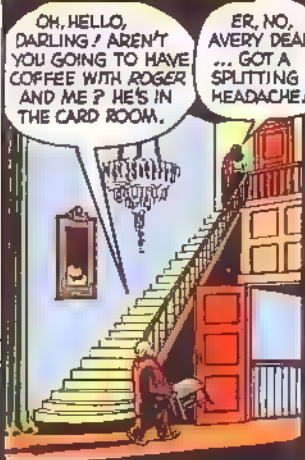
PRESS

The City Club.. A Few Minutes Later...





Later... That Evening...



OH, HELLO, DARLING! AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE COFFEE WITH ROGER AND ME? HE'S IN THE CARD ROOM.

ER, NO, AVERY DEAR. ... GOT A SPLITTING HEADACHE!



GASP... WH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE THE SPIRIT!

AND A VERY DANGEROUS OUTLAW! ...SO DON'T CRY OUT!

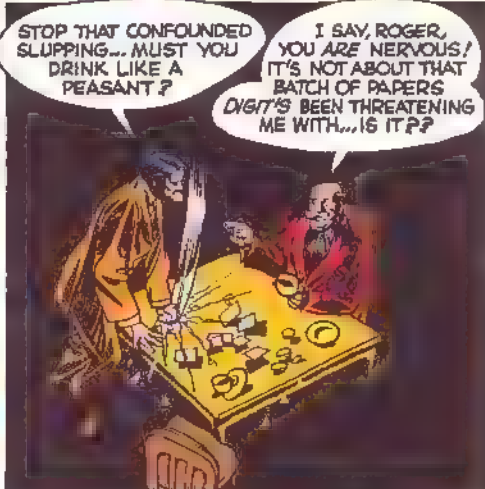


Meanwhile, Downstairs...



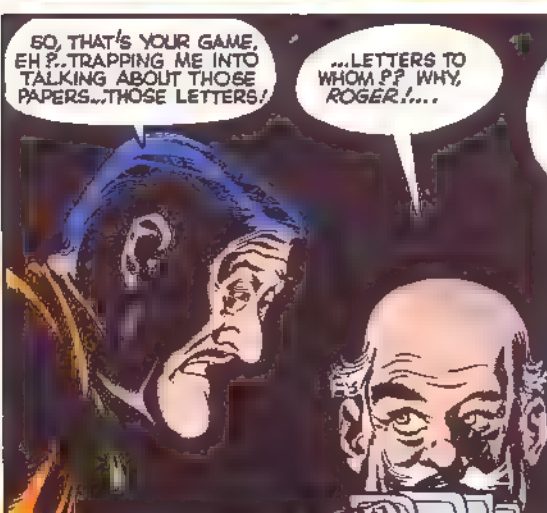
YOUR DEAL... SIGH... YOU'RE LOOKING VERY GRIM THIS EVENING, ROGER... THAT STUPID OBITUARY GET YOUR GOAT?

NO?



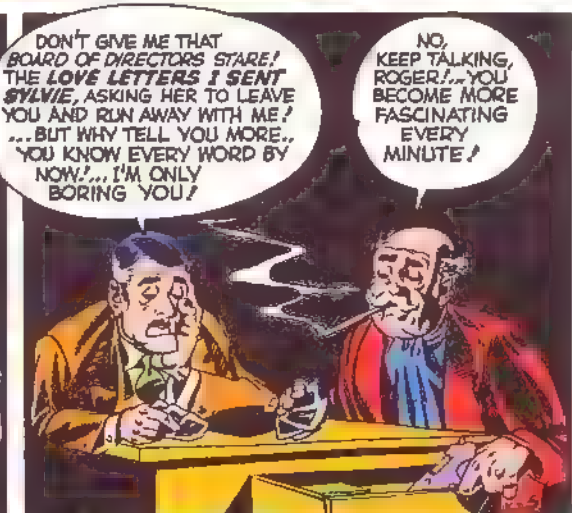
STOP THAT CONFOUNDED SLUPPING... MUST YOU DRINK LIKE A PEASANT?

I SAY, ROGER, YOU ARE NERVOUS! IT'S NOT ABOUT THAT BATCH OF PAPERS DIGHT'S BEEN THREATENING ME WITH... IS IT?



SO, THAT'S YOUR GAME, EH? TRAPPING ME INTO TALKING ABOUT THOSE PAPERS... THOSE LETTERS!

...LETTERS TO WHOM?? WHY, ROGER!...



DON'T GIVE ME THAT BOARD OF DIRECTORS STARE! THE LOVE LETTERS I SENT SYLVIE, ASKING HER TO LEAVE YOU AND RUN AWAY WITH ME! ... BUT WHY TELL YOU MORE... YOU KNOW EVERY WORD BY NOW!... I'M ONLY BORING YOU!

NO, KEEP TALKING, ROGER!... YOU BECOME MORE FASCINATING EVERY MINUTE!

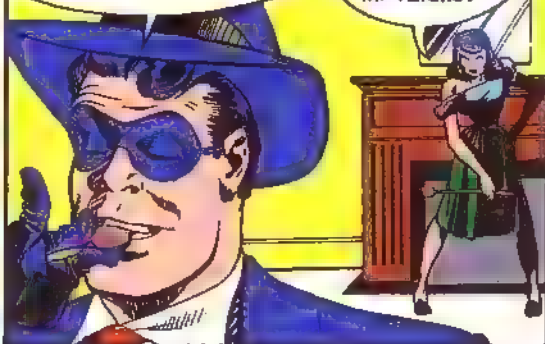


Meanwhile...Upstairs...

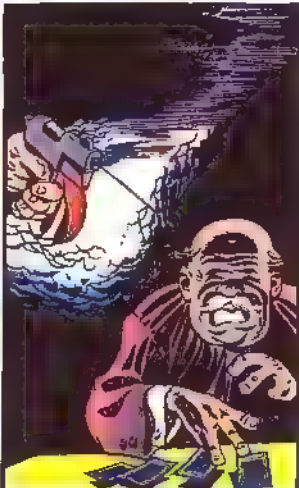
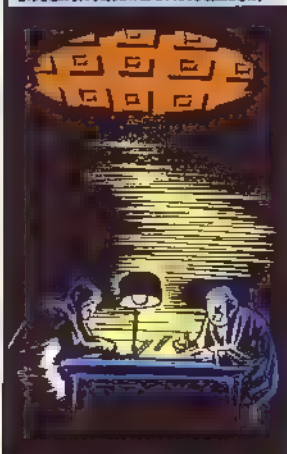


OH WELL, *THAT* EXPLAINS IT! GOSH, FOR A MOMENT THERE IT LOOKED BAD...ONE MIGHT THINK THAT YOU WANTED DIRT TO BE AT LARGE...SO *HE'D BE BLAMED* IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOUR HUSBAND!

MISTER SPIRIT... YOU ARE A VERY BRIGHT YOUNG MAN, BUT I AM A VERY DESPERATE WOMAN! NOW SUPPOSE WE DISCUSS THIS ON MY TERMS!



Meanwhile...Downstairs...



Upstairs...

I HEARD SHOTS!!
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON?
...HERE, LET ME GO!

NO, NO, NO!
LISTEN TO ME!
ROGER HAS
KILLED AVERY
OVER ME!...

WHAT?

DON'T YOU
SEE? WE CAN
PIN THE MURDER ON
ROGER, AND AS
AVERY'S WIDOW,
I'LL BE WORTH
A FORTUNE!
WE'LL SHARE,
YOU AND I!

BANG!

GAA... DON'T... BOTHER, SPIRIT!
I'VE GOT A BULLET IN MY LUNG!
I'M PRACTICALLY HARMLESS...
NOW... I COULDN'T LET HER
DOUBLE-CROSS ME!

ROGER!
WHY DID YOU
SHOOT AVERY?
HOW COULD
YOU?!

IT... WAS... LIKE...
STANDING... ON... TOP... OF... A
TALL BUILDING... LOOKING
DOWN... DOWN... AN...
INVISIBLE FORCE...
MAKING YOU *HAAAA* TO JUMP...
...THEN SOMEONE LIKE HER
COMES AND SAYS "JUMP!"

AND,
YOU DID...
PULLING HER
AFTER YOU!

And as Dawn Comes Up...

LOOK HERE,
BYLINE, I'M TOO
TIRED... I'VE JUST
ABOUT FINISHED
CLEANING UP THIS
DEFICIT-VULT
MURDER, SO...

...BUT DOLAN,
F*HEAVEN'S SAKE,
DONTCHA
UNDERSTAND?
I AM THE *REAL*
KILLER!... MY GAG
NOTICE IN THE
OBITUARY STARTED
IT ALL! MY CONSCIENCE
IS DRIVING ME
CRAZY!

AAAAH... APRIL FOOL'S DAY
HAS COME AND GONE!...
SAVE THE GAGS FOR
NEXT YEAR!...
BEAT IT!

HEY, BYLINE!
THE BOSS IS GONNA
GIVE YA A BONUS FOR
THAT SCOOP NOTICE
IN THE OBITUARY
ON THE DEFICIT
CASE!!

PRESS

NEXT WEEK
Special features
The Story of PINHEAD!



LIFE WAS NEVER GOOD FOR
PINHEAD! HE NEVER WAS
LIKE OTHER KIDS... AND AT
ANY FOOT, CAN'T TELL YOU UNLESS
YOU ARE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
LIFE CAN BE SAD INDEED!

WHEN THE OTHER KIDS WERE OUT
PLAYING OR HAVING FUN...
WHERE WAS PINHEAD?

HE WAS HOME IN CHARGE!

...AND DO YOU KNOW WHY??
BECAUSE PINHEAD WAS A
MONSTER!

THE SPIRIT

by Will Eisner

Life never was
very pleasant
for "Pinhead."

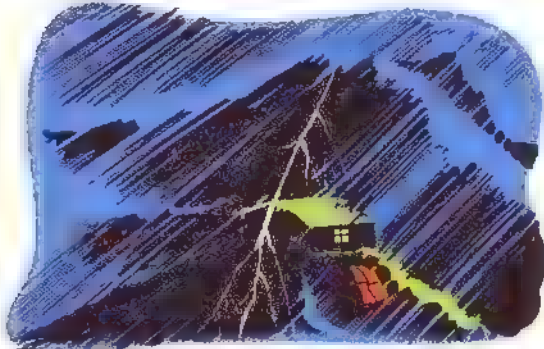
He was never
quite like other
kids.....
And do you know why?

Because "Pinhead"
was a

MONSTER!



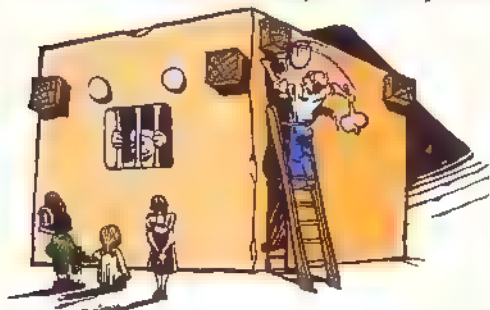
Well, to begin with...Pinhead was born during an unearthing storm that shook the Tennessee hills like corn likker inside a rabbit. But when you get right down to it, that's exactly the setting y'd expect for the arrival of a MONSTER.



So, in a manner of speaking, you might say his parents should have been warned...But it didn't take on them none. At the sight of what they had brought into the world, they both screamed and fell into a coma that left them dead inside a week!



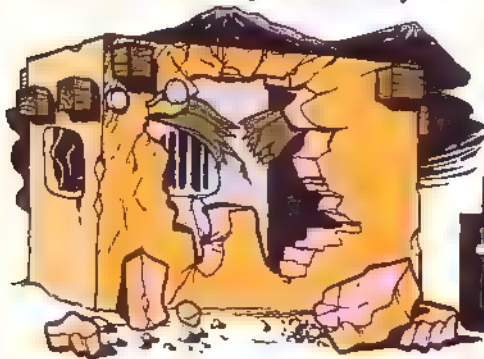
Dying, as the deacon said, was the most inconsiderate thing those folks could do, for it left little Pinhead upon the community. But after much fussing, a professor feller, with anthropology degrees, who happened to be living in the hills, (studying the peculiar behavior of them Carter folks down in the Hollow) agreed to bring Pinhead up.



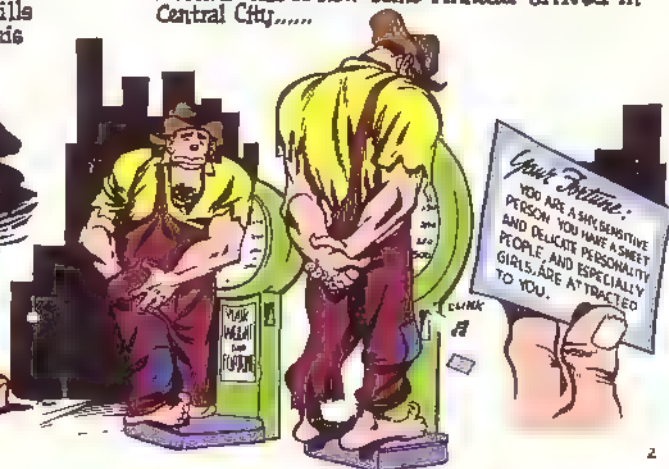
But all he did was lock the little monster up in his library and feed him now and then. Well, you don't have to be a scientist to figure what kind of life that was....for whilst the kids were playin' ball, Pinhead had no fun, save reading them big books or strangling a stray cat now and then.



So, when the old professor died, Pinhead figured time was ripe for leaving the hills forever....which is how any monster in his right mind would figure, naturally.



....And that is how come Pinhead arrived in Central City.....



Well, now just imagine what you'd do if you was a monster..... and you have some idea of what Pinhead tried!!

... SON, BOXING AIN'T NO GAME FOR YOU.. YA **KILLED** HIM WITH THE FIRST BLOW!

EEK!

Boston BRUSHES

SORRY, PINHEAD, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A GOOD FREAK. YER TOO SHY AND SENSITIVE.. Y'CAN'T STAND PEOPLE STARIN' AT YOU... SORRY!

Now if you'll excuse us, we'll shift the scene a bit to a courtroom.

MRS SYLVIE VAULT, BECAUSE OF INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE, THIS COURT HAS FOUND YOU **NOT** GUILTY IN THE DOUBLE SHOOTING OF YOUR HUSBAND AND HIS FRIEND, ROGER DEFICIT. YOU ARE FREE TO GO!

THANK YOU, JUDGE!

ISN'T IT CONVENIENT HOW THE LAW CAN LET A PERSON WHO IS **REALLY** GUILTY GO FREE? THEY WERE COMPLETELY FOOLED BY THE FACT THAT YOU WERE SHOT BY ROGER!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP HARPING ON HOW I **INCITED** THOSE TWO MEN TO MURDER - YOU'RE JUST BLOWING BUBBLES, SPIRIT!

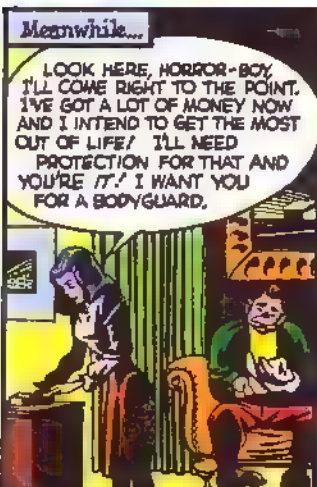
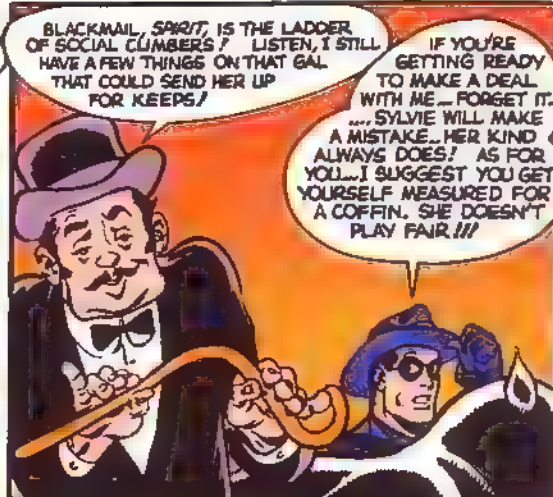
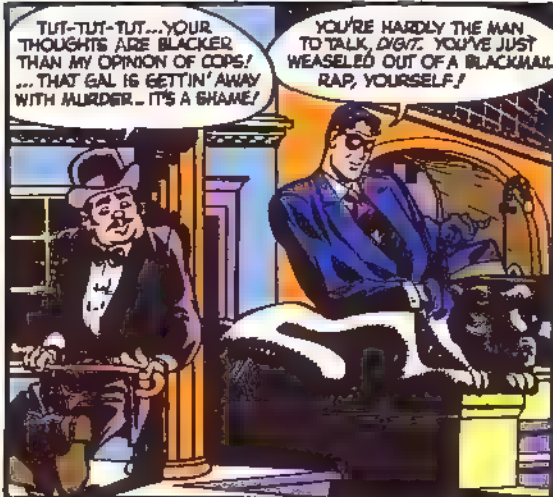
YES, THAT'S WHAT THE COURT SAID TO MY TESTIMONY.. BUT YOU KNOW, AND I KNOW, YOU'RE A MURDERESS!... WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW?

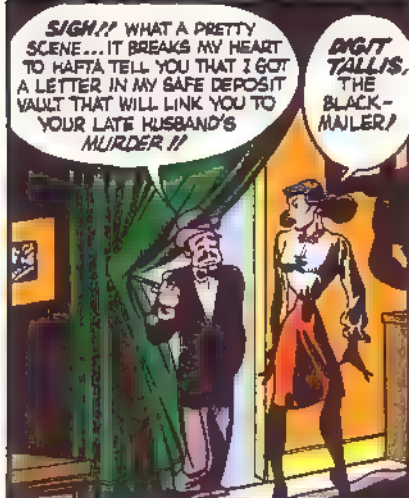
...FIRST, PROTECT ALL THE MONEY THEY BOTH WILLED TO ME... SECOND, TO ENJOY IT!

...AND... I THINK... I'VE THOUGHT THE FIRST PART RIGHT **HERE!** CALL ME A CAB AND TAKE ME HOME.. WE'LL MAKE WITH THE INTRODUCTIONS LATER, FRANKENSTEIN!!

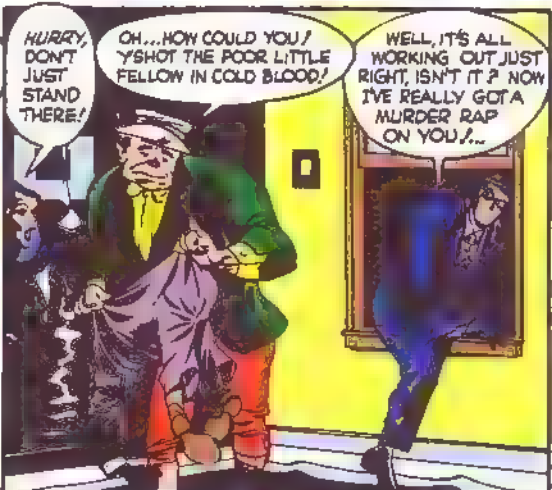
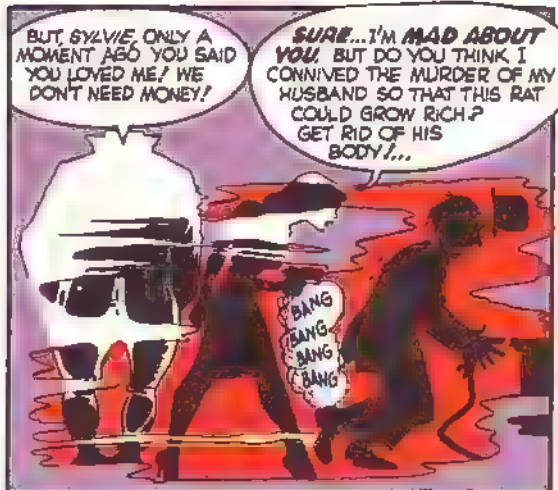
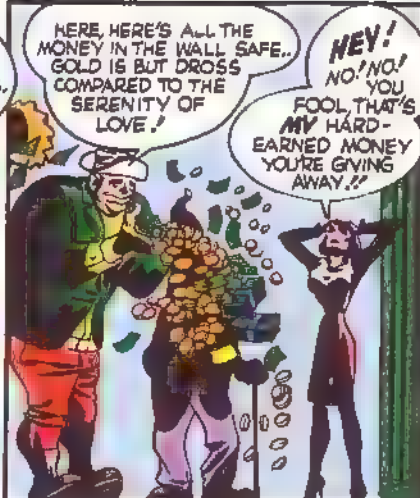
?

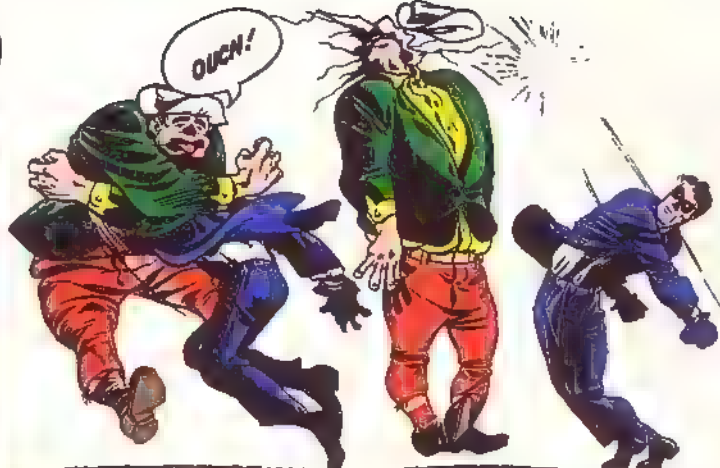






DIGIT TALLIS,
THE
BLACK-
MAILER!



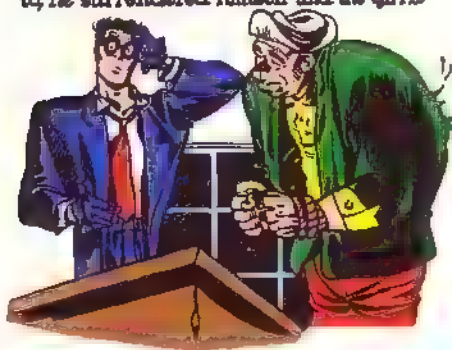




Yessiree-bob that was the answer far as ol' Pinhead was concerned..... Right there, he allowed, was the solution to his psychological problems, and ten minutes later, when the *SPIRIT* came to, he surrendered himself and the girl...

...although we've got to admit.....

it took a modicum of convincing before she came around to his point of view.



And what is ol' Pinhead doing now ???

Why, he's got himself a nice dry cell, three squares a day and a position in prison society that is positively aristocratic!

And as for 'self-expression', why, he cranks out a tolerable income drawing them there comic magazines that ain't comical... you know, 'The Droopman', and 'Beastman', etc.... Bought a couple the other day and they're enough to scare the booziebug outa the little brats..... But his stuff sells so y'must allow he's got something there. Well, like I always say, it's a talent like everything else - got to be natural born to it!



NEXT WEEK

THE OTHER NIGHT
SPIRIT
ADVENTURE

W/ BREAK

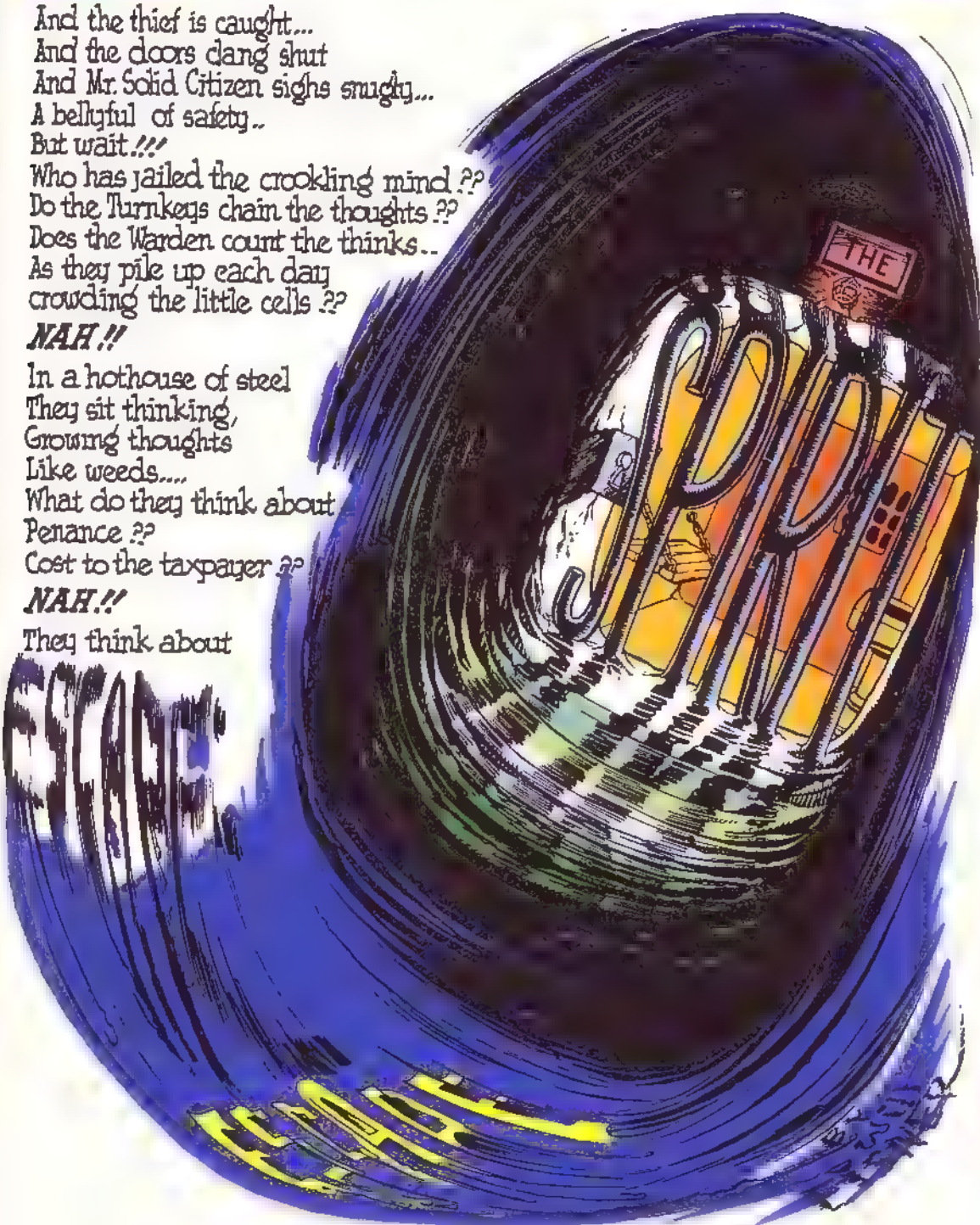
And the thief is caught...
And the doors clang shut
And Mr Solid Citizen sighs smugly...
A bellyful of safety..
But wait !!!
Who has jailed the crookling mind ??
Do the Turnkeys chain the thoughts ??
Does the Warden count the thinks..
As they pile up each day
crowding the little cells ??

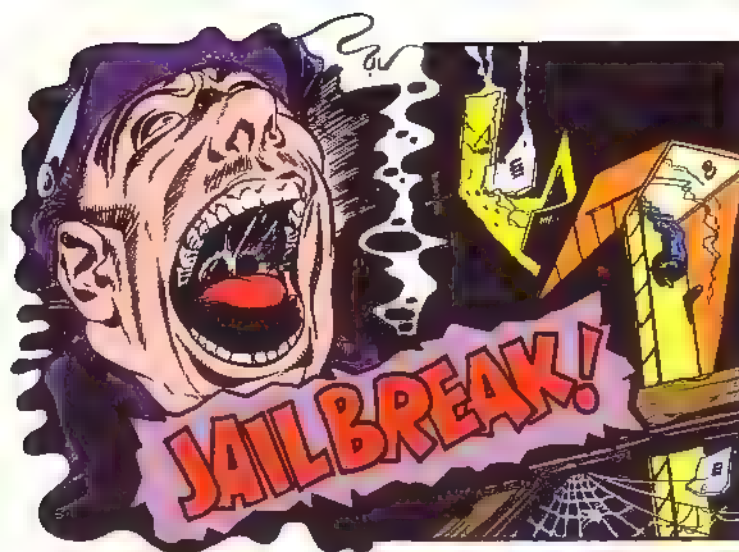
NAH!!

In a hothouse of steel
They sit thinking,
Growing thoughts
Like weeds....
What do they think about
Penance ??
Cost to the taxpayer ??

NAH!!

They think about









WELL... ANYHOW, WE'VE GOT \$5,000 LEFT... C'MON GARTERS, LET'S...

\$5,000, HA HA HA! YOU SLAY ME!..... \$5000 BUCKS!



5,000 MEASLY BUCKS... CHICKEN FEED! HOW FAR DO YOU THINK THAT WOULD GET US?... A FEW DRESSES, RAIL FARE, A BRIBE, AND POOF! WE'RE BROKE AGAIN!.....



YOU'RE WASHED UP RABBIT... NOW BEAT IT!!! I'M MARRIED TO "BULLETS RODD"... AND WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT!

YEAH... YEAH!...



BUT BULLETS... WHERE'LL I GO P... WHO'LL TAKE ME, IN P... I'M NOT... I...



BEAT IT SHE SAID!!



RABBIT...!

D.DON'T SHOOT! I WAS GONNA GIVE MYSELF UP....

Y'SHOULDA DONE IT SOONER!! NOW WE'VE GOT TO PAY BULLETS RODD THE \$10,000 REWARD FOR TIPPING US OFF ON WHERE YOU'D SHOW UP!

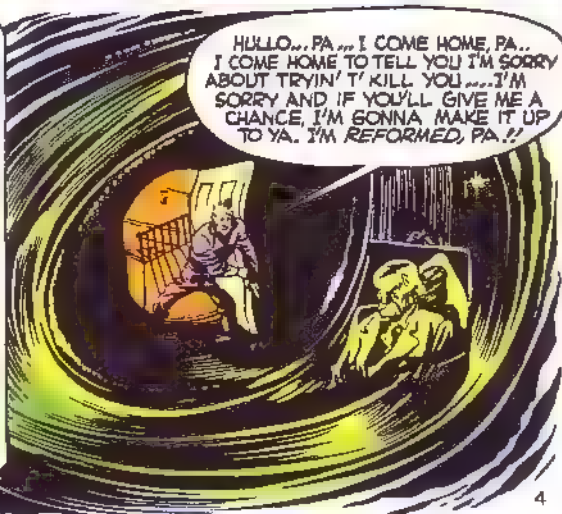


STEPHEN BOYED
alias
SONNY BOYED

FIRST OFFENDER:
ASSAULT WITH INTENT
TO KILL CRUEL FATHER

HISTORY:
SIX MONTHS UNDER
OBSERVATION AT BELLEVUE
HOSPITAL. MANIAC-DEPRES-
SIVE.

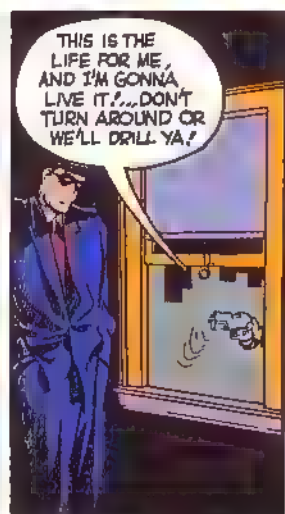
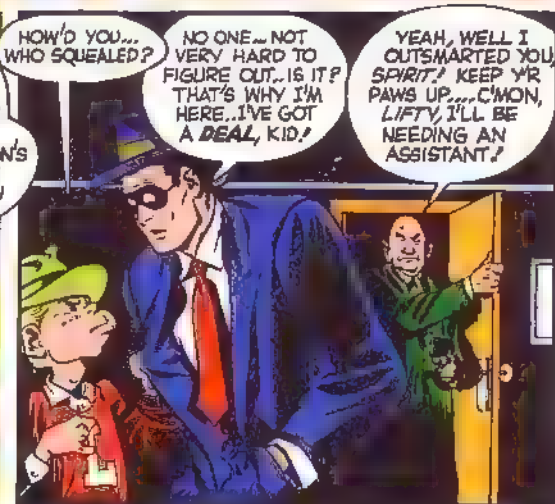
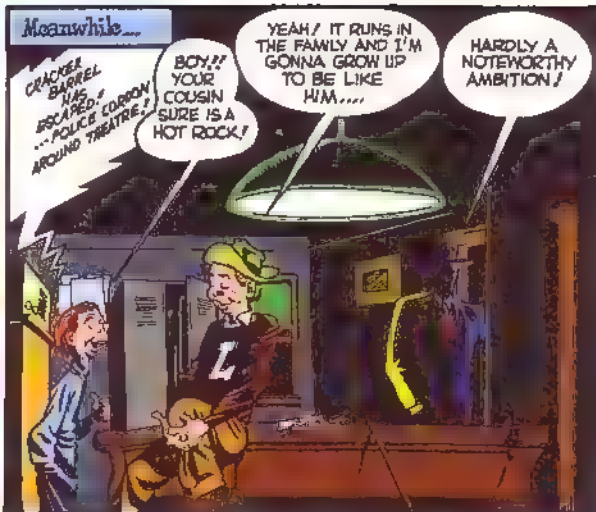
PRISON RECORD:
DANGEROUS - HOMICIDAL
TENDENCIES.

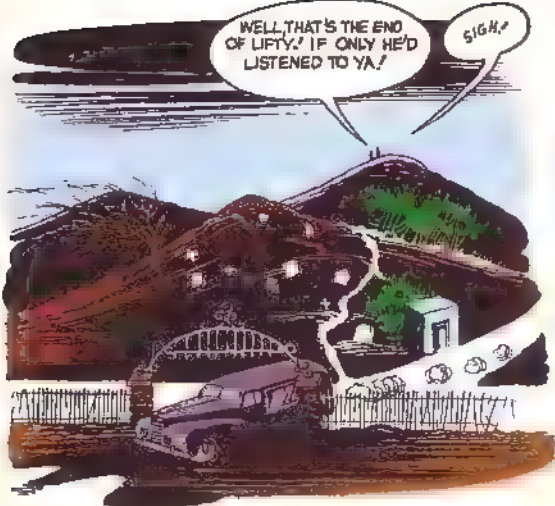


HULLO... PA... I COME HOME, PA... I COME HOME TO TELL YOU I'M SORRY ABOUT TRYIN' T' KILL YOU... I'M SORRY AND IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE, I'M GONNA MAKE IT UP TO YA. I'M REFORMED, PA!!



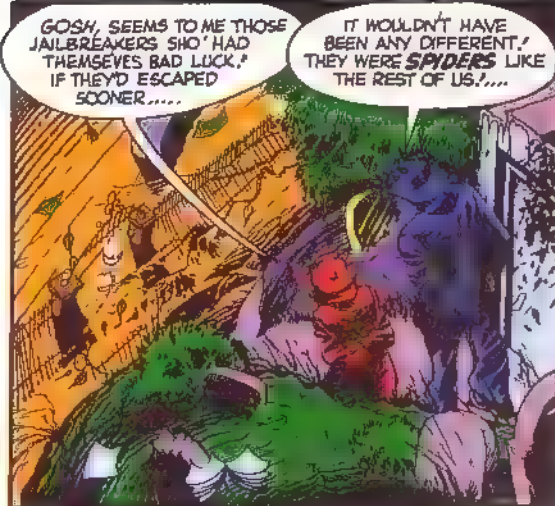
PS.





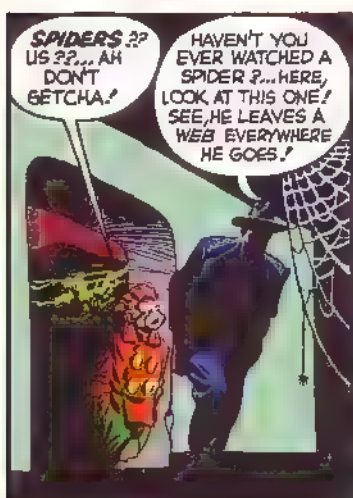
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF LIFTY! IF ONLY HE'D LISTENED TO YA!

SIGH!



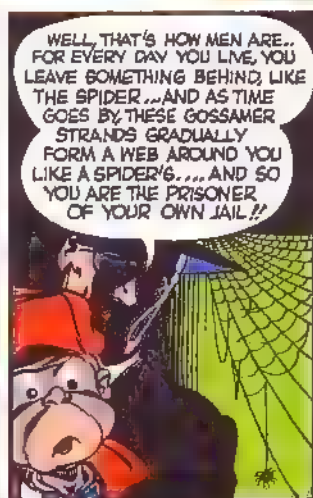
GOSH, SEEMS TO ME THOSE JAILBREAKERS SHO' HAD THEMSELVES BAD LUCK! IF THEY'D ESCAPED SOONER.....

IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY DIFFERENT! THEY WERE **SPYDERS** LIKE THE REST OF US!....



SPIDERS?? US??... AH DON'T GETCHA!

HAVEN'T YOU EVER WATCHED A SPIDER?... HERE, LOOK AT THIS ONE! SEE, HE LEAVES A WEB EVERYWHERE HE GOES!



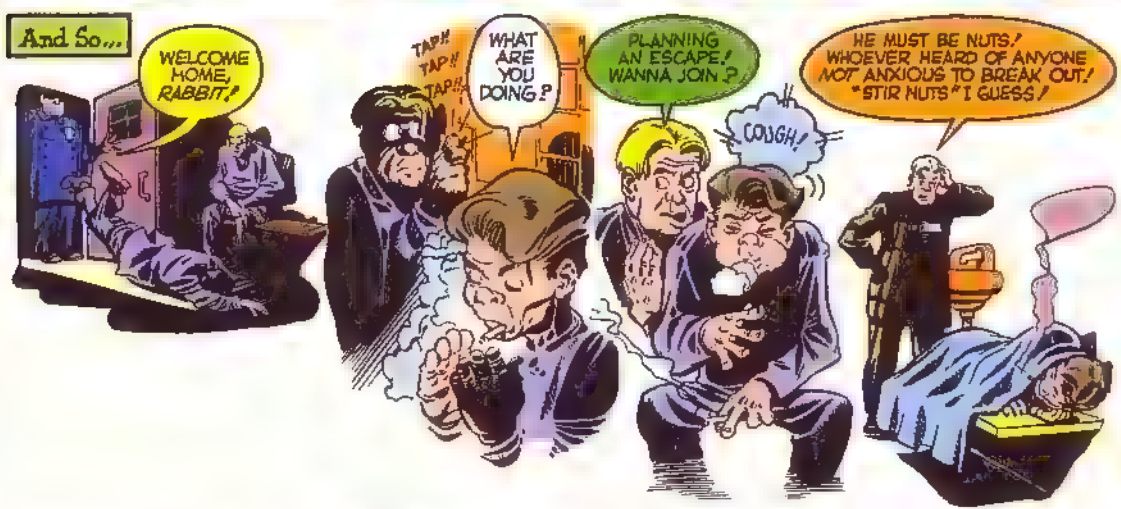
WELL, THAT'S HOW MEN ARE.. FOR EVERY DAY YOU LIVE, YOU LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND LIKE THE SPIDER... AND AS TIME GOES BY, THESE GOSSAMER STRANDS GRADUALLY FORM A WEB AROUND YOU LIKE A SPIDER'S... AND SO YOU ARE THE PRISONER OF YOUR OWN JAIL!!



BUT WHY NOT USE FLYPAPER FOR CATCHING FLIES?? AH DON'T GET IT!

NEVER MIND! FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE



And So...

WELCOME HOME, RABBIT!

TAPH TAPH TAPH!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PLANNING AN ESCAPE! WANNA JOIN?

COUGH!

HE MUST BE NUTS! WHOEVER HEARD OF ANYONE NOT ANXIOUS TO BREAK OUT! "STIR NUTS" I GUESS!

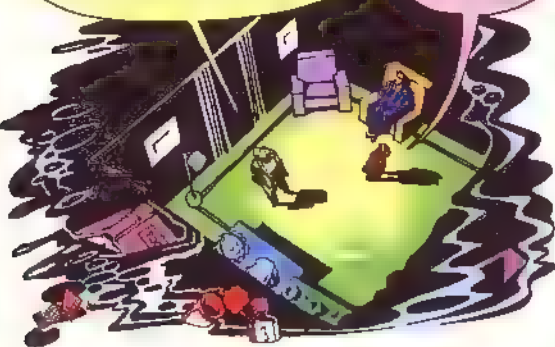
April 20 1947



...It started in the home of Commissioner Dolan...

I'VE BEEN MADE CHAIRMAN OF THE INTERCULTURAL COMMITTEE OF CENTRAL CITY. WE BROADCAST TO ICEBERGIA FOR AN HOUR TONIGHT. HOW ABOUT TOSKOWSKY ??

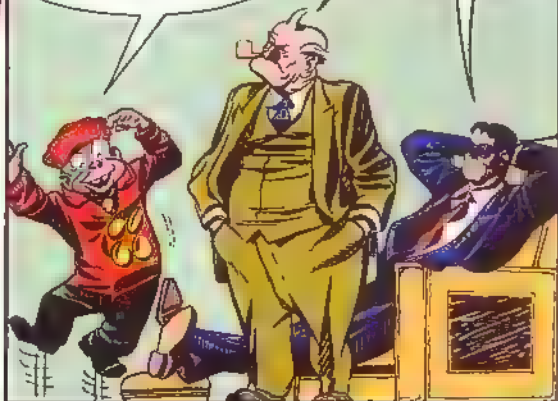
THAT SQUARE FUM DELAWARE, FOOEY??



GEE! LEMME RUN IT, COMMISH. IT'S JES MAH DISH... AH'LL GETCHA A DIXIE COMBO... ON A TWO-BEAT KICK!!

EH??

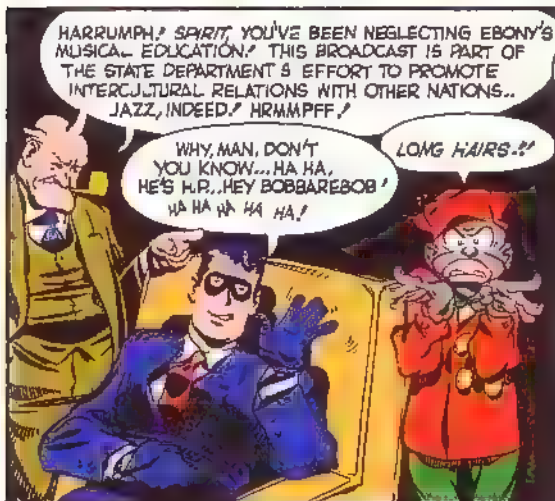
HA HA HA HA, EBONY.. WHAT'S WITH YOU ??



HARRUMPH! SPIRIT, YOU'VE BEEN NEGLECTING EBONY'S MUSICAL EDUCATION! THIS BROADCAST IS PART OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S EFFORT TO PROMOTE INTERCULTURAL RELATIONS WITH OTHER NATIONS.. JAZZ, INDEED! HRMPFF!

WHY, MAN, DON'T YOU KNOW... HA HA, HE'S M.P...HEY BOBBAREBOB! HA HA HA HA HA!

LONG HAIRS!!



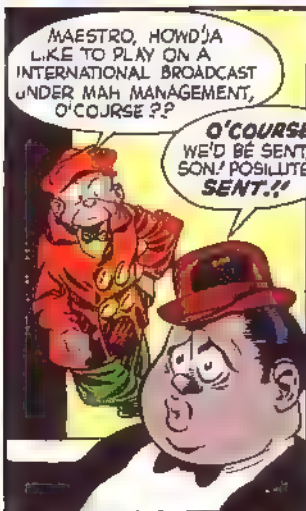
INTJHKJUTCHERUL... ..INTJHKJUTCHERUL... BOY, IF HE COULD ONLY HEAR ONE... THASSALL, JES' LISSEN TO

REBOP
REBOP
MOP
MOP



MAESTRO, HOWD'JA LIKE TO PLAY ON A INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST UNDER MAH MANAGEMENT, O' COURSE ??

O' COURSE WE'D BE SENT, SON! POSILUTELY SENT!!



BUT..

BUT WHAT ???



BUT OUR STAR BB-MAN IS GONE... KIDNAPPED... AND WITHOUT LIL TEEBO HIMSELF, WE'S SQUARE AS A LEGLESS CHAIR!

O' COURSE!

O' COURSE Y'GOTTA HAVE YOUR PIANO MAN... AND YOU'RE LUCKY, FOR AH AM ALSO A DETECKTUFF... SO GIMME THE FAX, JAX, AND I'LL GET HIM BACK!!



ONE HOUR
(and two solid chomoses)
LATER

SIGH,
AH, I'VE CASED
EVVY JUMP JOINT
IN TOWN!



ONEY PLACE LEF' IS **CUSSED CAL'S**
AND THAT JIVE DINE'S SO TOUGH AH
DON'T DARE GO IN WIFOUT THE SPIRIT!
...WAIT... AH GOT AN IDEA!?



A quarter-beat or two Later...

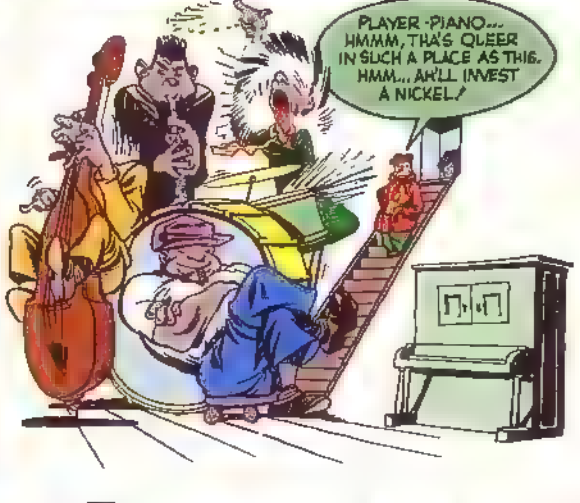


AHEM,
MILK!

RIGHT
HERE!



COUGH!



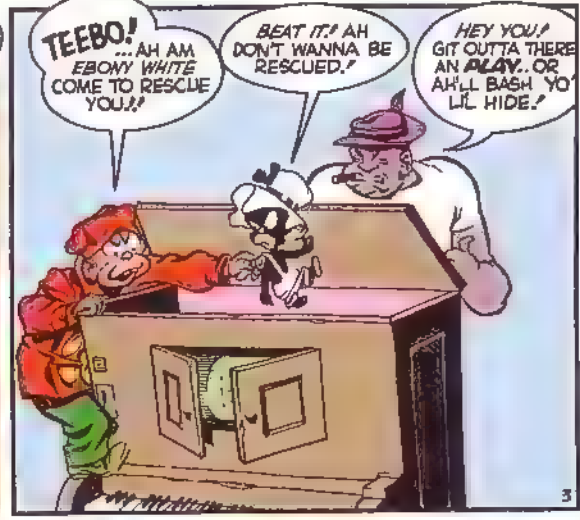
PLAYER-PIANO...
HMMM, THAT'S QUEER
IN SUCH A PLACE AS THIS.
HMM... AH'LL INVEST
A NICKEL!



ON THE OTHER
HAND... WHY BE SO
FRIVILUS WIF
MAH MONEY?!



CHEAPSKATE!
★??★ YO' IS SO TIGHT
★??★ YO' SHOES SQUEAK!
★??★

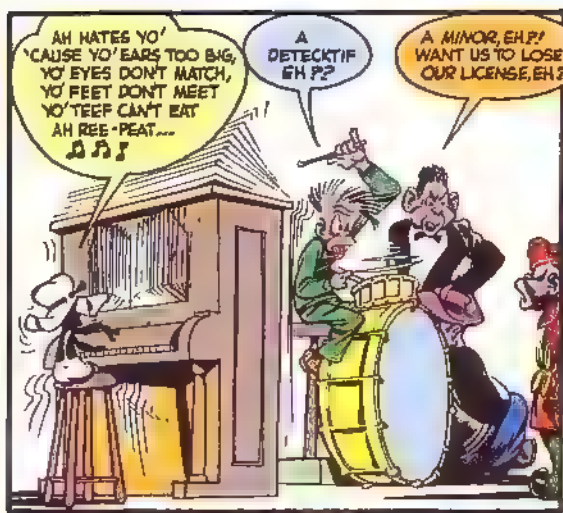


TEEBO!
...AH AM
EBONY WHITE
COME TO RESCUE
YOU?!

BEAT IT! AH
DON'T WANNA BE
RESCUED!

HEY YOU!
GIT OUTTA THERE
AN **PLAY**.. OR
AH'LL BASH YO'
LIL HIDE!

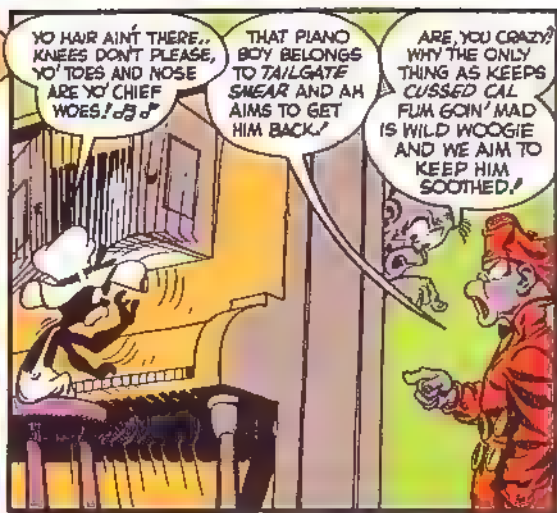




AH HATES YO' CAUSE YO' EARS TOO BIG, YO' EYES DONT MATCH, YO' FEET DONT MEET YO' TEEF CANT EAT AH REE-PEAT...

A DETECKTIF EH P?

A MINOR, EH!? WANT US TO LOSE OUR LICENSE, EH?



YO HAIR AINT THERE.. KNEES DONT PLEASE, YO' TOES AND NOSE ARE YO' CHIEF WOES!

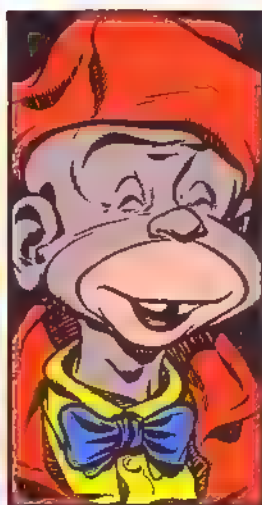
THAT PIANO BOY BELONGS TO TAILGATE SMEAR AND AH AIMS TO GET HIM BACK!

ARE, YOU CRAZY? WHY THE ONLY THING AS KEEPS CUSSED CAL FUM GOIN' MAD IS WILD WOOGIE AND WE AIM TO KEEP HIM SOOTHED!



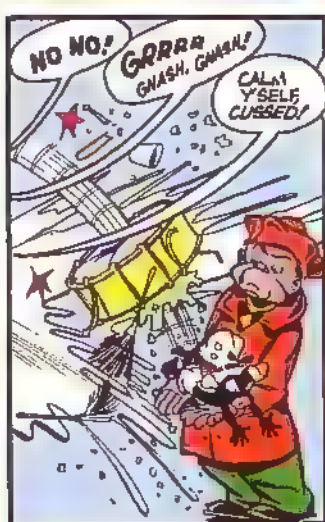
HMM...WHAT IF HE LISTENS TO SCHMALTYZY MUSK?

DONT EVEN THINK THAT, BOY!!



AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE, AT LAST AH FOUND YOU!!

LONG HAIR!! AH CANT STAND LONG HAIR!!



NO NO!

GRRRR GHASH, GHASH!

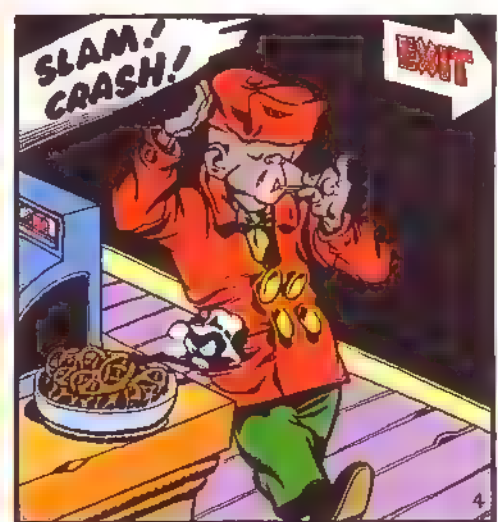
CALM Y'SELF CUSSED!



SLAP HIM WIF A BAZZOO!

HOLD HIM DOWN!!

SMASH!



SLAM! CRASH!

EXIT



PS

USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

BONK!

USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

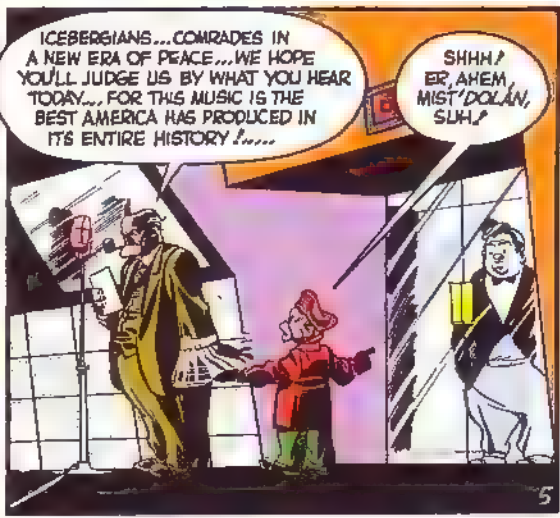
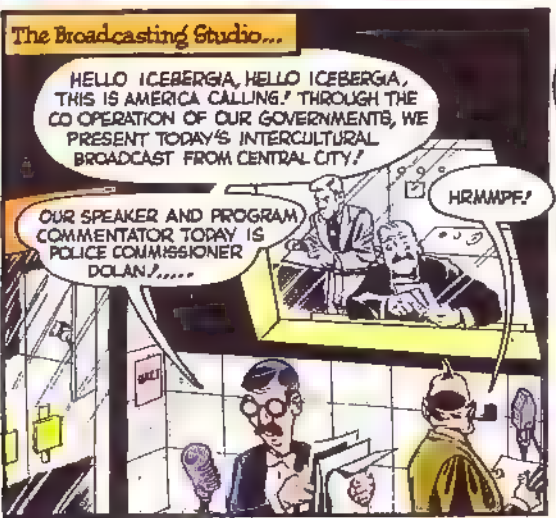
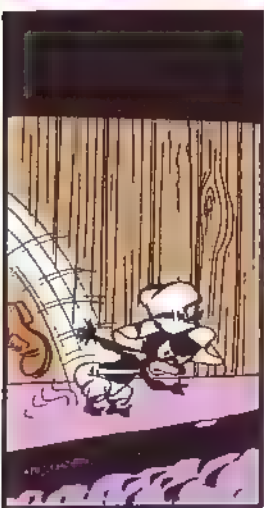
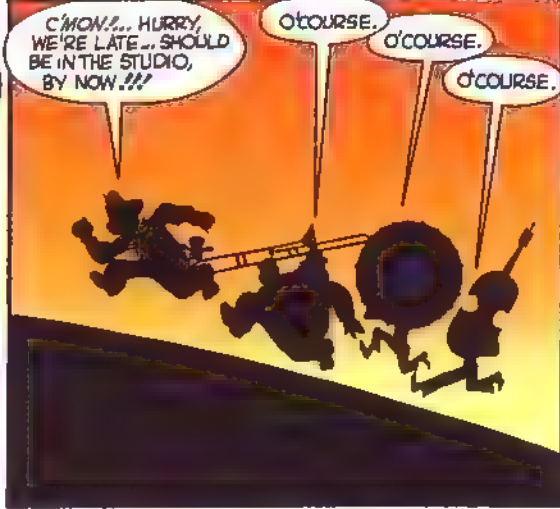
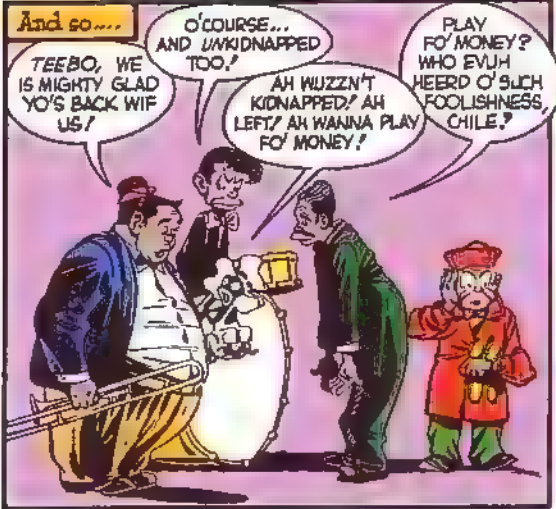
USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

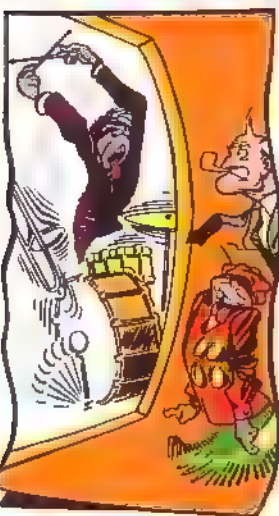
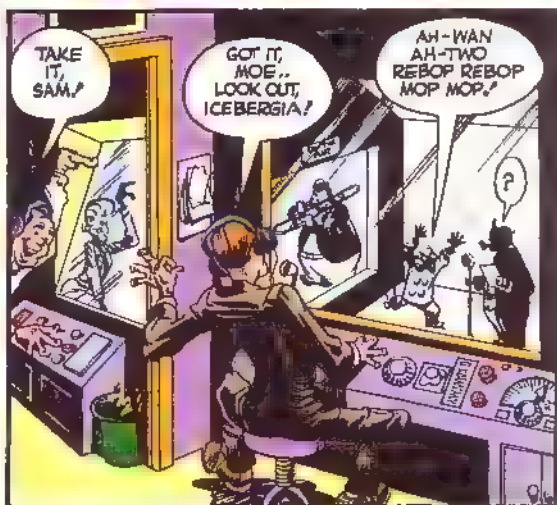
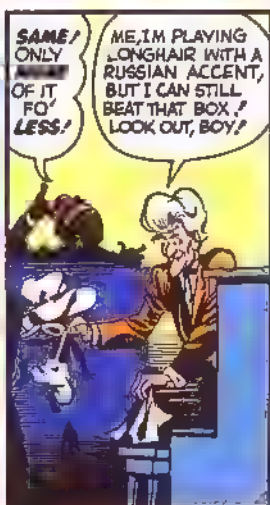
USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

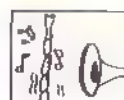
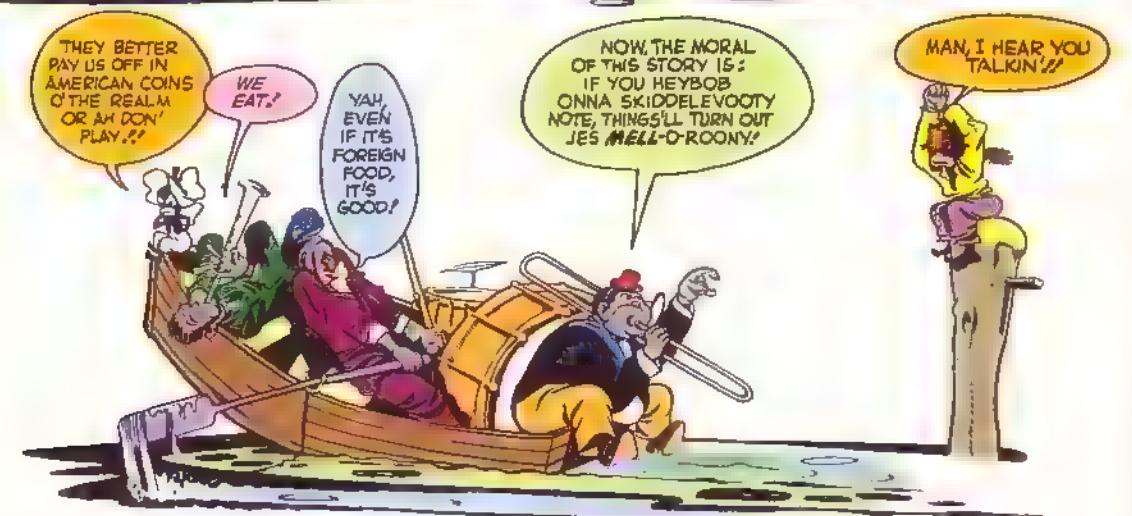
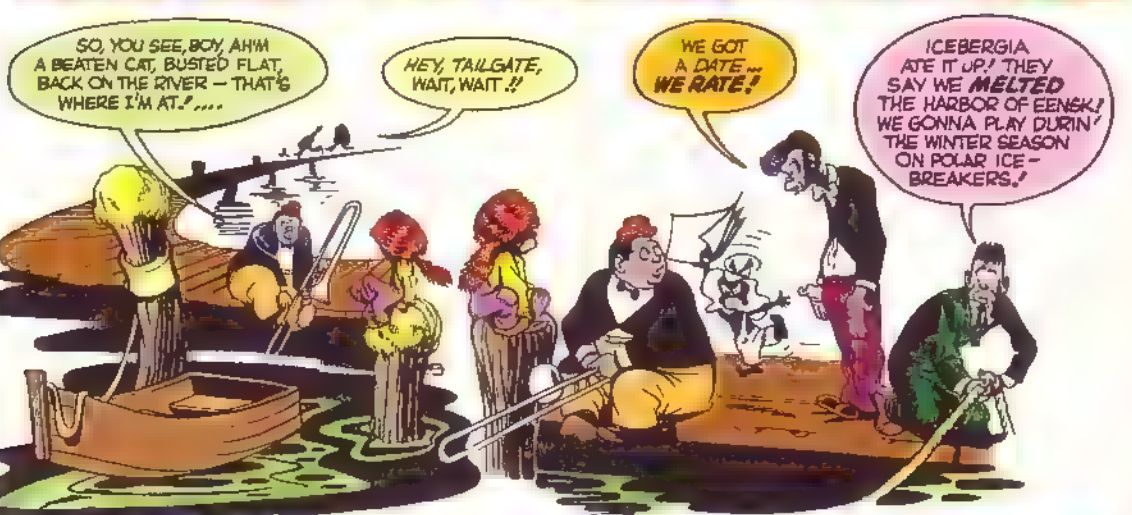
USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY

USING ZIPPO IS EASY LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY







COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

EV'ERY LITTLE BUG

April 27 1947

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

The SPIRIT

BY WILLE EISNER



What is so rare as a day in May ?? ...All right, we'll bite... what is so rare as a day, ... Oh Fudge! ... Behold the Dolan home on a day in May :

TAXES ? BUT DIDN'T MY ESTATE TAKE CARE OF THAT LAST MARCH ??

I'M SORRY, SPIRIT, BUT YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW IT...THE ESTATE YOUR FATHER LEFT YOU HAS SHRUNK TO ALMOST NOTHING!

ER, EXCUSE ME, FOLKS?

BUT HOW? YOU'VE BEEN HANDLING IT DOLAN! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ALL THE MONEY ??

DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT BEING A MASKED HERO IS AN EXPENSIVE PASTIME ??

IT'S **NOT** A PASTIME! HE'S BEEN HELPING PEOPLE... **YES**, HELPING **YOU** AND THE CITY!!

ER.... PARDON ME!

LOOK, FOLKS, I...

ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT I NEED HELP AT MY JOB? WHY DOESN'T HE GO TO WORK LIKE **ME**? I SLAVE, I STRUGGLE!!

LOOK, FOLKS, ALL I...

SHHHH! PLEASE!

IF YOU'LL ALL SHUT UP FOR A MINUTE...I'M A REVENUE MAN, NOT MR. AGONY! YOU OWE \$25,000 BACK TAXES/ EACH MONTH THAT GOES BY BRINGS A FIVE PERCENT PENALTY... **GOODBYE!**

WHAT'LL I DO.. OPEN A DETECTIVE AGENCY OR SOME SILLY....

GOOD IDEA!! JUST LIKE A HUMPHREY BOGART MOVIE! I'LL GET YOU AN OFFICE!

SEE?

BUT, ELLEN...THAT'S NOT MY STYLE! I'M THE SPIRIT... I'M OFFICIALLY DEAD! HOW CAN I FIGHT CRIME ??

BUT, DEAR, THINK HOW "SETTLED DOWN" YOU'LL BECOME! ... HELLO, COYLE WYLIE? THIS IS ELLEN...YES, SAY, DO YOU STILL OWN THAT OFFICE BUILDING?...GOOD... MEET ME FOR LUNCH TODAY!

SETTLED DOWN! SETTLED DOWN...

AH! THERE YO' ARE, MIST' SPIRIT! IN VIEW O' THE RISING COST O' LIVING, HOW ABOUT A RAISE IN MA ALLOWANCE?

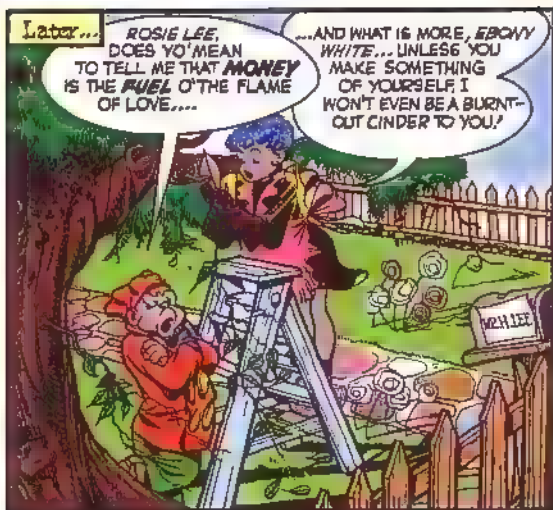
MAN, OH MAN! AH AM ALWAYS ARRIVIN' AT THE SY-KO-LOGICAL TIME!!!



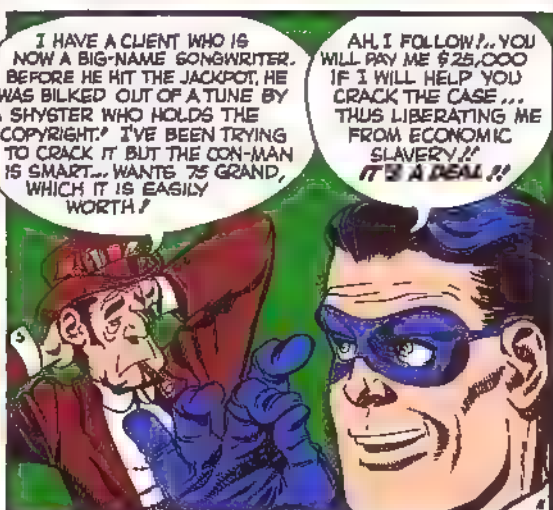
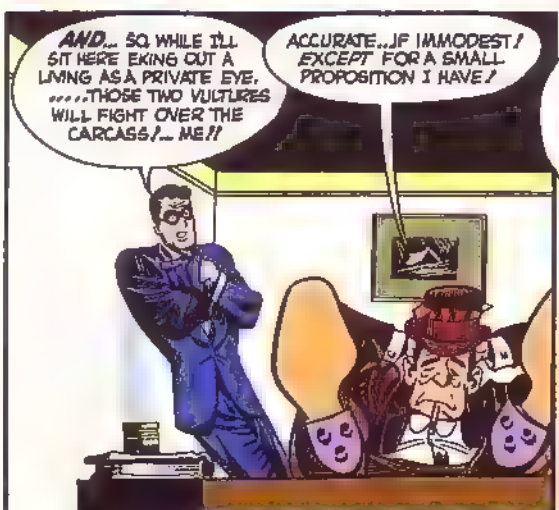
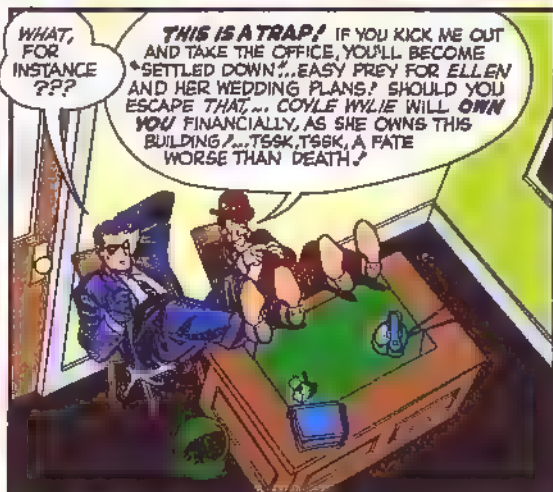
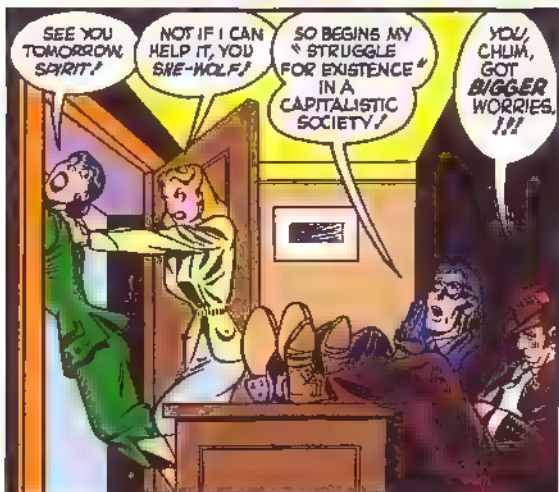
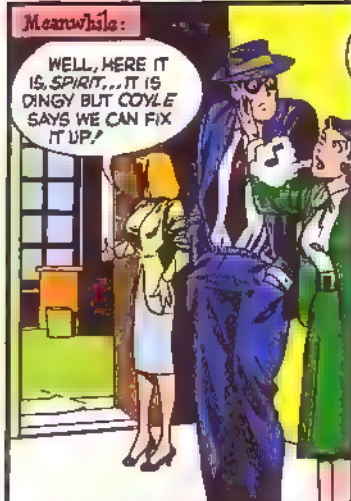
BUTTER CANDY CARDS (EAT THEM!)

BOOM!

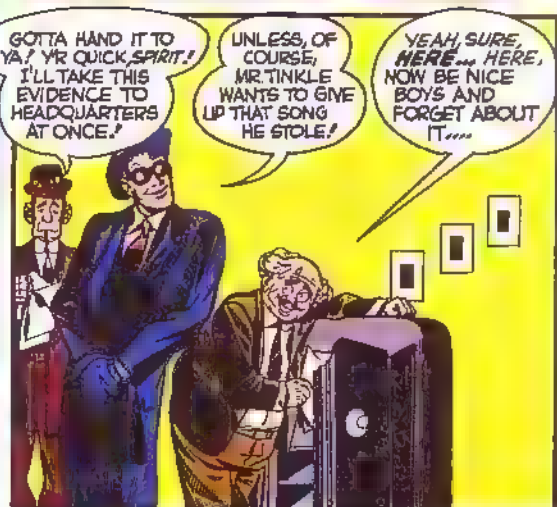
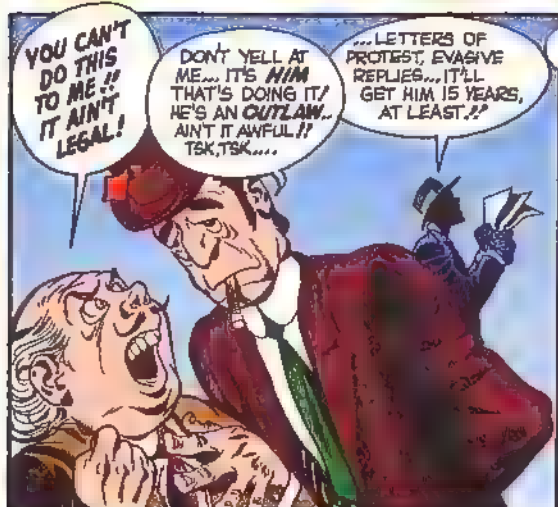
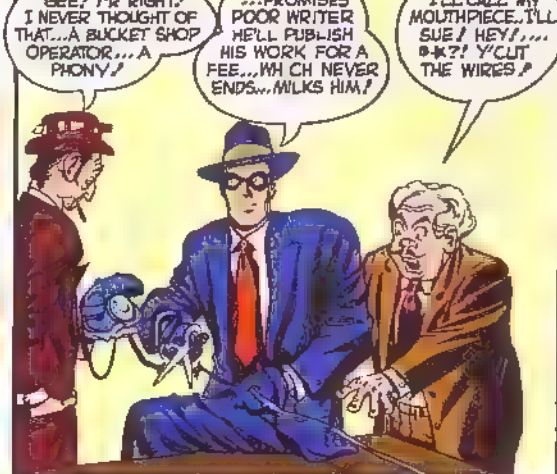
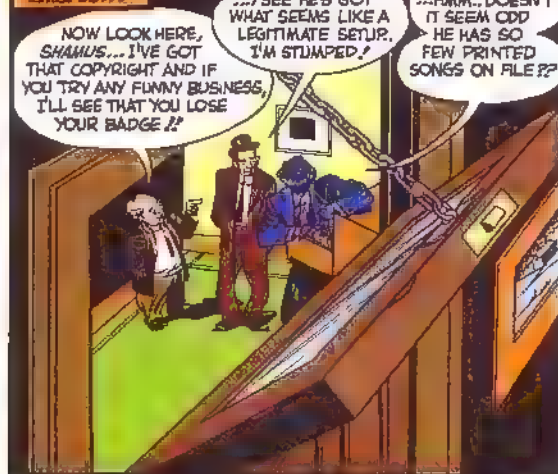
WARNING TO WALKERS FEEL FORWARD



Meanwhile:



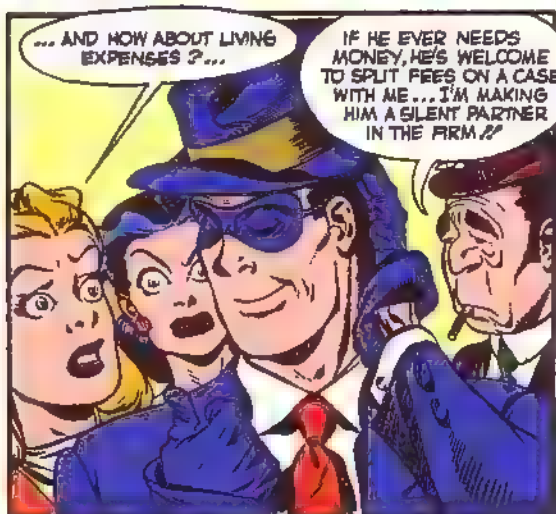
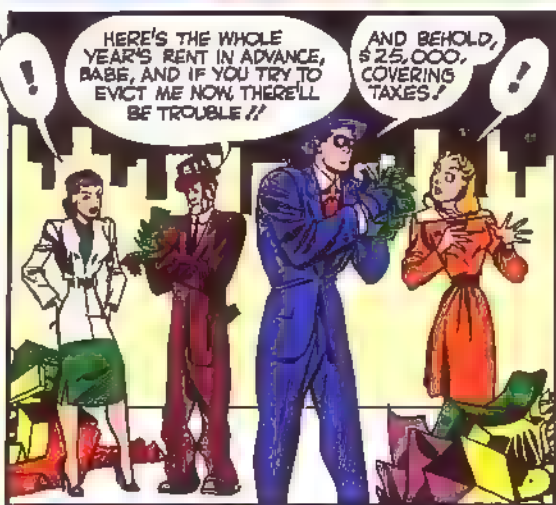
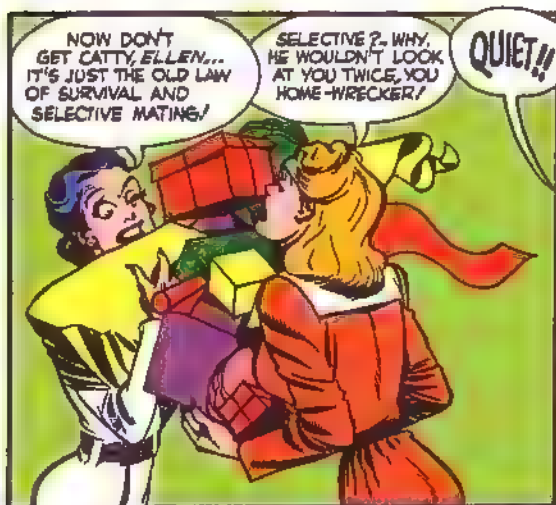
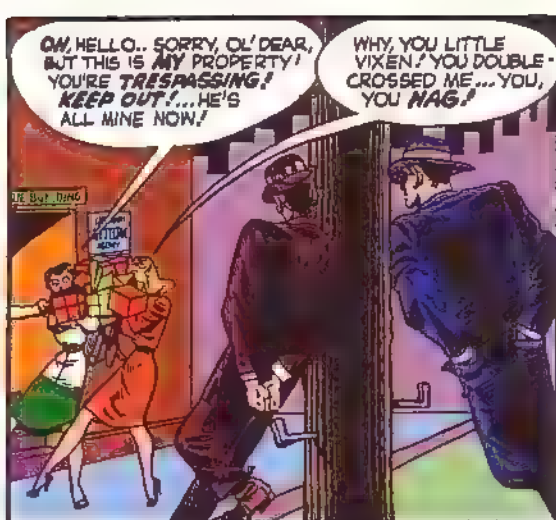
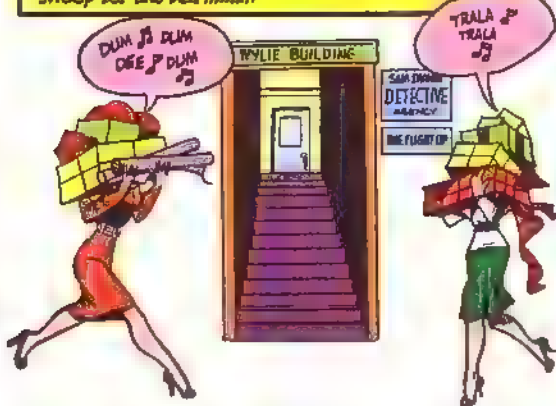
And So...



MIDGET MYSTEDIES for MITES



And so at 10:30 the next morning, two vultures (female, that is) tired of circling their victim, swoop for the kill.



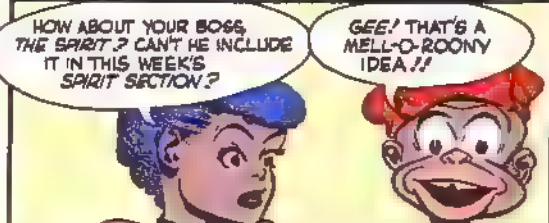
EIGENERS ALMANAC of CRIME

STOLEN :
IN 1944 666,856,333.00
WORTH OF PROPERTY WAS
STOLEN IN THE U.S.A

ARRESTS :
IN 1944, 405,379 MEN
AND 63,600 WOMEN
WERE ARRESTED

DEATH SENTENCES :
IN 1943, 135 PEOPLE WERE
SENTENCED TO DEATH BY
AMERICAN COURTS

YOUTH IN CRIME :
IN 1944, 36.1% OF ALL CRIME
WAS COMMITTED BY PERSONS
UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE



LYRICS BY EBONY WHITE
(ASSISTED BY WILL WISNER.) ©1947

"EVERY LITTLE BUG"

MUSIC BY
BILL HARR

THE BIRDS AND BEES, THE MITES ON TREES, THEY EACH HAVE A GAL THEY CN
 SNUGG-LE AND SQUEEZE, OH, EV-RY LITT-LE BUG HAS A HON-EY TO HUG BUT ME - AS
 YOU CAN SEE. THE FI-RE FLY, DON' HAFF T'CRY, HE
 KNOWS FROM THE GLOW THAT'S HIS GAL GO-ING BY. OH, EV-RY LITT-LE BUG HAS A
 HON-EY TO HUG BUT ME. AND EV-EN NO - AH, WHEN
 BUILD-IN' HIS ARK, WOULD NEY-ER KEEP ONE LONE-LY LARK, OR RE-FUSE A
 ROOM FOR TWO TO-GETH-ER. WORMS OR GERMS OR PA-CHY-DERMS LIVED IN TWOS ON THE
 SLUGS ON SLOPES HAVE PLUR-AL HOPES, BUT I AM THE KING OF THE (QUEEN)
 SING-U-LAR DOPES. OH, EV-RY LITT-LE BUG HAS A HON-EY TO HUG BUT
 ME. - THE ME. END.



The SPIRIT

Will
EISNER

WELL, SPIRIT... THERE'S THE
BACKBONE OF THE ORIOLES... A
HOT TEAM, LEADIN' THE LEAGUE...
LOOKED SHARP DOWN IN HAVANA
AND A SURE PENNANT-WINNER...
IF WE CAN KEEP THE PACE!

THYROID SNALE
OUR HURLER... CAN
THREAD A NEEDLE WITH
ANY KINDA BALL
YOU WANNA NAME, BUT
THE **ONLY**
FIRST STRINGER
WE HAVE!

SHUTTLE
THE
SHORTSTOP
GOBBLES UP
GROUNDERS
LIKE A
VACUUM CLEANER,
BUT THE **ONLY**
TRUSTWORTHY
ONE WE HAVE !!

FLUMMER IN LEFT FIELD
AND **NOCKER** THE PINCH-
HITTER ARE ALL THAT Y'D
WANT... BUT THE **ONLY**
ONES WE HAVE !!!!

SO, WHY CALL ME
IN, MONK P... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND !?

I CAN'T
HEAR YA!
YAPPY, THE
MANAGER, IS
SOUNDING OFF
AGAIN! C'MON!

WHATS
MATTER
WHICHOO
GUYS?
SNAP IT UP,
LOOK ALIVE!!

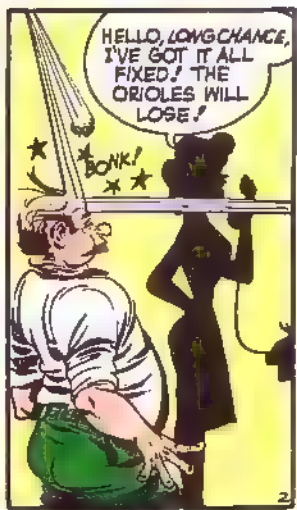
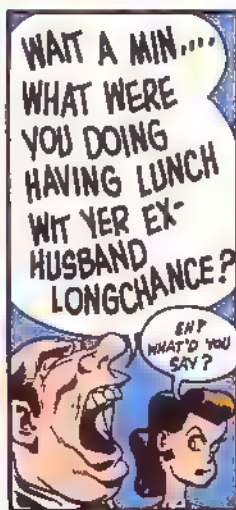
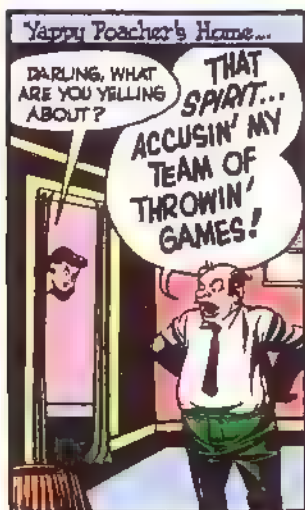
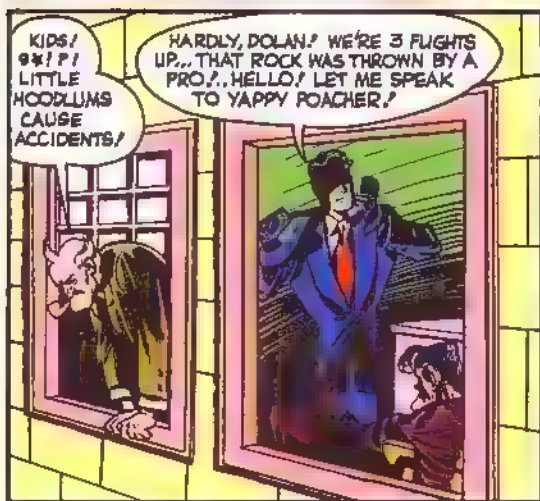
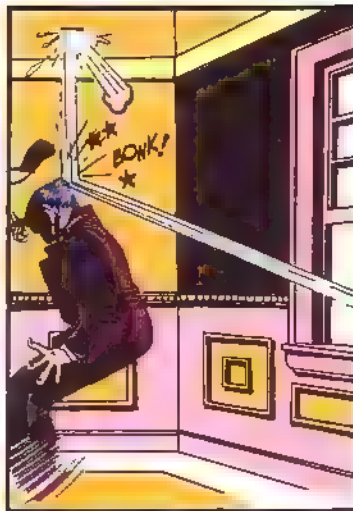
I SAID WHY
ARE YOU
TELLING ME
ALL THIS ?

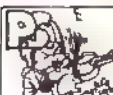
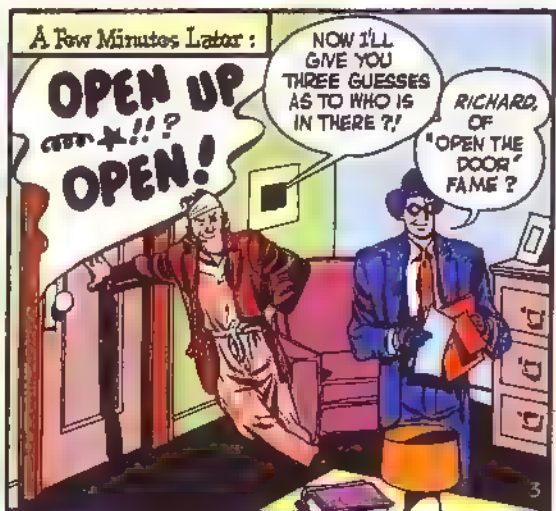
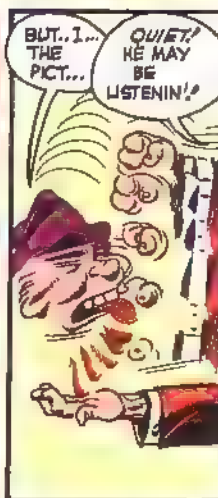
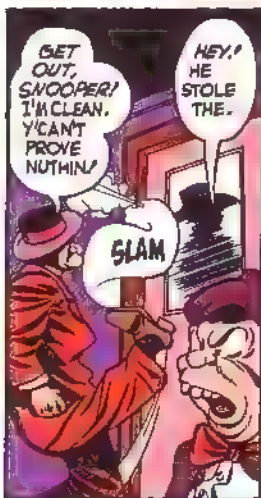
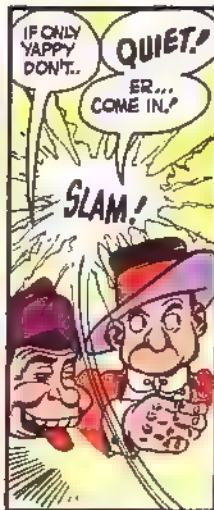
OH!

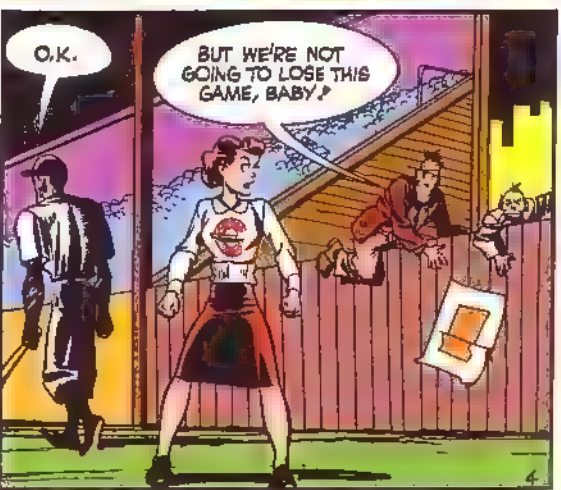
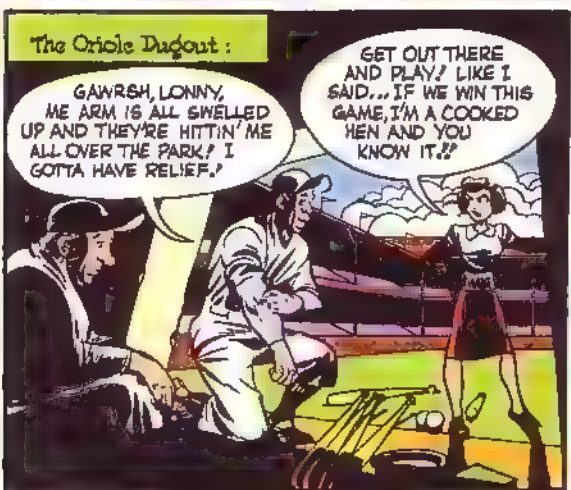
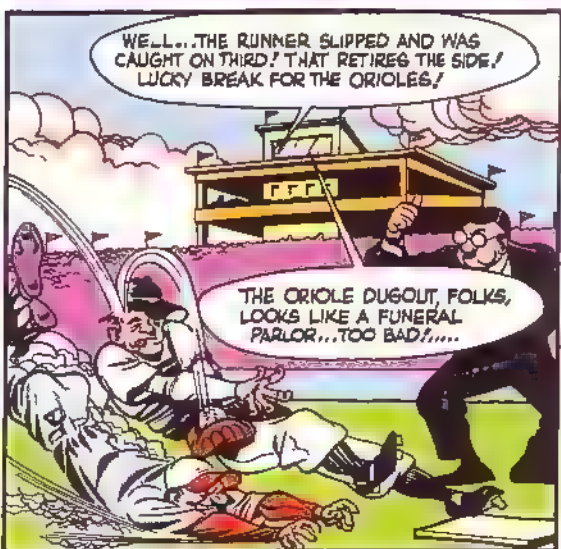
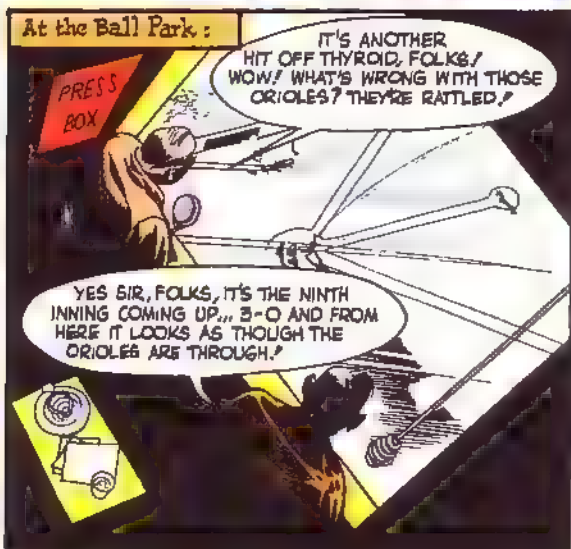
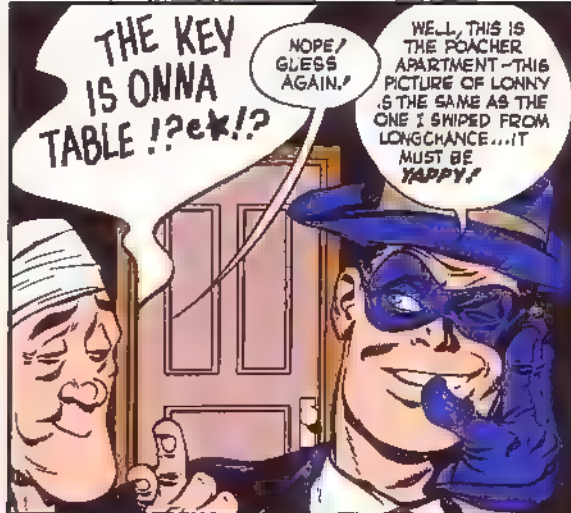
BECAUSE
I HAPPEN TO
KNOW THAT A
GAMBLER HAS
BET A FAT ROLL
AGAINST US
IN THE NEXT
GAME !!

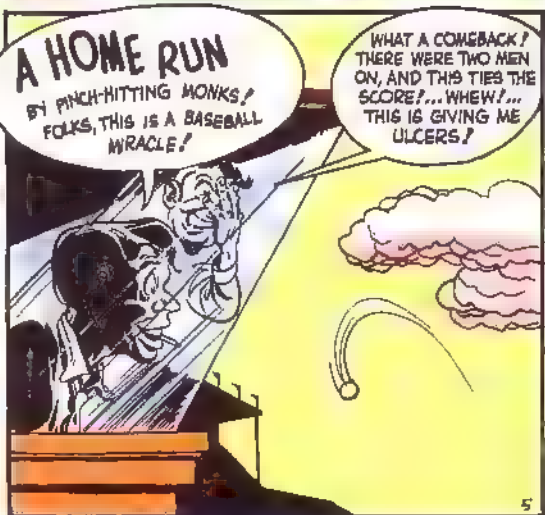
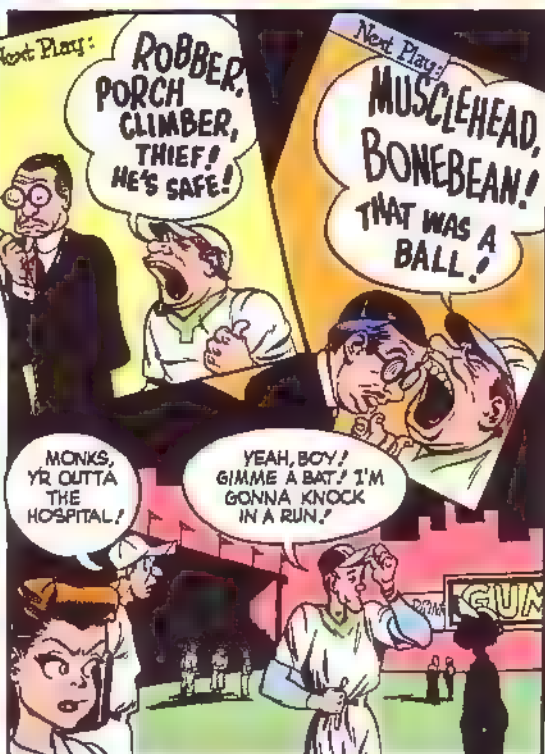
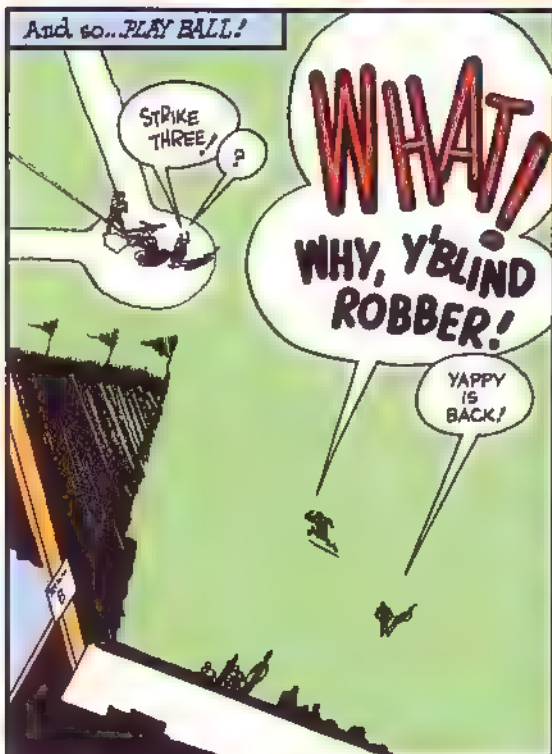
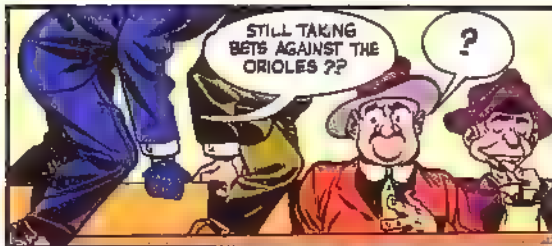
WOW!
WE'D
BETTER
TALK
THIS
OVER
!!!

COVER
THAT
PLATE!
DON'T
CROWD
Y'R
BAT!

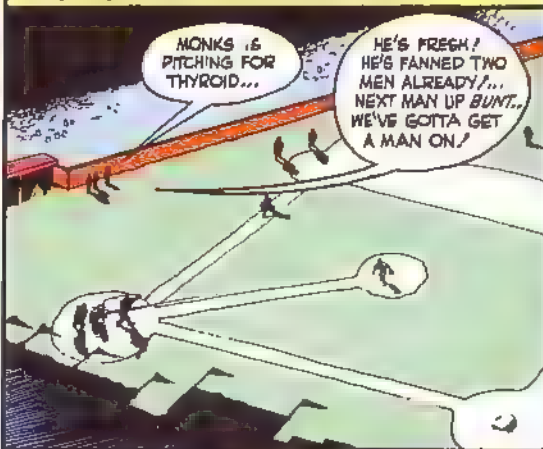




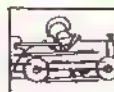
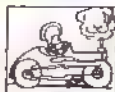
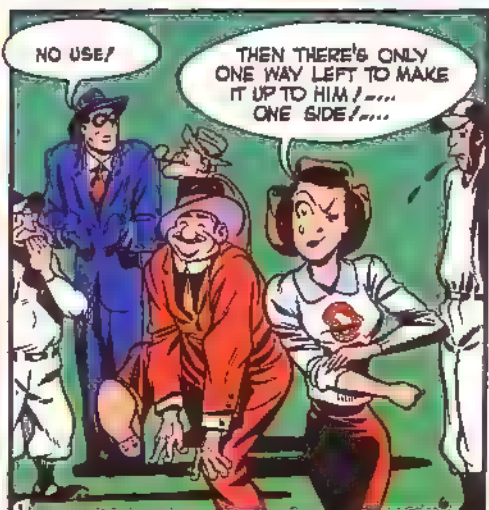
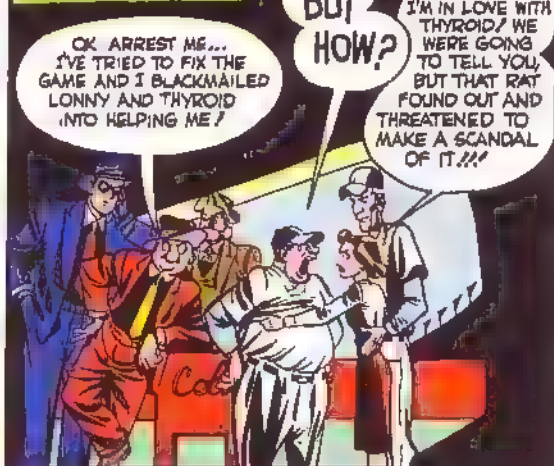




The score is 4-3. The Orioles take the field. Now if only they can hold the Shortsocks down....



The Oriole Dugout:





May 11 1947

THERE IS NO ESCAPE...



I'M ALL ALONE IN A BIG HOUSE... THE OLD MANSION LEFT TO ME BY UNCLE EDEN...



AND
I'M TERROR-
STRICKEN!



ABOVE THE NOISE OF MY THUMPING HEART,
LOUDER THAN THE SOUND OF MY GASPS...
ARE THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY COUSIN...
AS HE FOLLOWS ME ABOUT THE HOUSE...

WAITING.



...WAITING FOR ME TO FAINT OR
SLEEP SO HE CAN
KILL ME!!

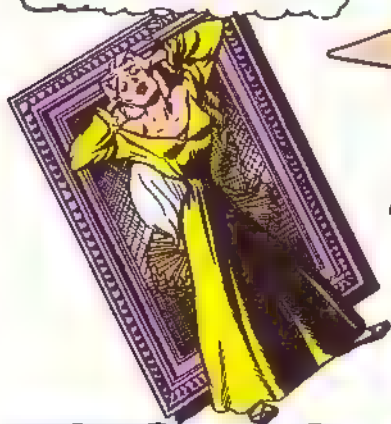


BUT I MUST STAY
AWAKE UNTIL THE
SPIRIT COMES... UNTIL
THE SPIRIT COMES
TO SAVE ME



BY
GAIL
EISNER

I MUST THINK... PERHAPS IF I
RETRACE EVERYTHING THAT HAS
HAPPENED UNTIL NOW IT WILL
HELP ME PLAY SOMETHING...



LAST WEEK UNCLE EDEN
DIED AND LEFT ME HIS
FORTUNE... NOW I'M THE
RICHEST GIRL IN THE
WORLD... WITH NO
CLOSE RELAT VE
EXCEPT HORACE,
MY COUSIN!



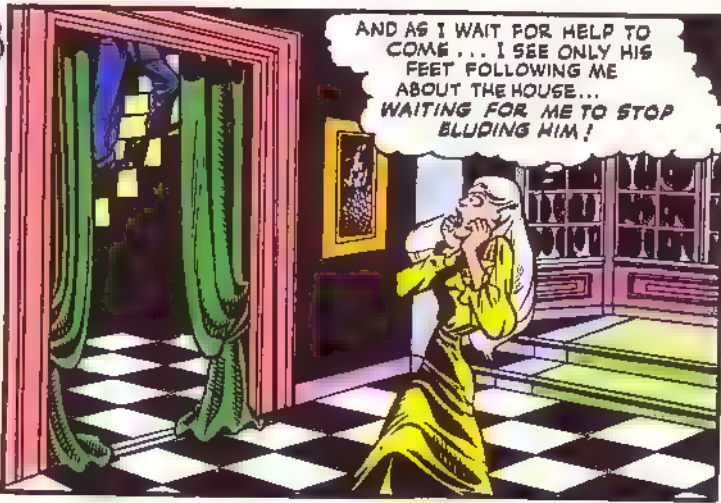
HORACE... A MADMAN!
UNCLE EDEN WARNED ME
ABOUT HIM IN HIS WILL ...
AND LAST NIGHT, WHEN
I CAME TO TAKE POSSESSION
OF THIS HOUSE... **HE** WAS
HERE! ...NO... I DIDN'T
SEE HIM... AND
I'VE NEVER MET
HIM BEFORE...
BUT I **KNOW**
HE'S HERE
TO
WREST THE
FORTUNE
FROM
ME
BY **MURDER...**



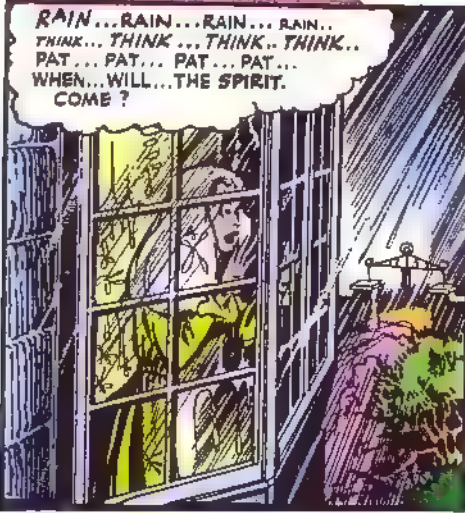
THIS MORNING... THE FRONT DOOR
WAS BOLTED... THE KEY WAS GONE...
THE PHONE I USED TO CALL THE
SPIRIT WAS RIPPED OUT OF THE
WALL... THE WINDOWS ARE ALL
BOLTED...



AND AS I WAIT FOR HELP TO
COME... I SEE ONLY HIS
FEET FOLLOWING ME
ABOUT THE HOUSE...
WAITING FOR ME TO STOP
BLUDING HIM!

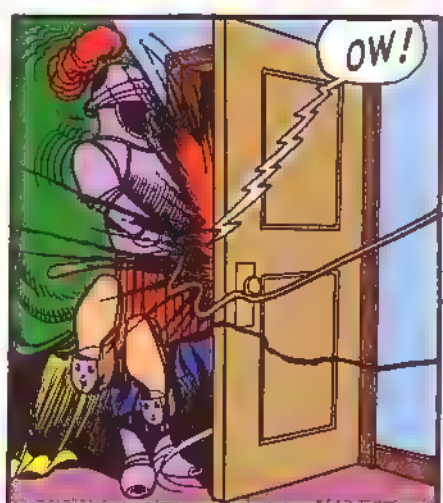


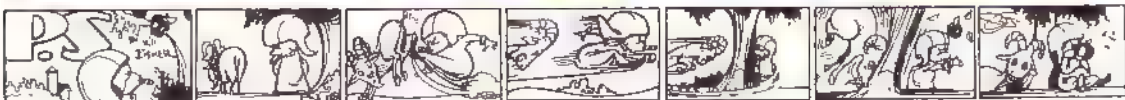
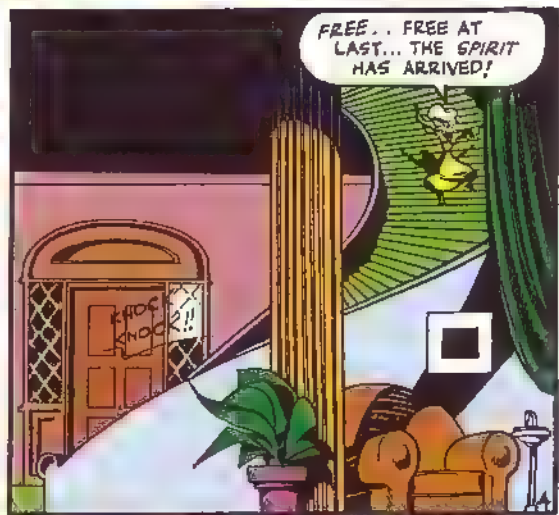
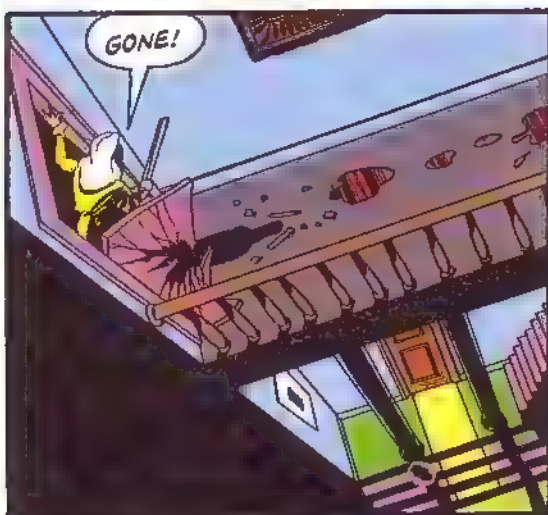
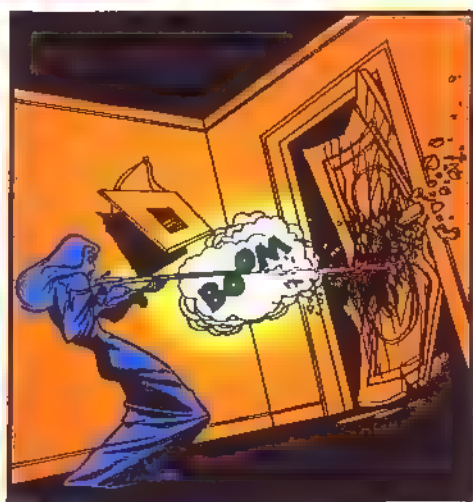
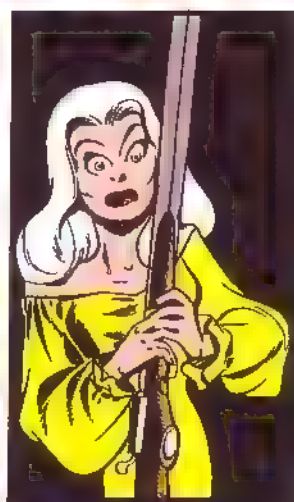
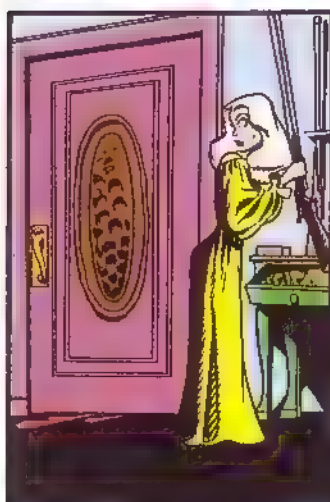
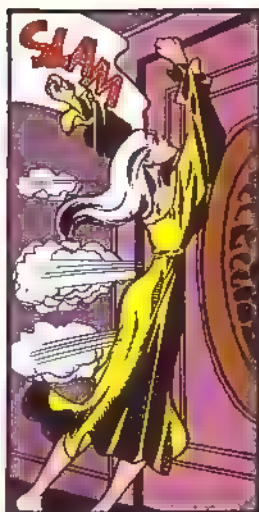
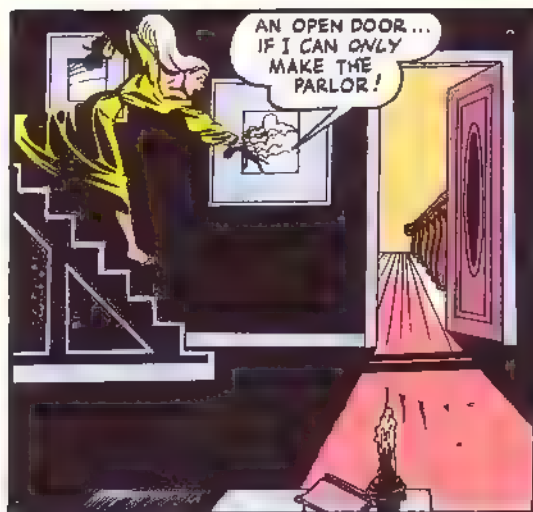
RAIN...RAIN...RAIN... RAIN...
THINK... THINK... THINK...
PAT... PAT... PAT... PAT...
WHEN... WILL... THE SPIRIT...
COME ?

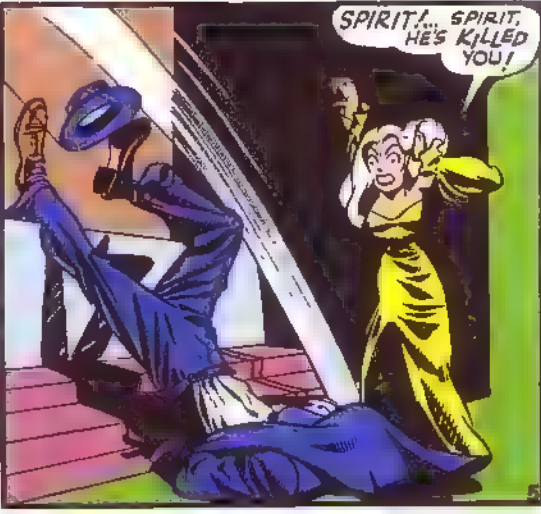
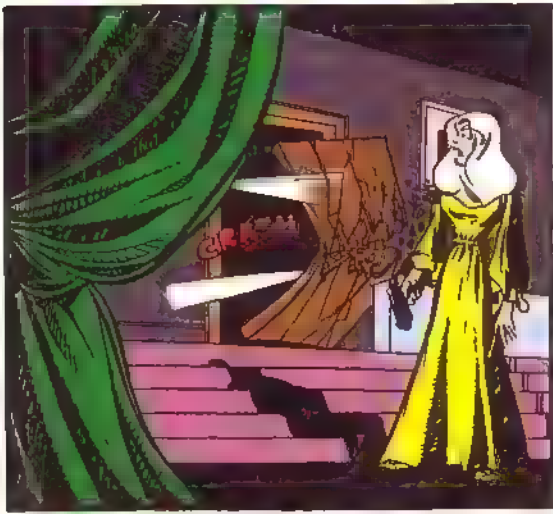
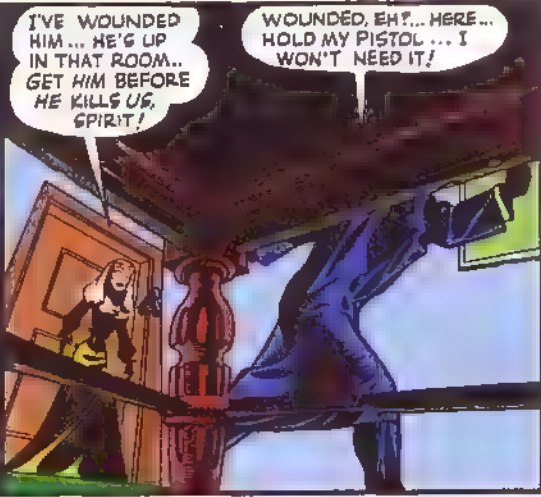
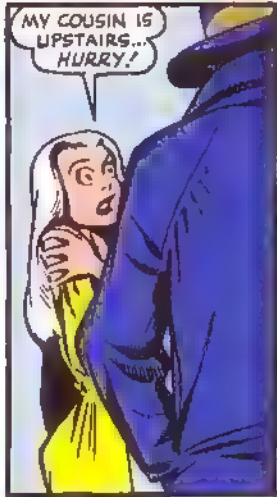
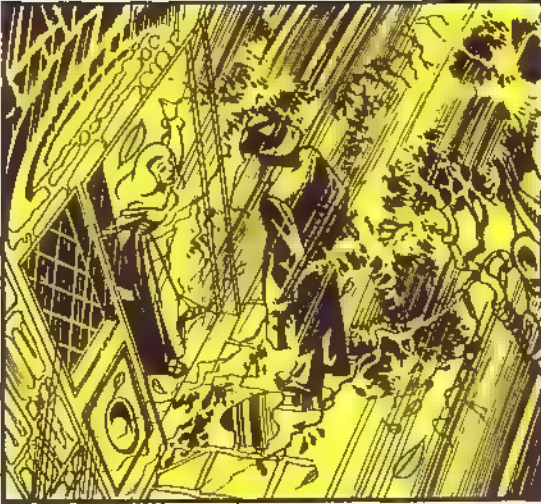


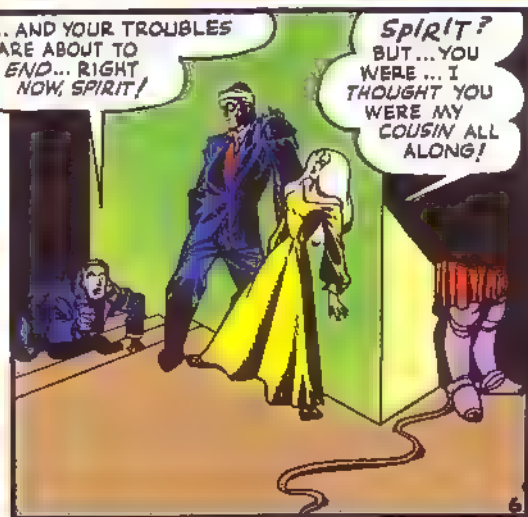
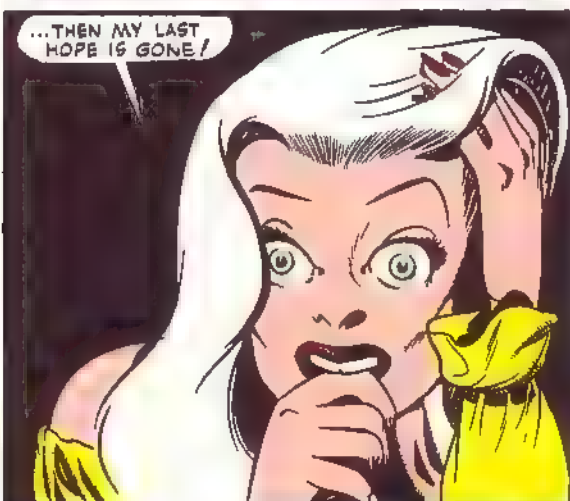
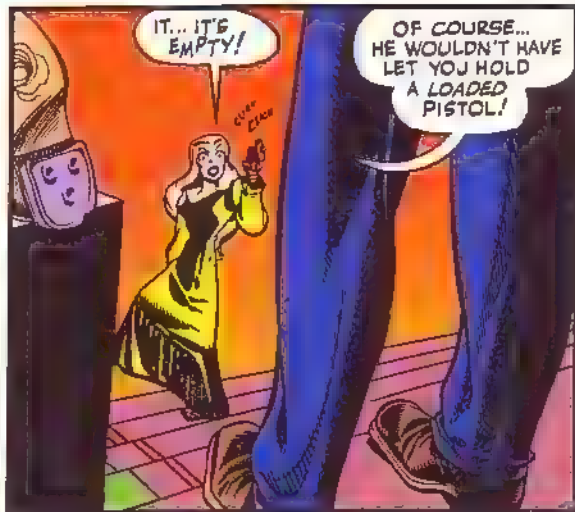
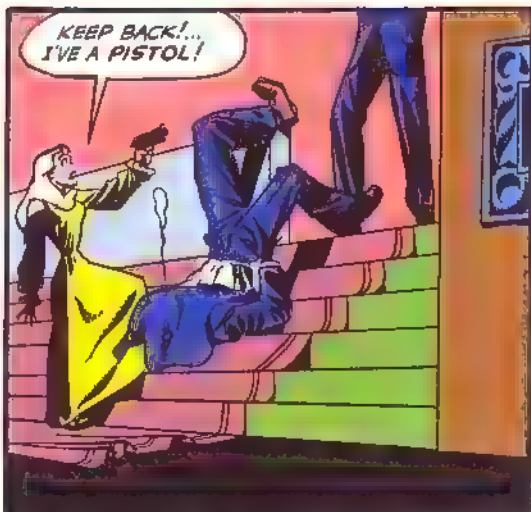
I CAN AT LEAST
FIGHT BACK UNTIL
HE COMES TO
SAVE ME.

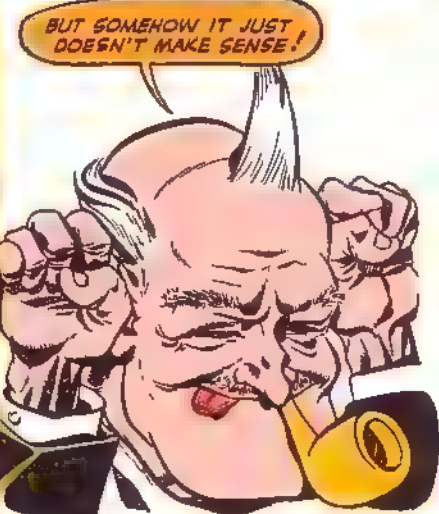
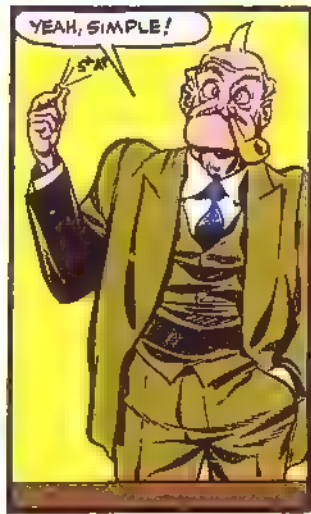
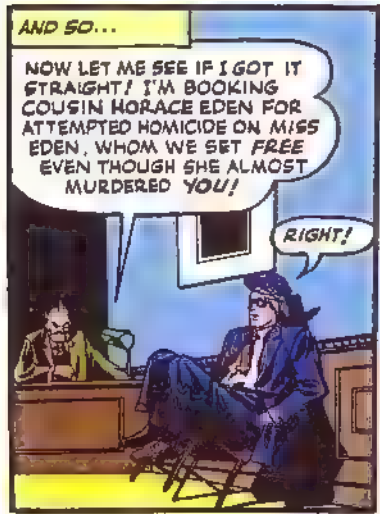
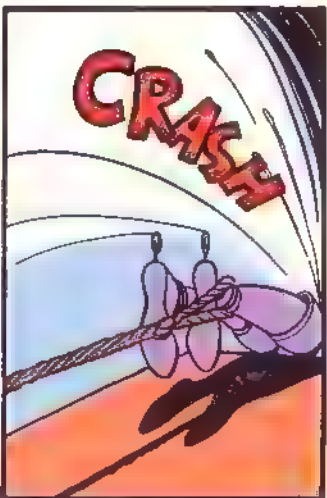
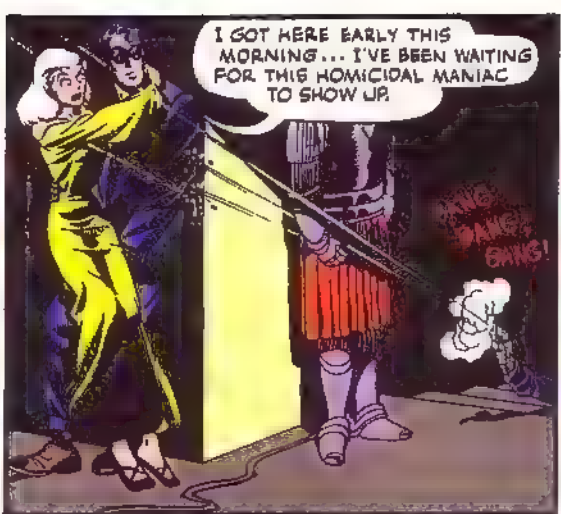












May 18 1947

The BY WILHEISNER

SPIRIT

CAN A WOMAN GIVE UP
HER FUTURE HAPPINESS
FOR
SOLEMN DUTY?

SOB

CAN SOMEONE WHO IS
DEEPLY AND HOPELESSLY
IN LOVE THROW OFF HER
PASSION
LIKE A CLOAK?

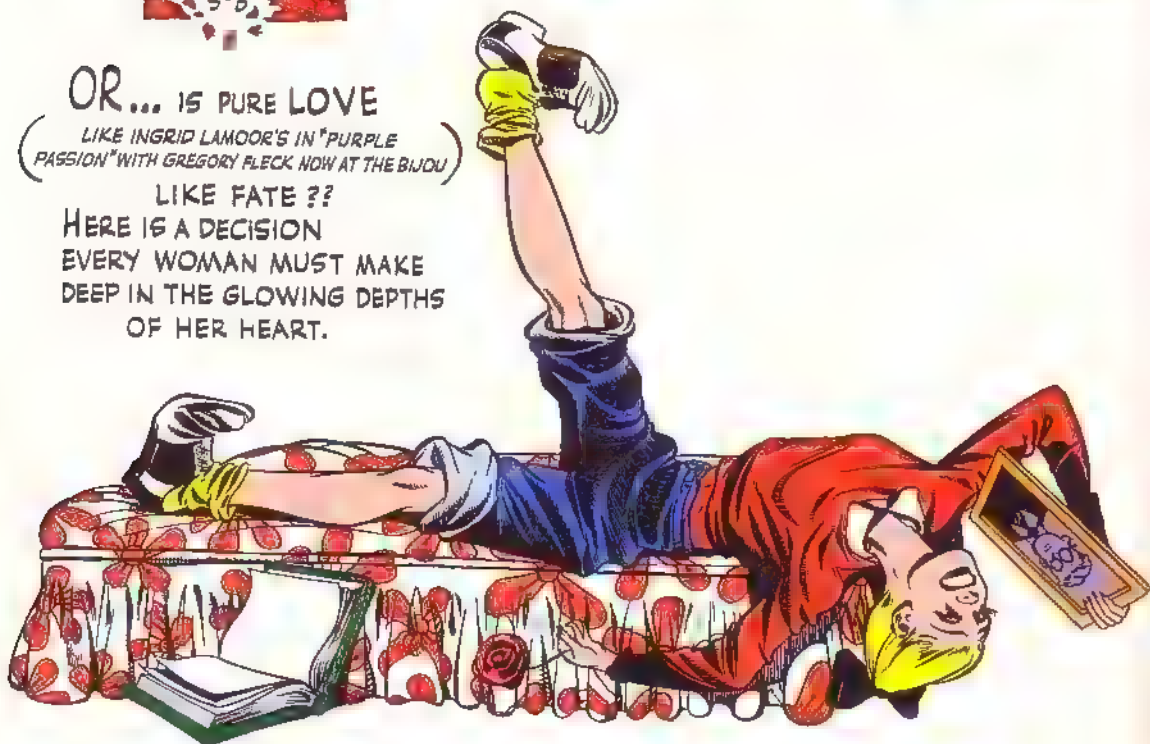
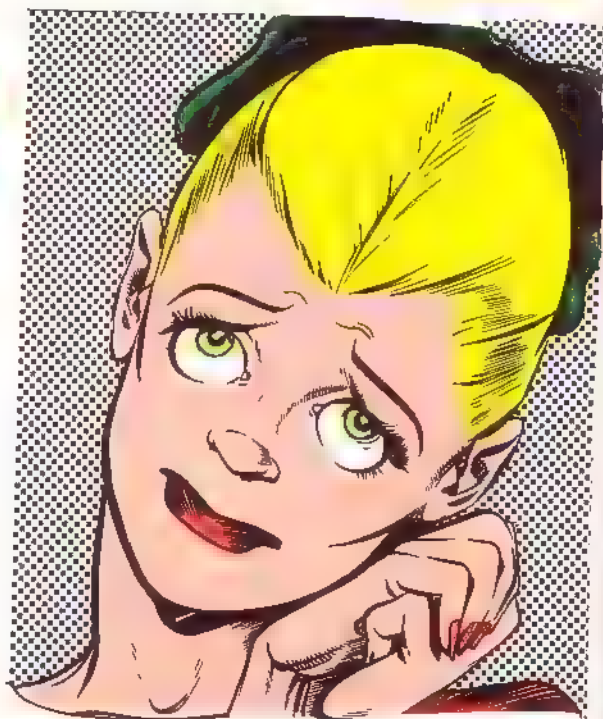


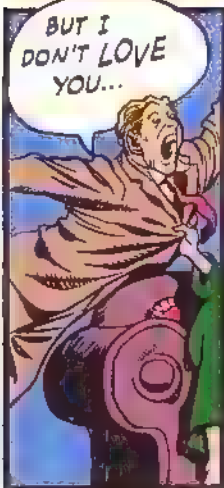
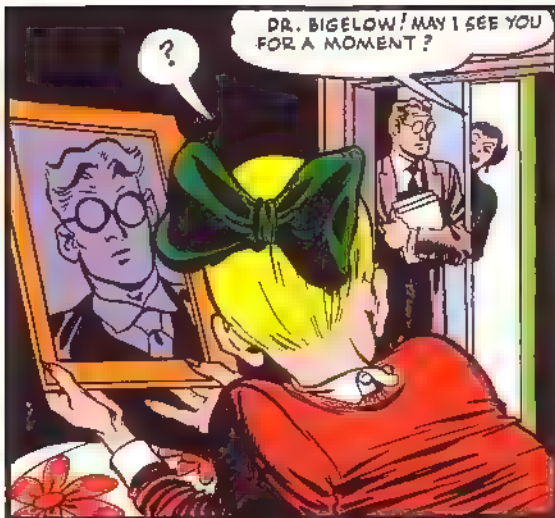
OR... IS PURE LOVE

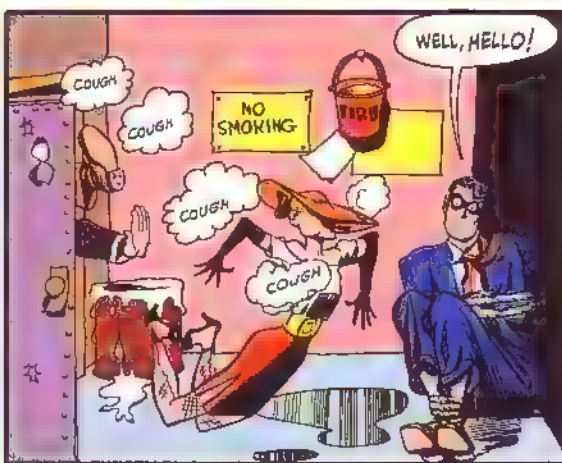
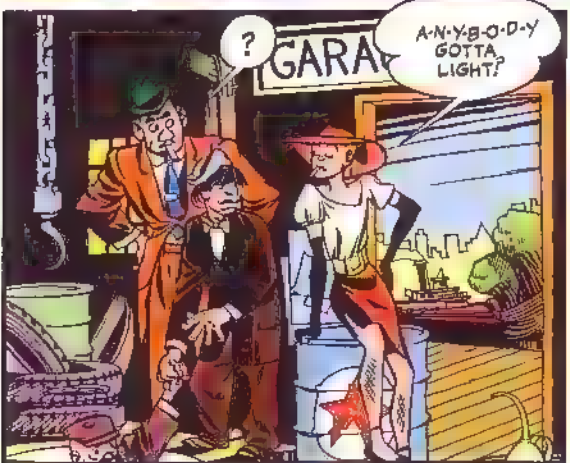
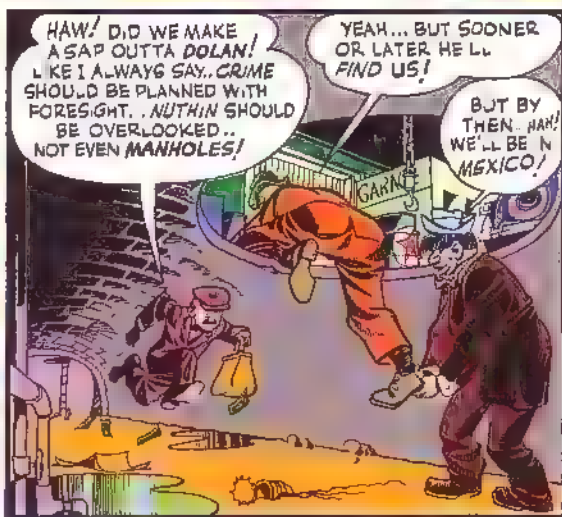
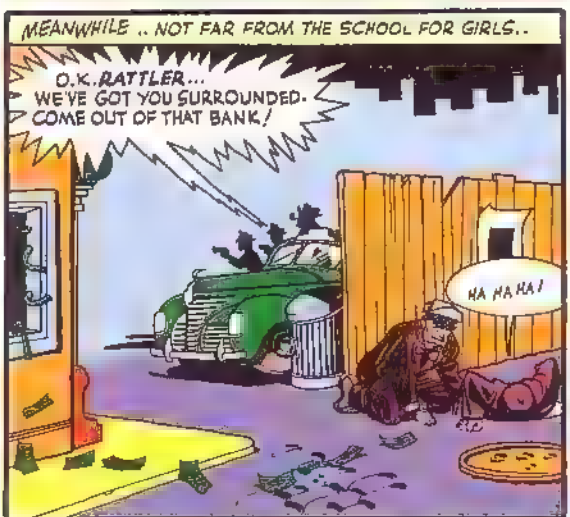
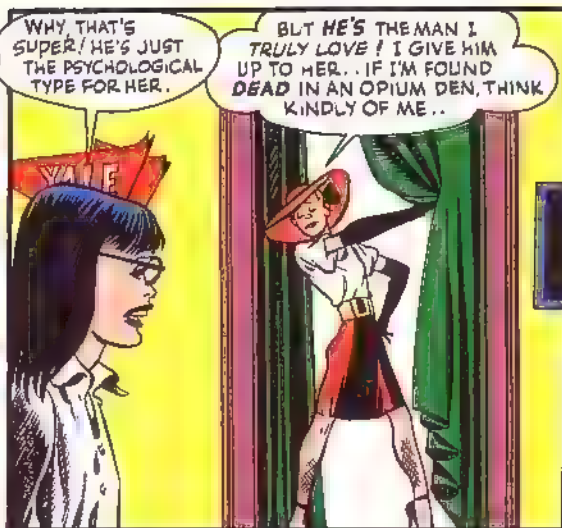
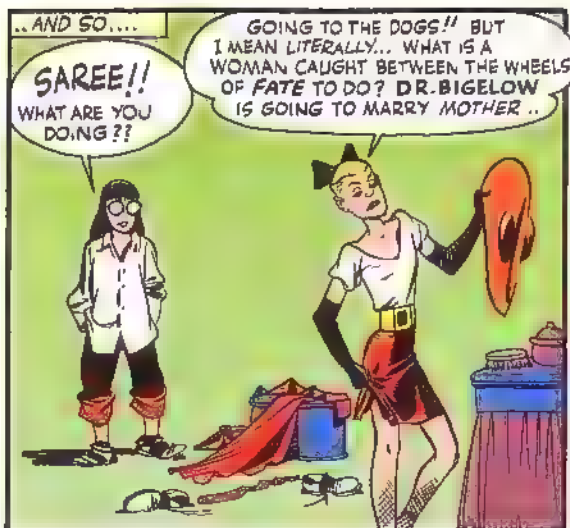
(LIKE INGRID LAMOOR'S IN "PURPLE
PASSION" WITH GREGORY FLECK NOW AT THE BIJOU)

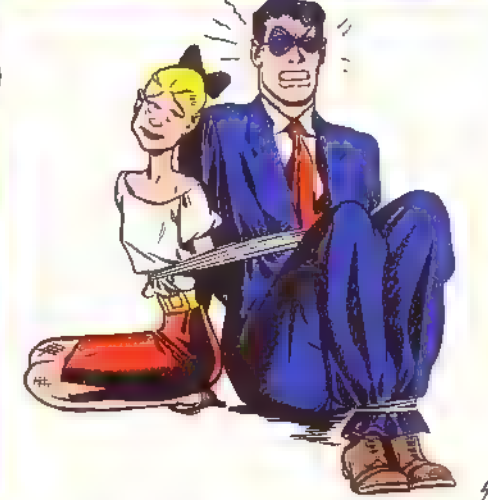
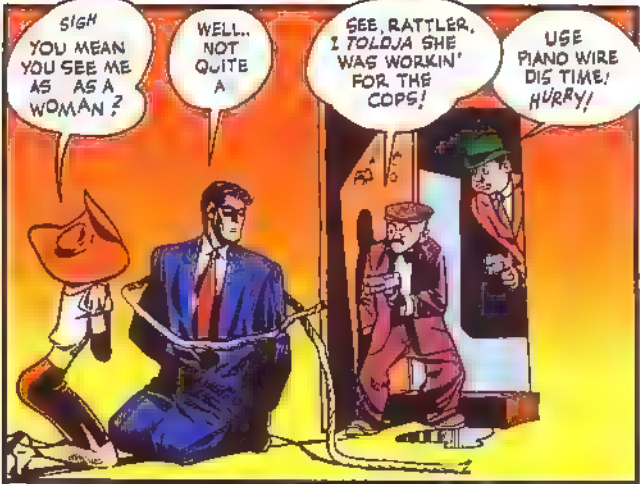
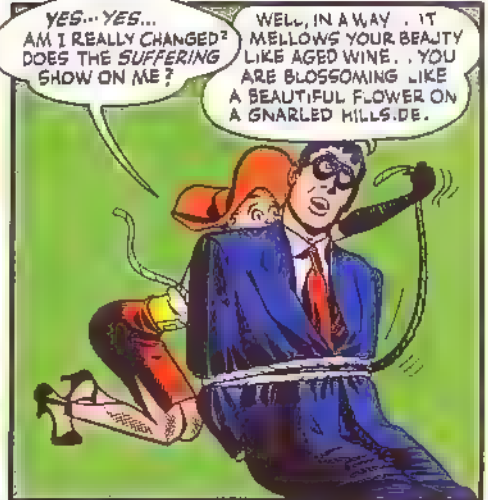
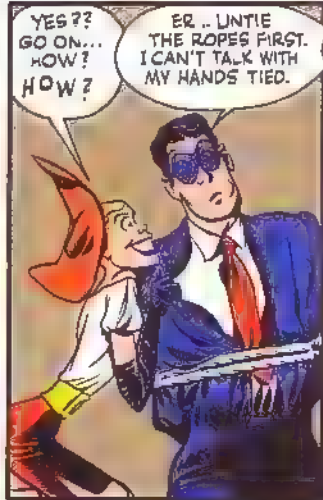
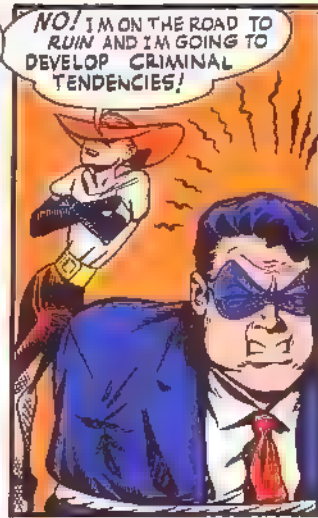
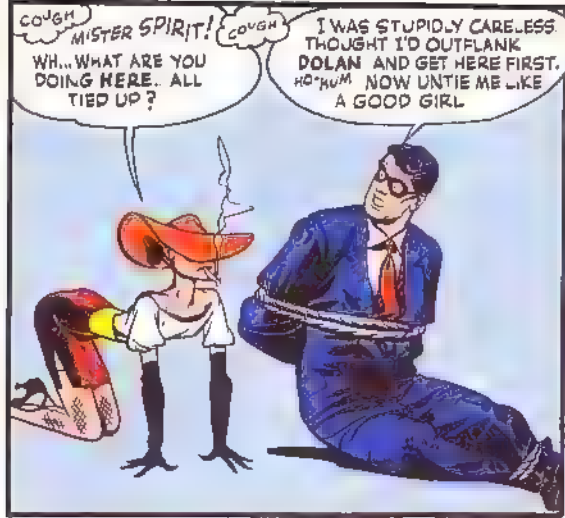
LIKE FATE ??

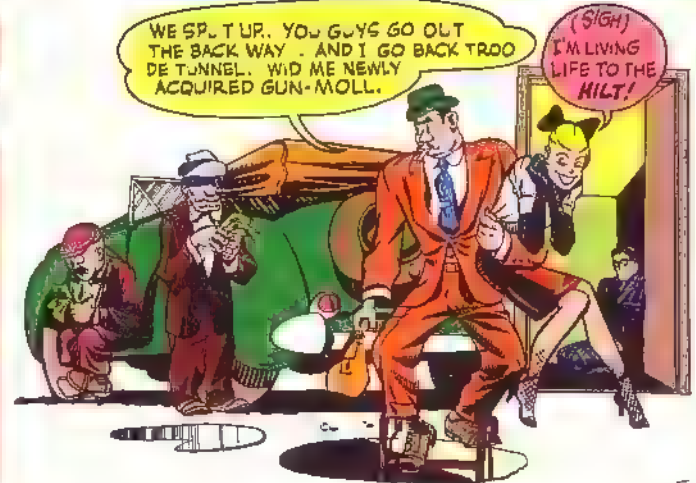
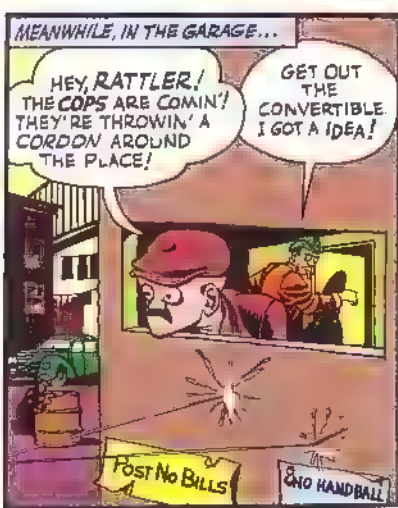
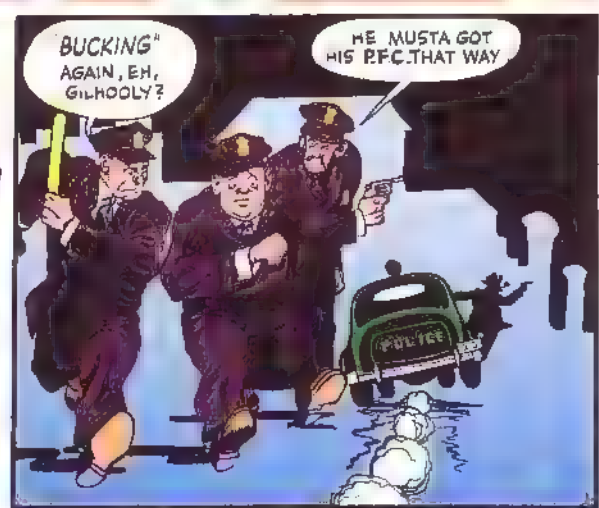
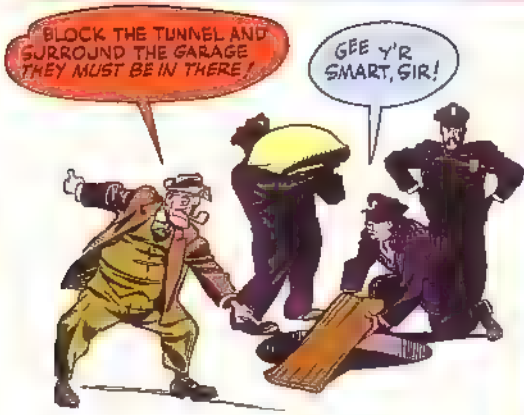
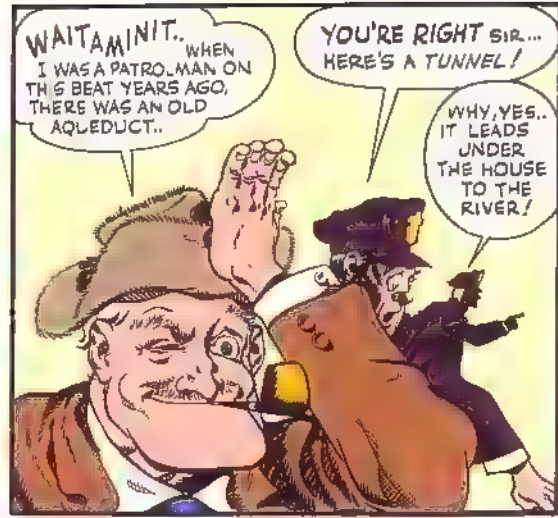
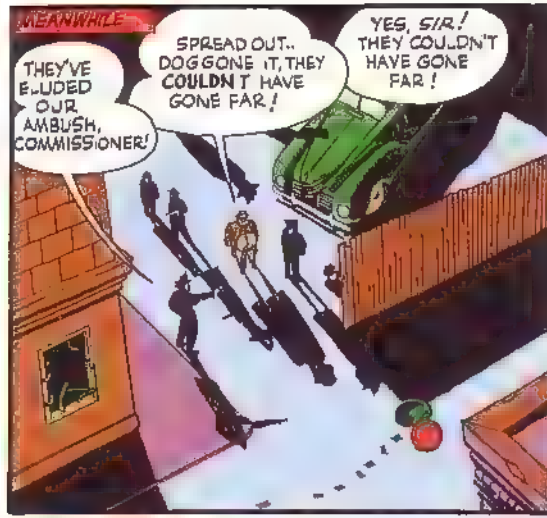
HERE IS A DECISION
EVERY WOMAN MUST MAKE
DEEP IN THE GLOWING DEPTHS
OF HER HEART.







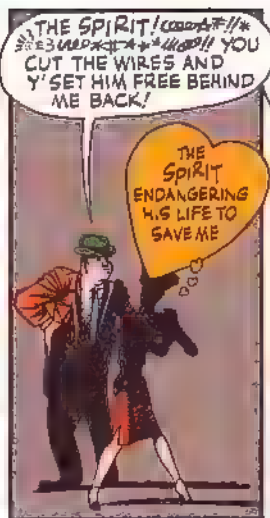






WHO'S THAT... COPS?

HAVE YOU GOT SAREE WITH YOU, RATTLER?



THE SPIRIT! ~~COO-AH!!~~ YOU CUT THE WIRES AND Y' SET HIM FREE BEHIND ME BACK!

THE SPIRIT ENDANGERING H.S LIFE TO SAVE ME



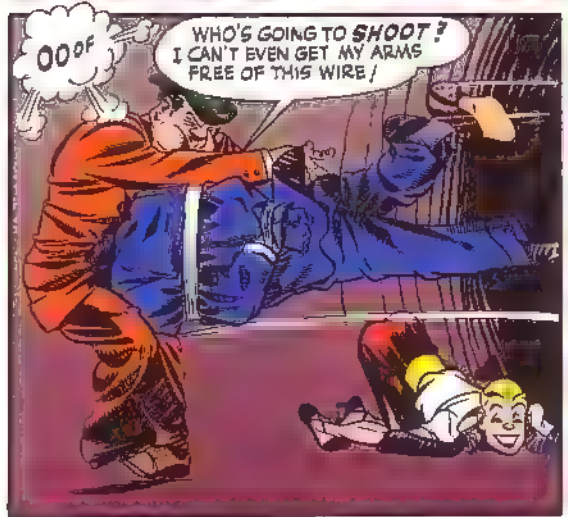
YES.. YES... AND I ARMED HIM WITH A PISTOL, A KNIFE, AND A SUBMACHINE GUN!

WHAT!



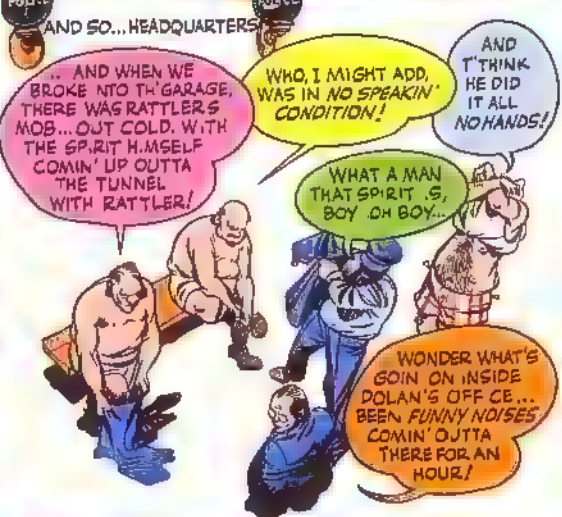
O.K. MISTER SPIRIT.. SHOOT... BUT I'M USIN' Y'R LADY LOVE AS A SHIELD!

SIGH THIS... IS... LIFE!



OOOF

WHO'S GOING TO SHOOT? I CAN'T EVEN GET MY ARMS FREE OF THIS WIRE!



POLICE AND SO... HEADQUARTERS

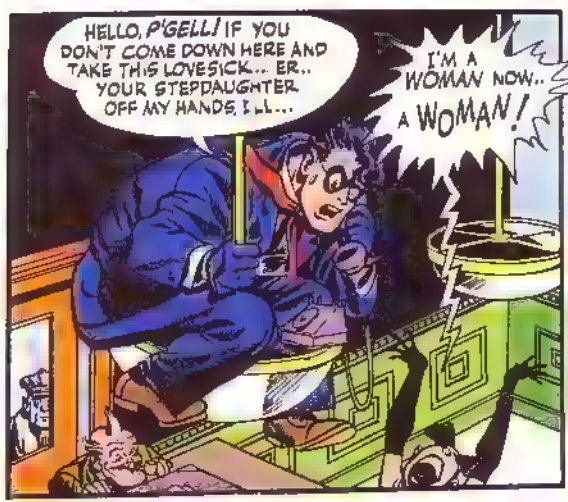
.. AND WHEN WE BROKE INTO TH' GARAGE, THERE WAS RATTLER'S MOB... OUT COLD, WITH THE SPIRIT H.MSELF COMIN' UP OUTTA THE TUNNEL WITH RATTLER!

WHO, I MIGHT ADD, WAS IN NO SPEAKIN' CONDITION!

AND I THINK HE DID IT ALL NO HANDS!

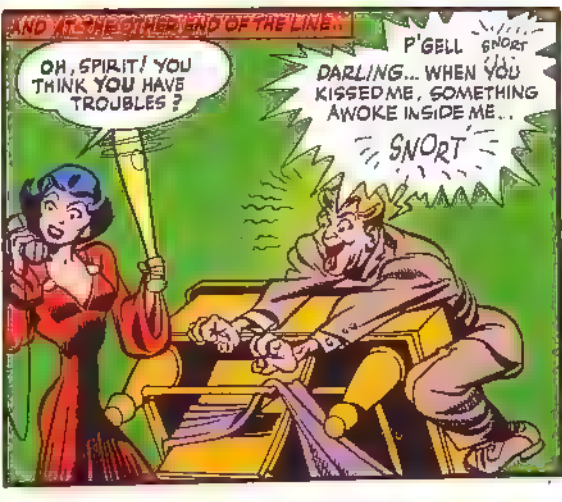
WHAT A MAN THAT SPIRIT 'S, BOY OH BOY...

WONDER WHAT'S GOIN ON INSIDE DOLAN'S OFF CE... BEEN FUNNY NOISES COMIN' OUTTA THERE FOR AN HOUR!



HELLO, P'GELL! IF YOU DON'T COME DOWN HERE AND TAKE THIS LOVESICK... ER... YOUR STEPPAUGHTER OFF MY HANDS, I LL...

I'M A WOMAN NOW... A WOMAN!



AND AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

OH, SPIRIT! YOU THINK YOU HAVE TROUBLES?

P'GELL SNIORT DARLING... WHEN YOU KISSED ME, SOMETHING AWAKE INSIDE ME...

SNIORT

NEXT WEEK:

THE SPIRIT BRINGS YOU "MAHRDOAN"

A STORY OF PASSION MAHRDOAN

A TALE OF FEARING EXCITEMENT KINDLED BY THAT BURNING RAG BONE AND HANE OF HANE P'GELL

WHILE THROUGH TALL UNDAUNTED UNWAVING SHED AND IS UNCONSCIOUS IS THAT GREAT CRANKFIGHTER (AND THE MAHRDOAN) YOU REAL? THE SPIRIT DON'T MISS "MAHRDOAN" BY WIL ETHEL

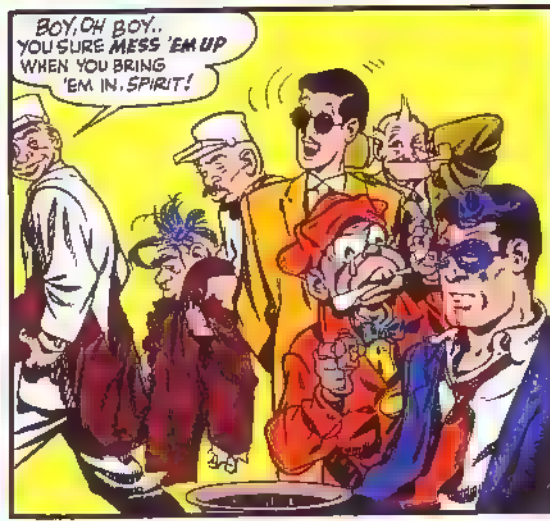
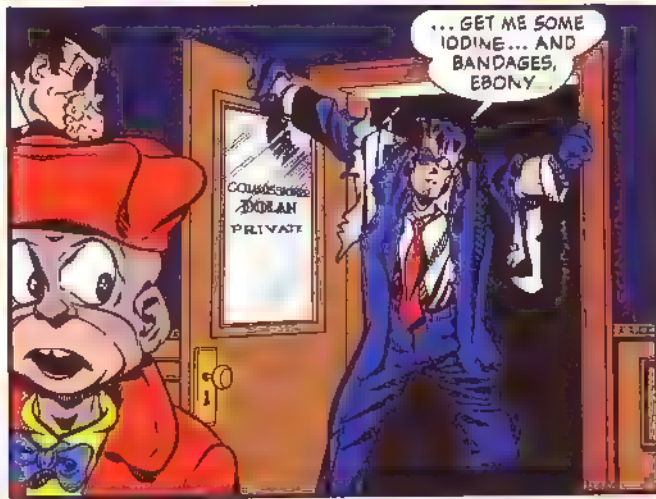
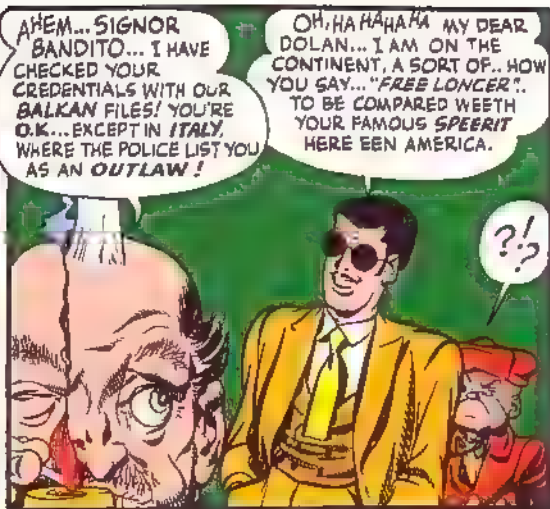
COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

IL DUCE'S LOCKET

May 25 1947

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE





NOW, BANDITO, WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE?



I SUPPOSE YOU ALL REMEMBER THE RATHER GRUESOME END OF MUSSOLINI'S CAREER.. HERE EES A PHOTO TAKEN WHEN THE ANGRY MOB STRUNG HEEM UP!



UGH!! SAW IT IN THE NEWSREELS! WHY??

WELL... THEES PHOTO WAS NEVER PUBLISHED! YOU WEE! NOTICE DUCE AND HIS TWO COHORT'S ARE HUNG BY THE HEELS! EEN DOING SO CERTAIN ITEMS DROPPED OFFA THEIR PERSONS... LIKE A LOCKET!



AND YOU'VE GOT THE LOCKET..

NO.. THE LADY YOU SEE THERE SNOTCHED IT!! SHE'S A ESCAPE BEFORE I COULD GET TO HER .. I MA TRACE HER AT LAST TO CENTRAL CITY!



OH, MY ACHIN' BACK!



HEY, SPIRIT.. Y'LOOK FAINT! DOES YO RECOGNIZE HER?

YES!. THAT WOMAN IS NONE OTHER THAN P'GELL!!

OH WHAT CRJE.. FATE KEEPS CROSSING OUR PATHS LIKE THIS?



UH-OH... LEMME OUT OF HERE!



DONT SHOVE. AH'M GOIN' TOO

MEANWHILE...

BUT P'GELL.. I'M MAD ABOUT YOU..MAD YOU HEAR? SNORT



SORRY, BIGELOW OLD BOY..I'VE DECIDED NOT TO MARRY YOU, AFTER ALL...TAXES HAVE BEEN EATING AWAY YOUR ESTATE!



OH, HEARTLESS WOMAN...IS MONEY ALL THAT MATTERS TO YOU??



NO... SOMETIMES I THINK OF THE THINGS MONEY CAN BUY!



NOW, NOW... DONT FEEL SO BAD! AFTER ALL, YOU STILL HAVE ME!



LATER

ALRIGHT,
I'M COMING!

P'GELL! PUFF
PUFF HIDE ME
QUEEK... I HAD
A TERRIBLE
FIGHT WEETH
THE SPEERIT
ONNA DOCKS...
SICILIANO EES EEN
JAIL... I ESCAPED!

STILETTO!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE IN
AMERICA?

YOU'RE KNOW VURY WELL!
... THE DUCE'S LOCKET...
YOU'RE HAVE EET AND HALFA
ITALY EESA COME HERE
TO STEAL IT FROM YOUSE!

MMMM...

VERY WELL ER, PLEASE
BE A GENTLEMAN, STILETTO,
AND DON'T LOOK... I WILL
GIVE IT TO YOU!

ME? SOMANAGUN!
I'M NO UNDERSTAN' YOU...
ME... A BROKEN UNEMPLOYED
EX-FASCISTI. SOMANAGUN!
I'M A THEENK YOU OPP
T'SOMETHING!

NO, STILETTO.. I'M
REFORMED NOW... I'M
RUNN NG A GIRLS' SCHOOL
AND I HAVE A STEP-DAUGHTER
WHOSE ENTIRE LIFE
DEPENDS UPON MY
UNSELFISH DEVOTION. THIS
LOCKET MAY BE WORTH
MILLIONS BUT IT
MEANS TROUBLE!

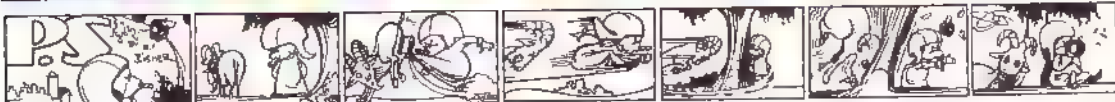
SOMA-NA-GUN!
SHE'S A REFORM!!
MAHMAEESA! HA HA
P'GELL, SHE'S HAVE PORTER!
WHOTTA STORY FOR
THA BOYS EEN MILAN!

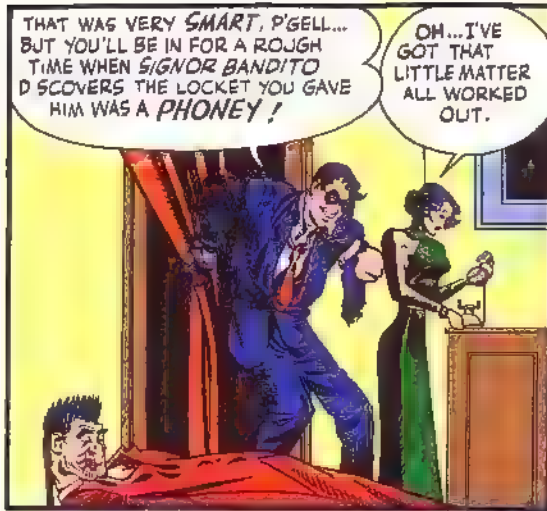
IF THEY EVER GET
TO HEAR IT! OF
COURSE, YOU CAN
WRITE IT TO 'EM FROM
THE FEDERAL JAIL
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING!

SPEERITO!
MAHRODAN. EES
GONNA BE A
FIGHT!

OH.. NO.. I DON'T
THEENK SO. I'M
GOING TO TAKE
THE LOCKET,
STILETTO!

... OH DEAR ME...
I'M JUST A
WOMAN... HELPLESS...
CAUGHT IN THE
MAELSTROM OF
INTERNATIONAL
INTRIGUE!





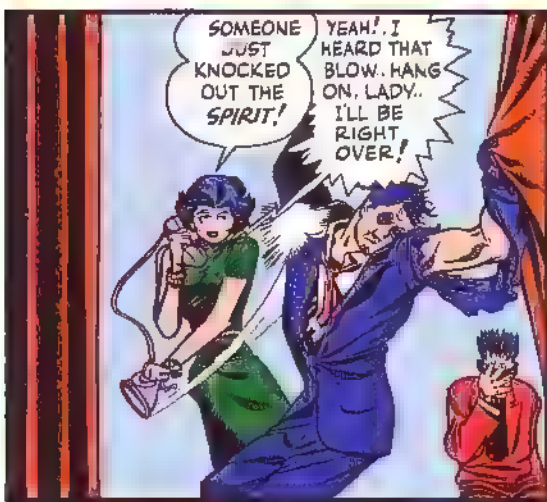
THAT WAS VERY SMART, P'GELL... BUT YOU'LL BE IN FOR A ROUGH TIME WHEN SIGNOR BANDITO DISCOVERS THE LOCKET YOU GAVE HIM WAS A PHONEY!

OH...I'VE GOT THAT LITTLE MATTER ALL WORKED OUT.



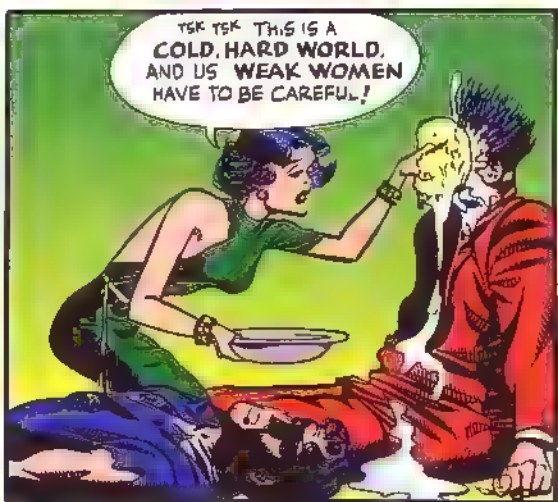
HELLO... POLICE HEADQUARTERS?... OH, COMMISSIONER DOLAN.. THIS IS P GELL... THERE'S A TERRIBLE FIGHT GOING ON HERE.. HURRY OVER!

HEY.. THAT'S NOT TRUE.. WHAT'S THE IDEA...

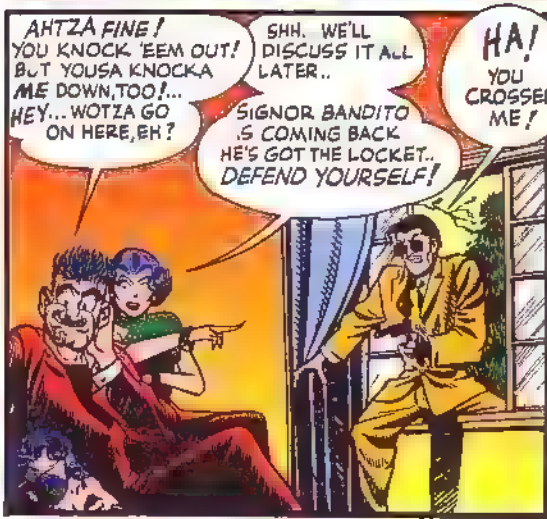


SOMEONE JUST KNOCKED OUT THE SPIRIT!

YEAH! I HEARD THAT BLOW. HANG ON, LADY.. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



TSK TSK THIS IS A COLD, HARD WORLD, AND US WEAK WOMEN HAVE TO BE CAREFUL!

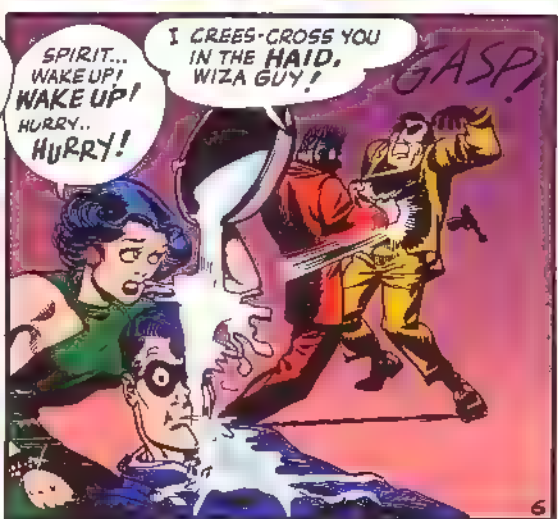


AHTZA FINE! YOU KNOCK 'EEM OUT! BUT YOU SA KNOCKA ME DOWN, TOO!... HEY... WOTZA GO ON HERE, EH?

SHH. WE'LL DISCUSS IT ALL LATER..

HA! YOU CROSSED ME!

SIGNOR BANDITO IS COMING BACK HE'S GOT THE LOCKET.. DEFEND YOURSELF!

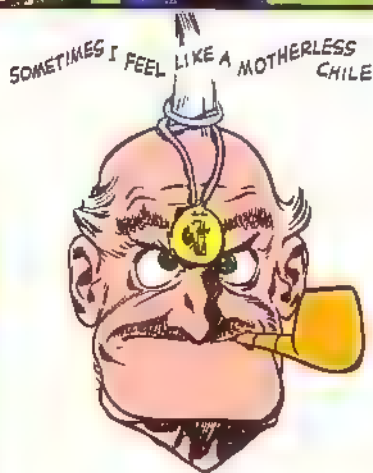
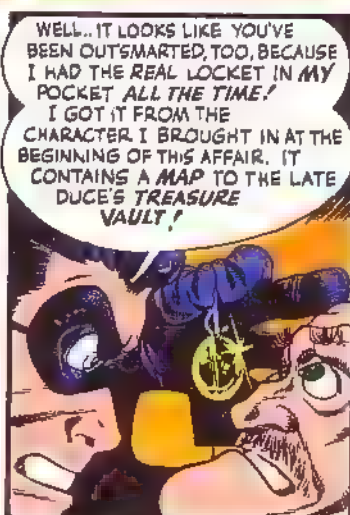
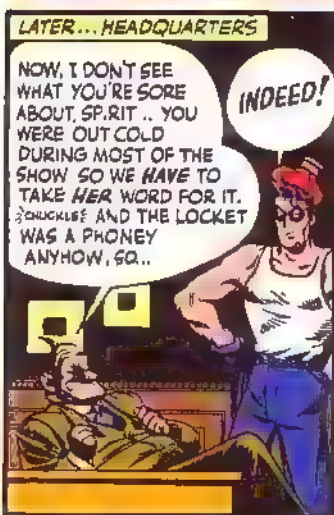
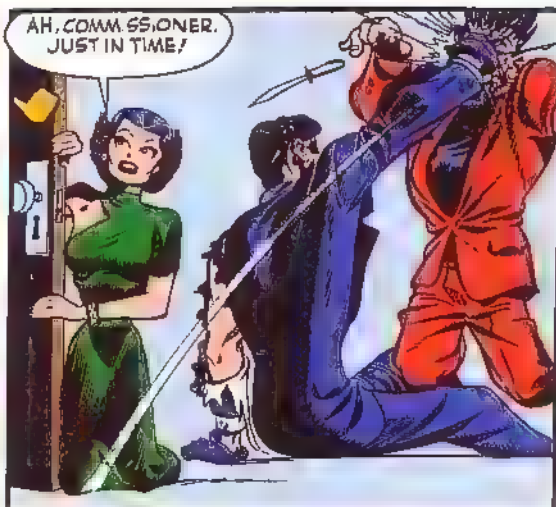
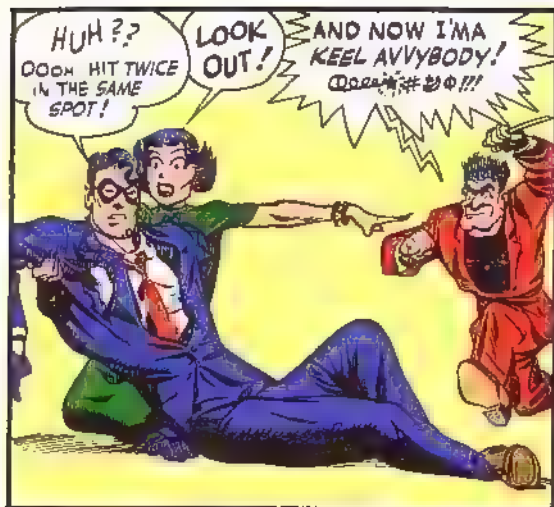


SPIRIT... WAKE UP! WAKE UP! HURRY.. HURRY!

I CREEPS-CROSS YOU IN THE HAID, WIZA GUY!

GASP!





NEXT WEEK: THE Spirit
at the
CIRCUS

SEE THE
GREAT SPIRIT
FLYING THROUGH
SPACE

WITH UNSURPASSED
GRACE AND... OOPS

AHEM. MISSED AGAIN
WELL NEXT WEEK BETTER CHECK
WITH US NEXT WEEK
- THUD

June 1 1947

THE SPRIT

BY WILF EISNER
© 1946

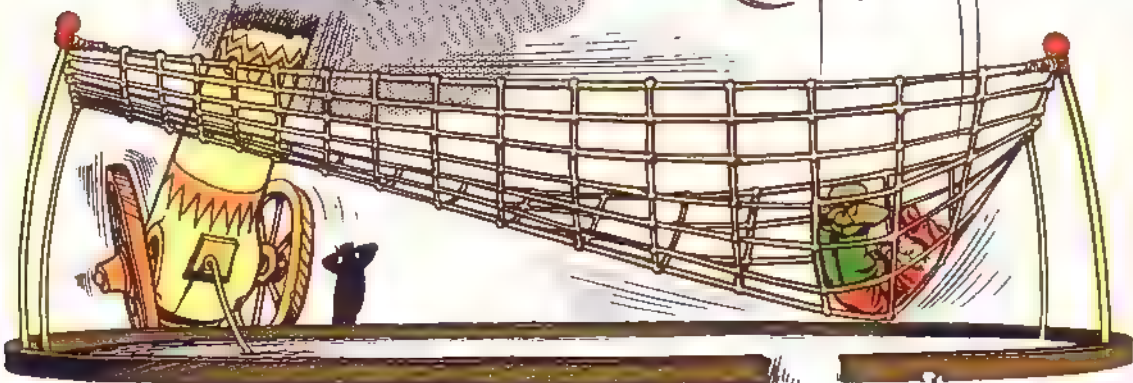
..SHO IS FUN
RUNNIN' AWAY WIF THE
CIRCUS, TEEBO...AH GITS
A BANG OUTTA IT!

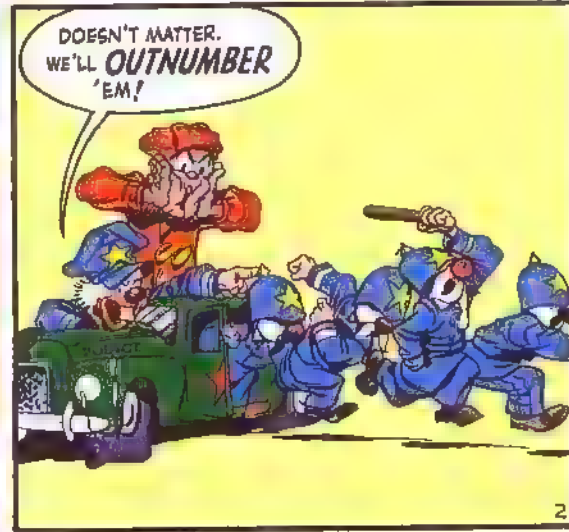
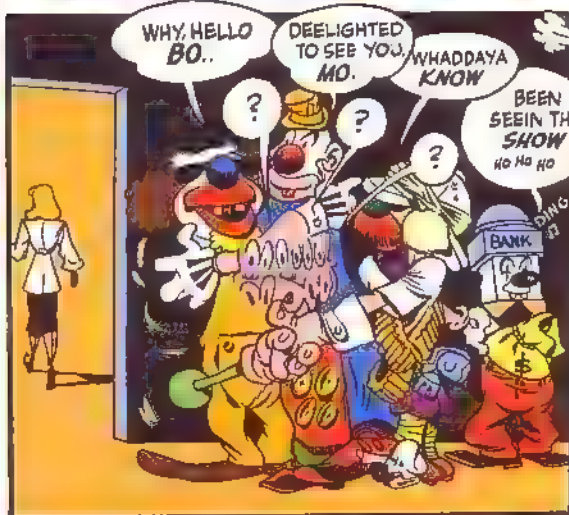
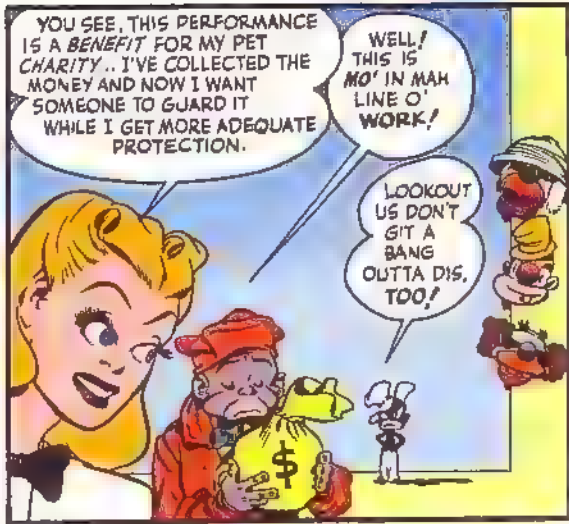
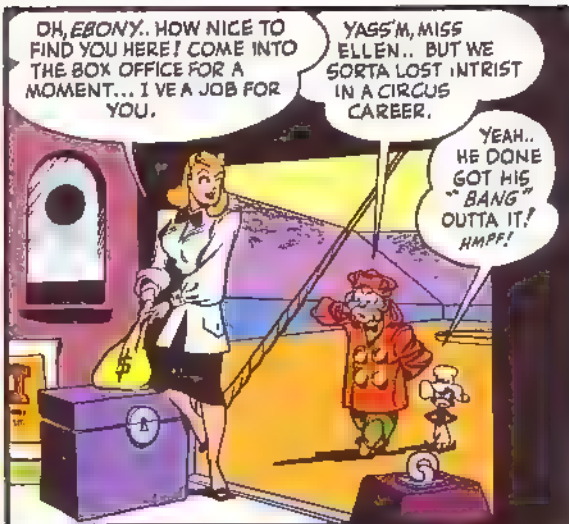
BUTTON
YO' LIP, DRIP,
AN' HIDE IN
HERE!

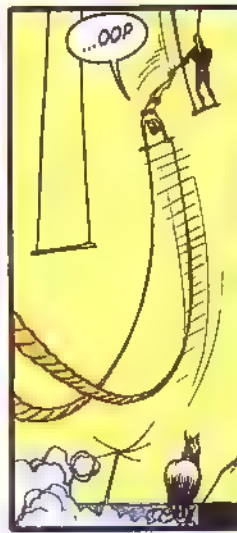
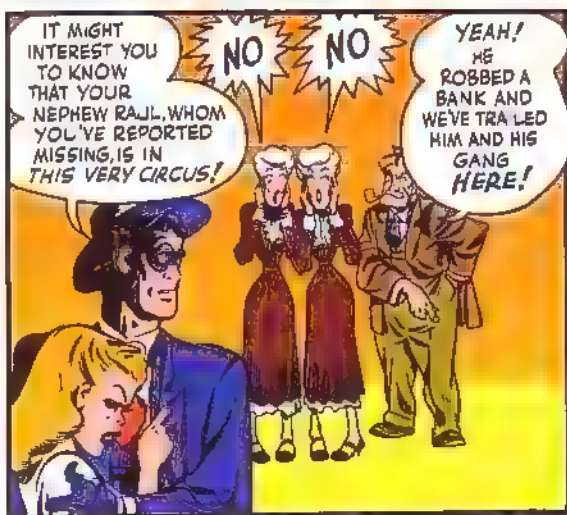
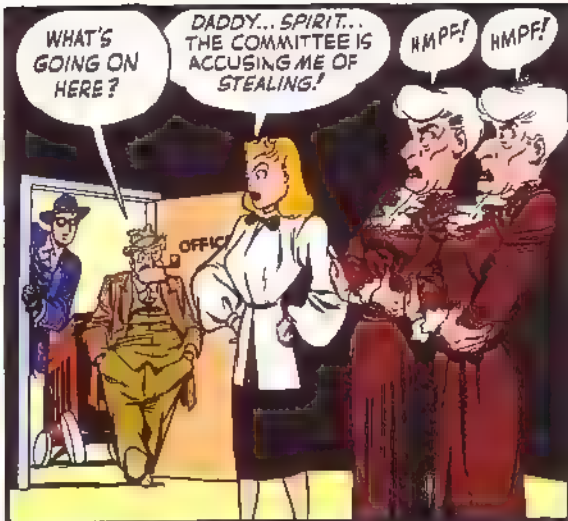
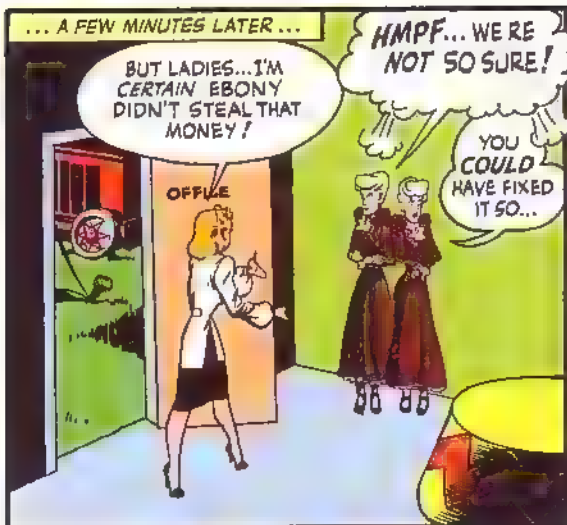
BANG!

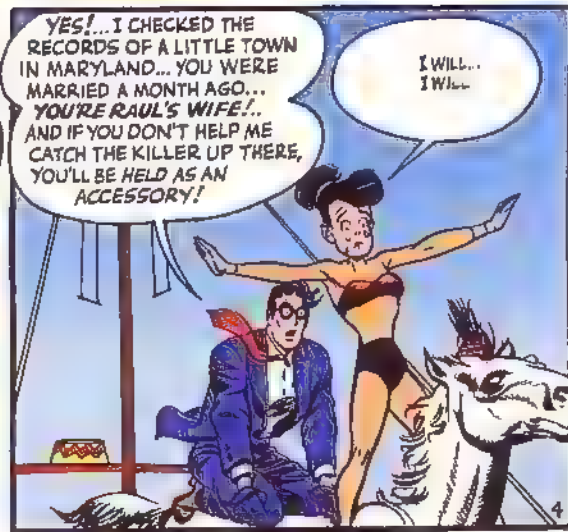
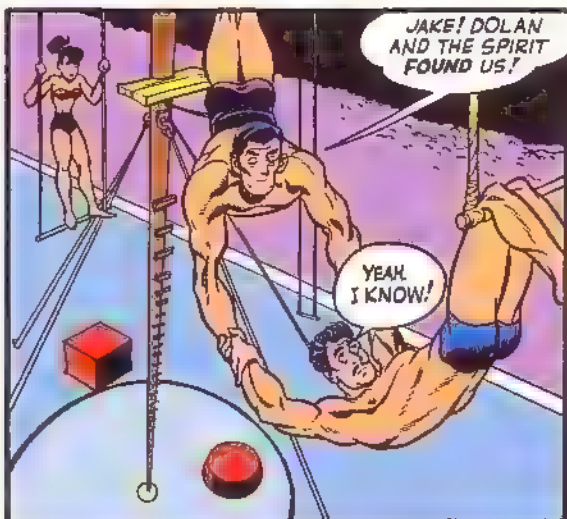
DRA! THAT
MANAGER!
NOW HE'S
USING
BUCKSHOT
IN MY ACT...

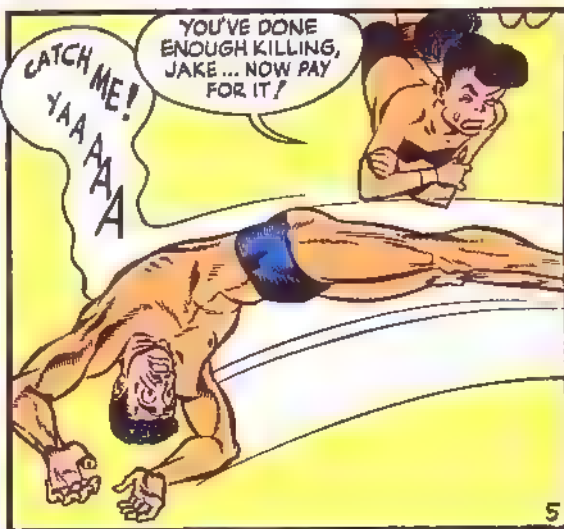
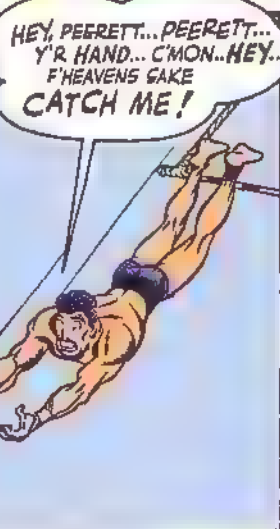
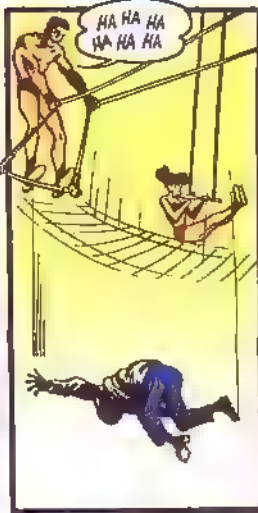
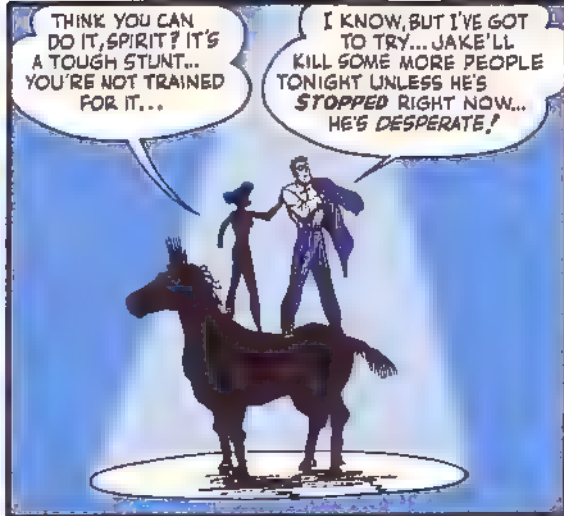
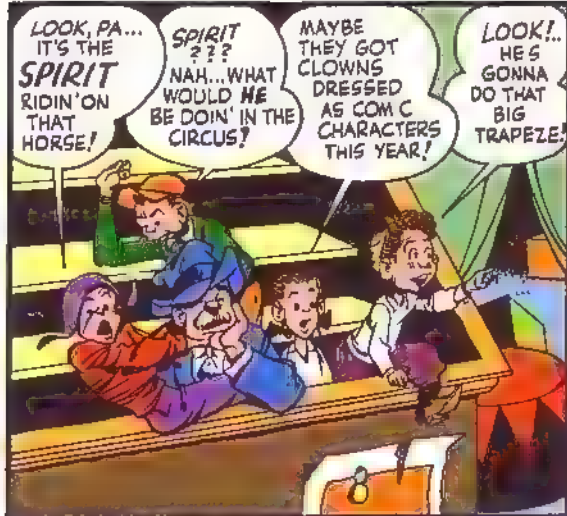
..GITS A BANG?
HMFF!
HOW CORNY C'N
ONE GIT?..

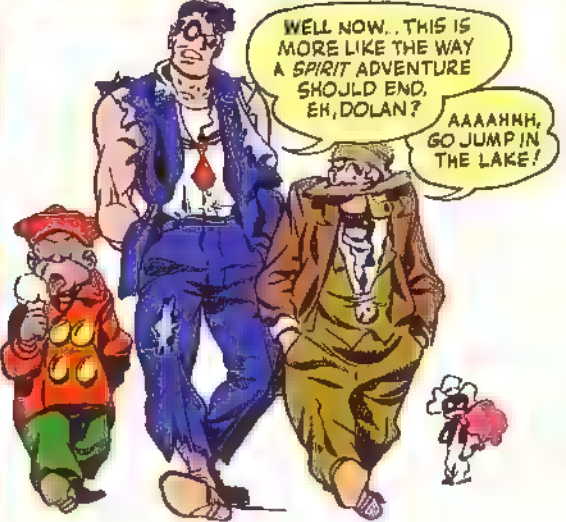
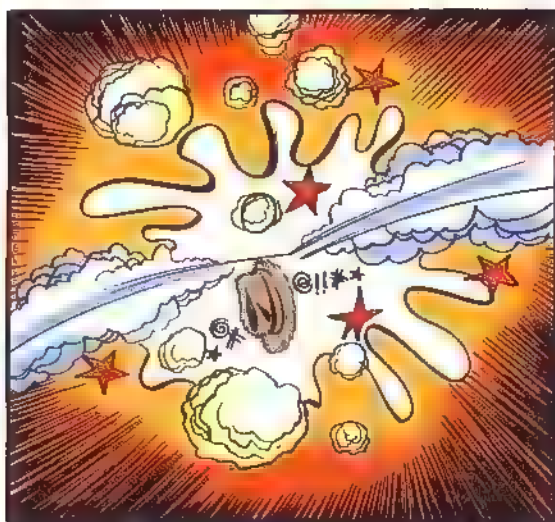
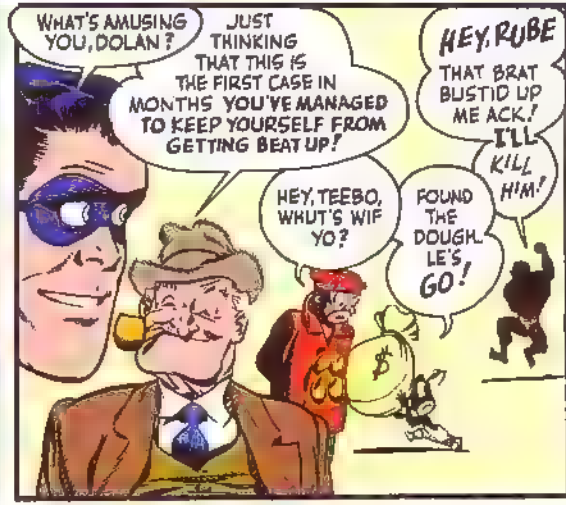
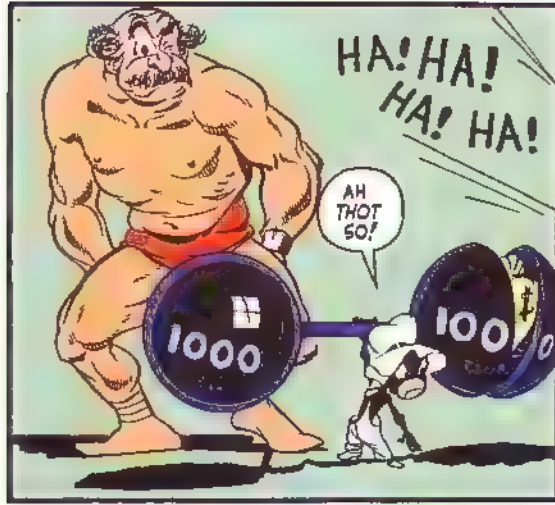
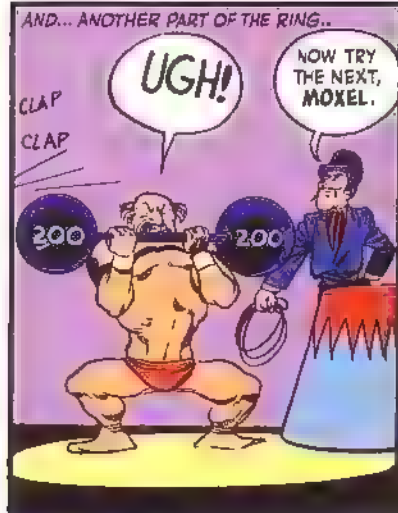










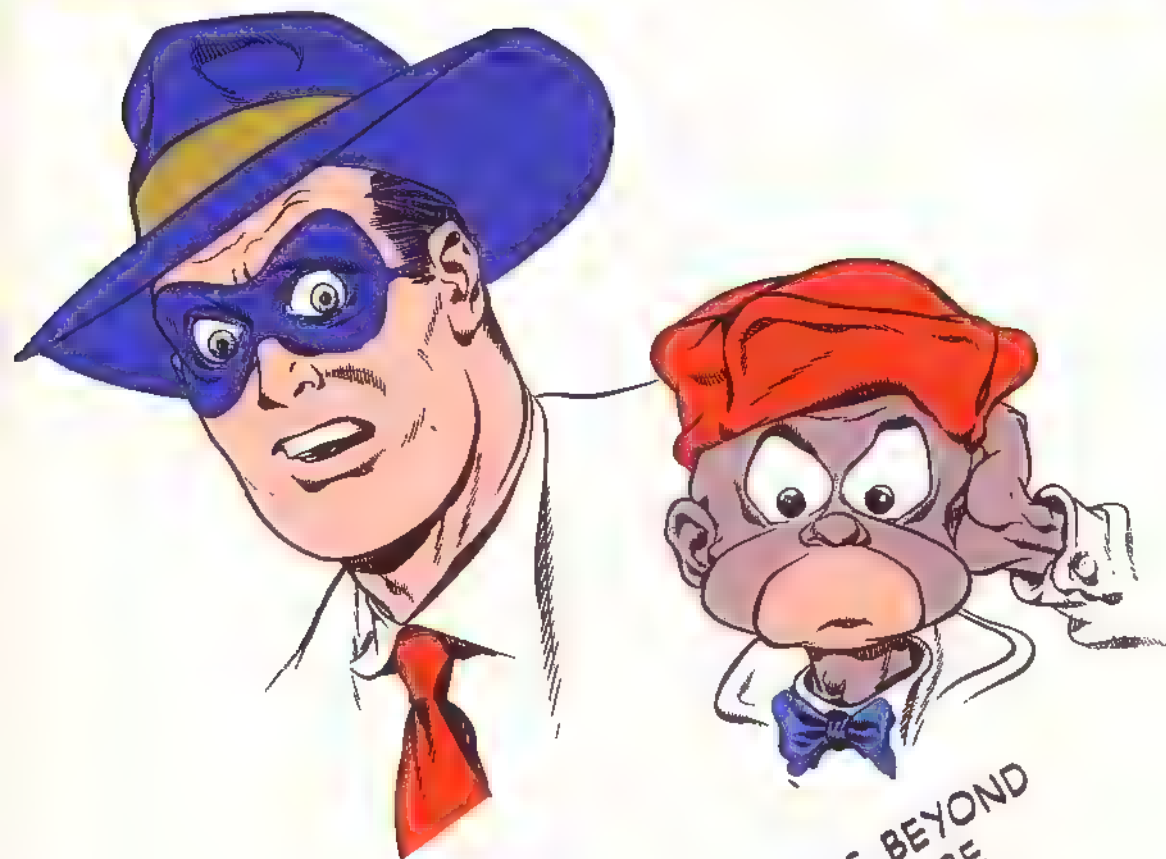


COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

NO SPIRIT STORY TODAY

June 8 1947

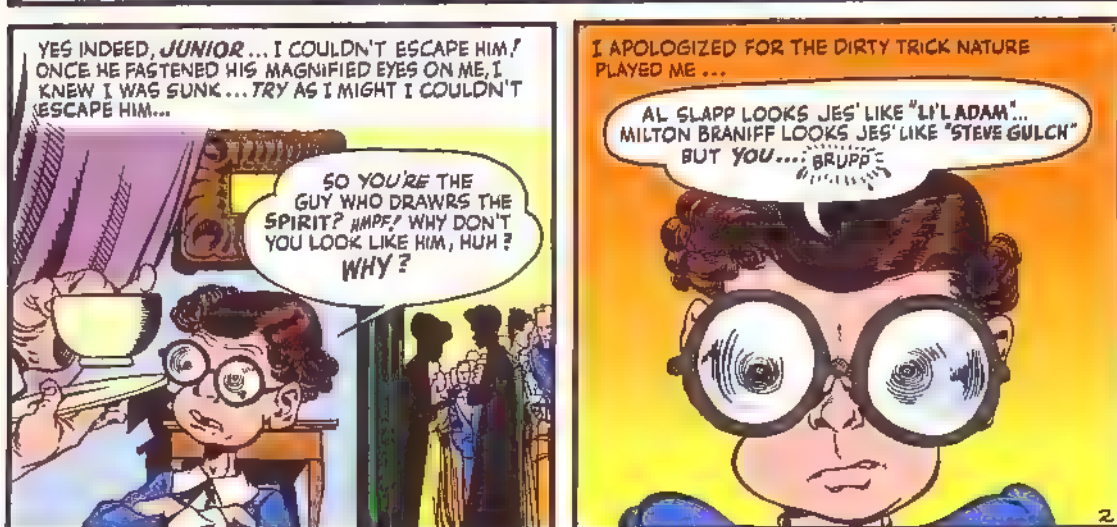
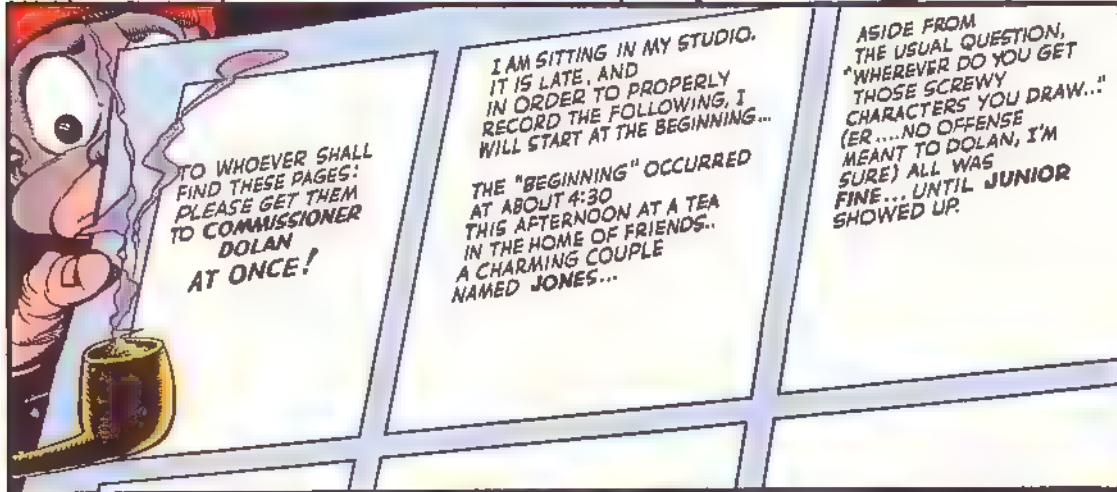
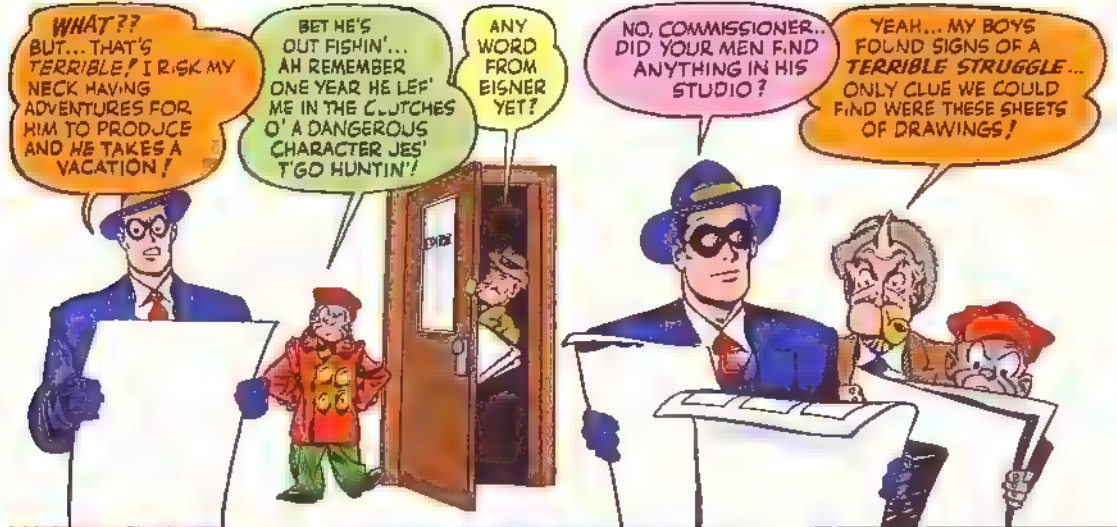
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND
OUR CONTROL THERE WILL BE
NO SPIRIT STORY
TODAY

By Will Eisner
©1966

SIGNED ... The Editor.



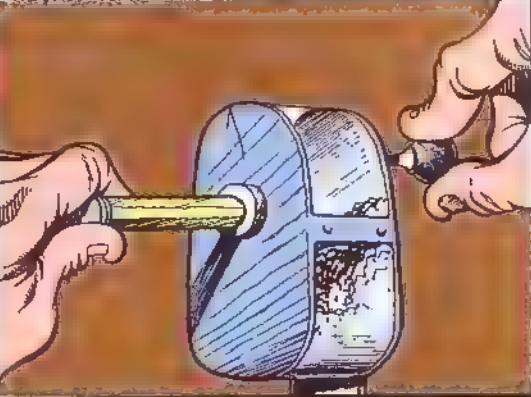
WELL, I WAS ABOUT TO RID THE WORLD OF A FUTURE HITLER, WHEN...

JUNIOR
DARLING...
WHEAH AHHR
YOU?

OH, THERE'S MY LITTLE DARLING...!
OH DEAR, HAS MY LITTLE MANS
BEEN TALKING ABOUT THOSE
HORRID COMICS YOU ALWAYS READ?
DEAR, YOU LOOK SO PALE!

MY DEAR MR. EISNER... I DO WISH YOU'D KEEP SOME
OF THE EXCITEMENT OUT OF YOUR STRIP... IT'S
HAVING A TERRIBLE EFFECT ON JUNIOR...
HIS PSYCHIATRIST SAYS SOMEDAY A REALLY
HORRIBLE CHARACTER MIGHT GIVE HIM A
FIXATION.

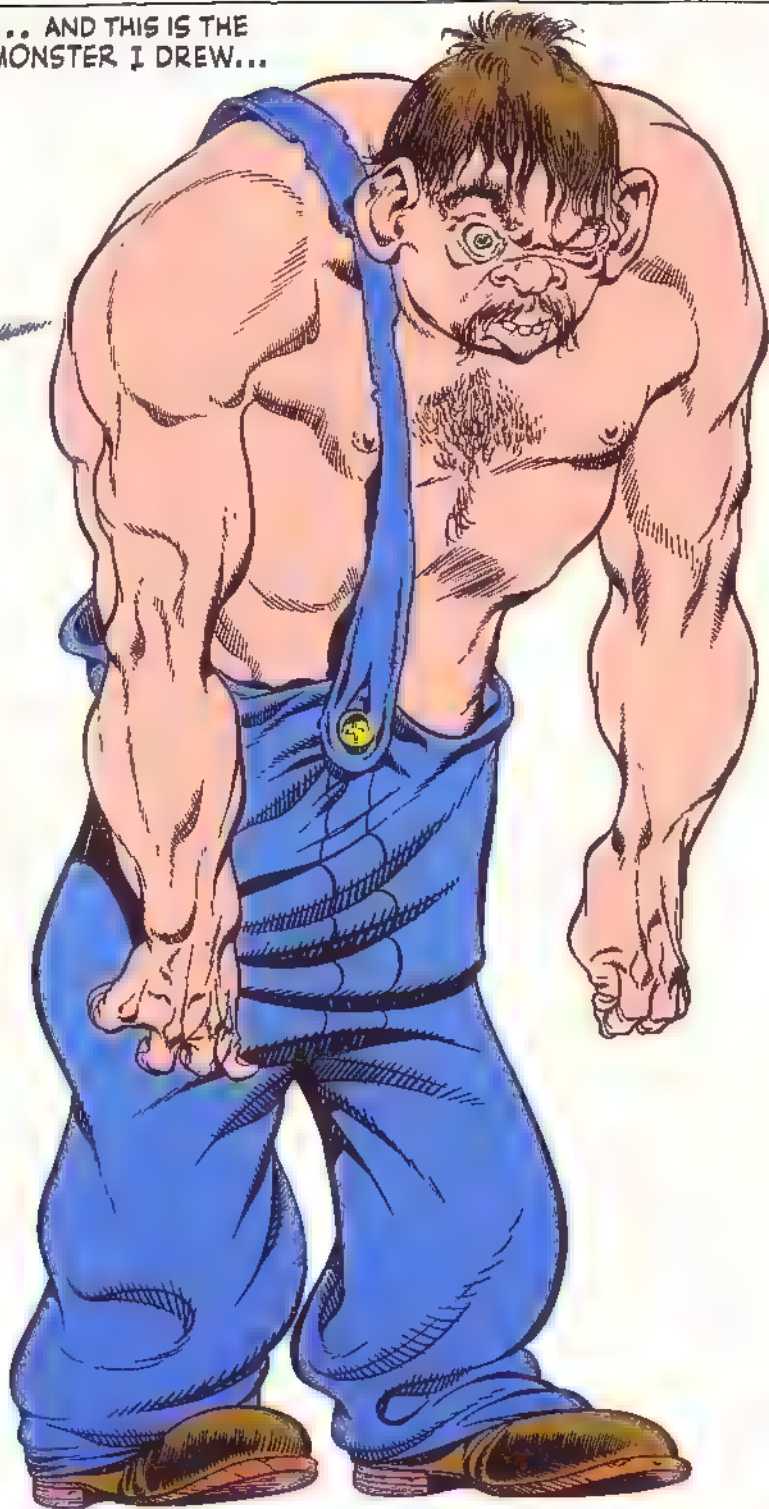
WELL, SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT SHE HAD GIVEN ME AN
IDEA FOR NEXT WEEK'S STORY. SO, WITH THE PLEASANT
PROSPECT OF SCARING JUNIOR INTO A TIZZY, I
RUSHED TO WORK.



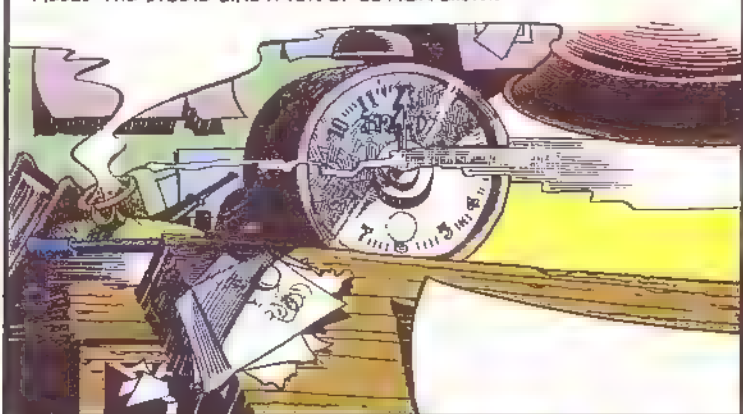
I WORKED PAST DINNER TIME SKETCHING AND
ERASING, SKETCHING AND ERASING, UNTIL AT LAST
I HAD DEVELOPED THE VERY MONSTER FOR THE JOB.
AND, IF YOU'LL PARDON A LITTLE LACK OF MODESTY,
I'D LIKE TO SAY IT WAS A DOOZY!



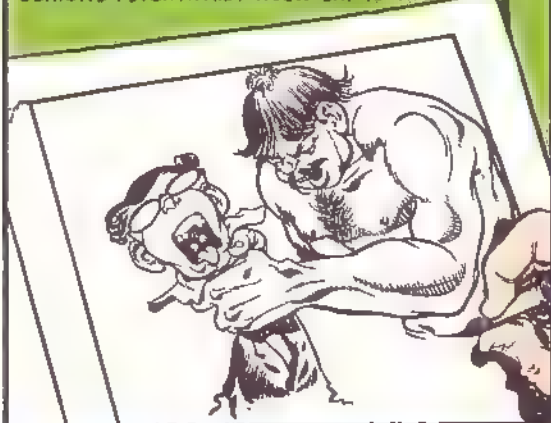
... AND THIS IS THE
MONSTER I DREW...



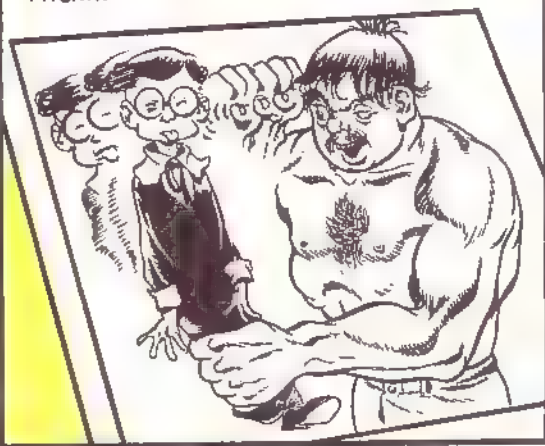
THE EFFORT LEFT ME STRANGELY EXHAUSTED... I FELL ASLEEP. WHEN I AWOKE, THE CLOCK READ **MIDNIGHT** ... I WAS HOURS BEHIND SCHEDULE ... I WENT RIGHT TO WORK... SURROUNDED BY AN EERIE **SILENCE** THAT FILLED THE STUDIO LIKE A TON OF COTTON LINT...



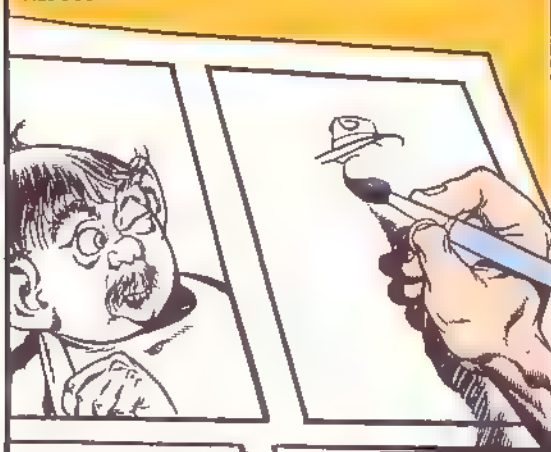
WITH FIENDISH GLEE I MADE JUNIOR THE VICTIM OF THE PLOT .. I CHUCKLED AT THE THOUGHT OF WHAT JUNIOR'S PSYCH-ATRIST WOULD SAY TO THIS...



I CARRIED HA HA HA THE SUSPENSE TO THE HIGHEST PITCH...



BEFORE I PERMITTED THE **SPIRIT** TO COME TO THE RESCUE...



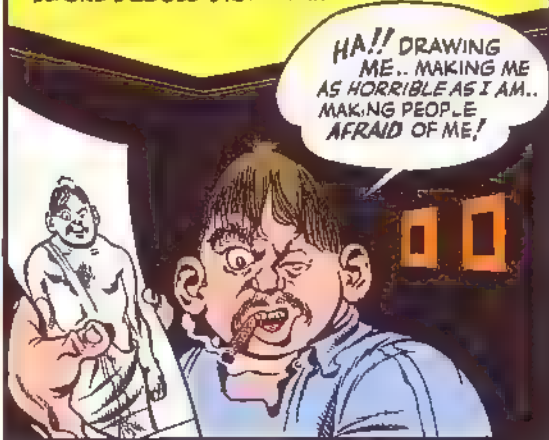
BUT I HARDLY HAD A CHANCE TO DRAW HIM IN... WHEN BEHIND ME I HEARD AN AWFUL VOICE...



THERE AT THE OTHER END OF THE STUDIO IN
REAL LIFE WAS THE MONSTER HIMSELF!



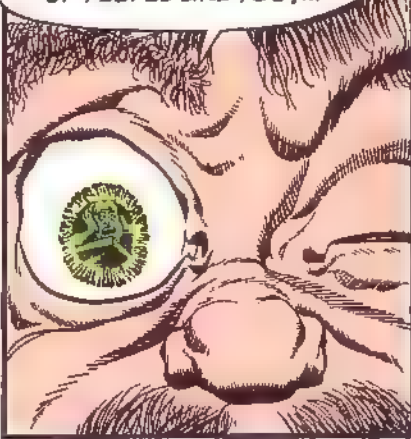
I THOUGHT THAT I WAS GOING MAD... BUT IT WAS
ALL TOO TRUE... HE SNATCHED UP MY DRAWING
BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM...



YOU ARE CARICATURING ME MAKING
ME OUT A KILLER... MAKING ME OUT
A HOUNDED BEAST !



I'M GOING TO RID THE WORLD
OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU !..



THAT WAS TEN MINUTES
AGO I'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING TO TALK
HIM OUT OF IT

BUT HE'S
COMING
CLOSER
CLOSER

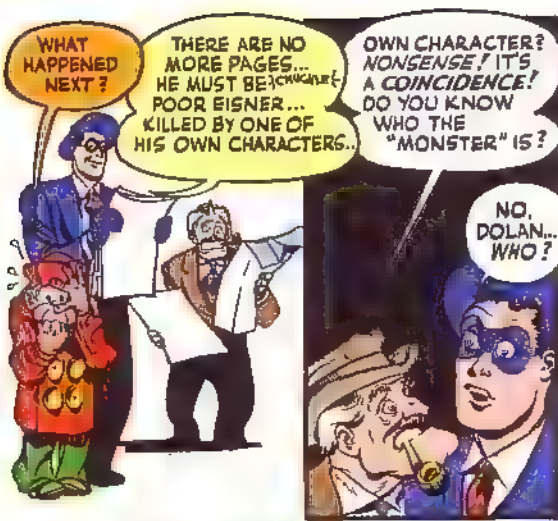
CLOSER

HELP



6



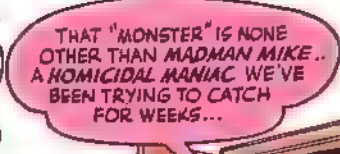


WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

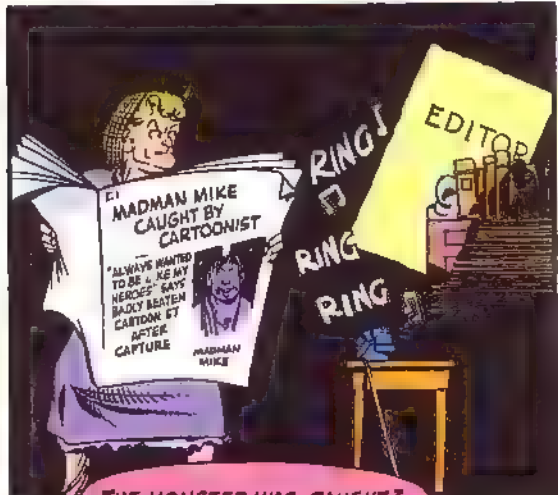
THERE ARE NO MORE PAGES... HE MUST BE ^{CRUCIAL} POOR EISNER... KILLED BY ONE OF HIS OWN CHARACTERS...

OWN CHARACTER? NONSENSE! IT'S A COINCIDENCE! DO YOU KNOW WHO THE "MONSTER" IS?

NO, DOLAN... WHO?

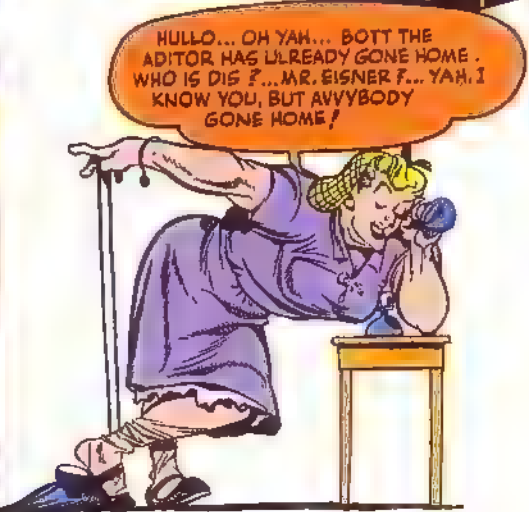


THAT "MONSTER" IS NONE OTHER THAN MADMAN MIKE... A HOMICIDAL MANIAC WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH FOR WEEKS...

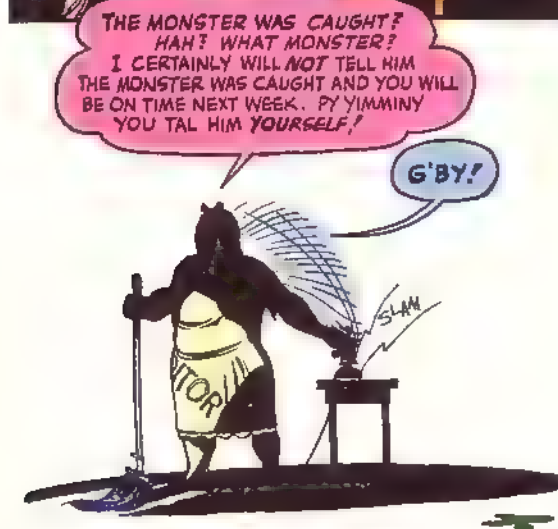


1 MADMAN MIKE CAUGHT BY CARTOONIST
"ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A KE MY HEROES" SAYS BADLY BEATEN CARTOONIST AFTER CAPTURE
MADMAN MIKE

EDITOR
RING!
RING
RING



HULLO... OH YAH... BOTT THE ADITOR HAS ULREADY GONE HOME. WHO IS DIS F... MR. EISNER F... YAH, I KNOW YOU, BUT AVVYBODY GONE HOME!



THE MONSTER WAS CAUGHT? HAH? WHAT MONSTER? I CERTAINLY WILL NOT TELL HIM THE MONSTER WAS CAUGHT AND YOU WILL BE ON TIME NEXT WEEK. PY YIMMINY YOU TAL HIM YOURSELF!

G'BY!



HMPF!
CARTOONISTS IS ALL CHARACTERS PY YIMMINY KAY-RAC-TERS!

NEXT WEEK = THE SPIRIT BRINGS YOU A STORY OF THE DESERT - "LIQUID GOLD"

FLAVORED WERE THE LANDS OF BEN ADIM
BLESSED WERE HIS CATTLE AND HIS WIVES
FOR HIS SONS WERE MANY AND STRONG
AND HIS TENTS COVERED THE LAND OF ASHIB LIKE THE LOCUST
BUT THAT WAS IN THE DAYS OF ISRAEL
WHEN THE TRIBES WHO LEFT THEIR BONDAGE SIGHED WITH ENVY AS THEY TRUDGED PAST TO THE SEA

NOW... ALAS... THAT IS NO MORE
THE ORCHARDS LIE BARREN
AND THE WATERING PLACES HAVE WITHERED AND DRIED
AND WITH THEM THE KINDNESS OF ALLAH
WHO HAS HALTED THE ISSUE OF THE GREAT ALI BEN ADIM

HALT! WHOM
HAVE YOU THERE
IN THAT SACK,
HANASH?

قهرمائي
(AN ENEMY)

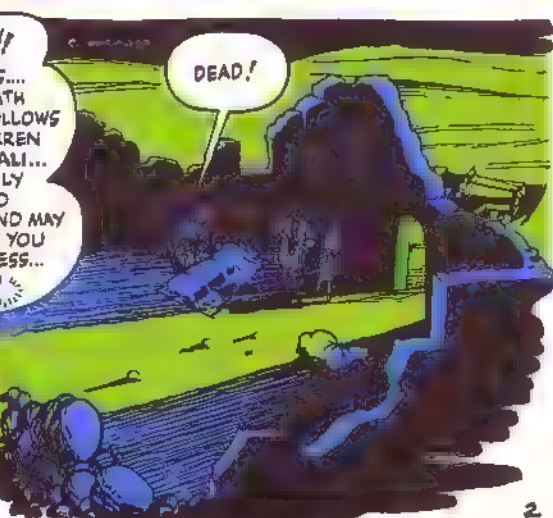
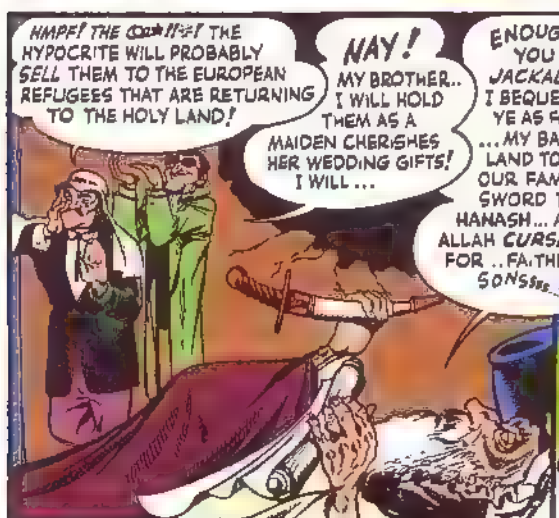
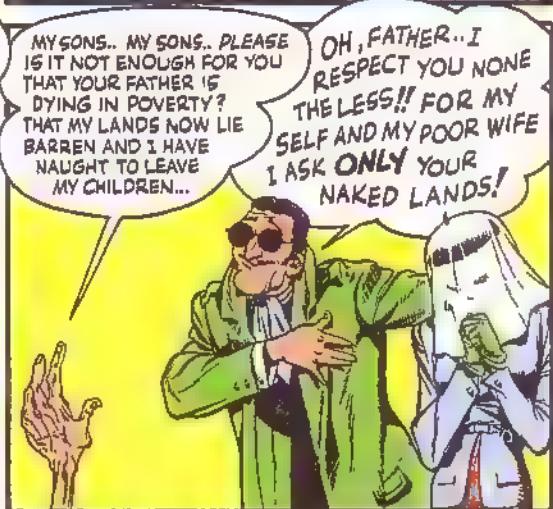
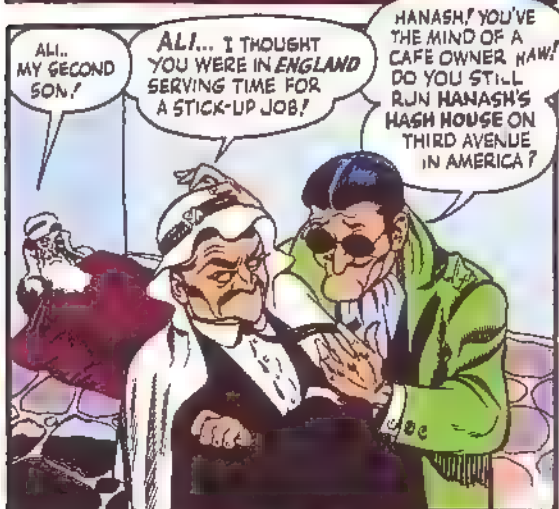
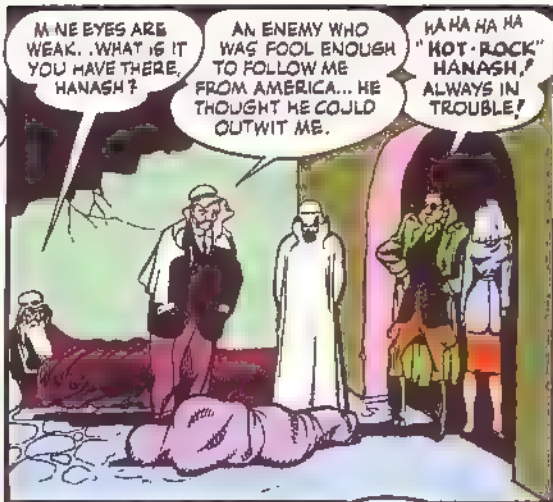
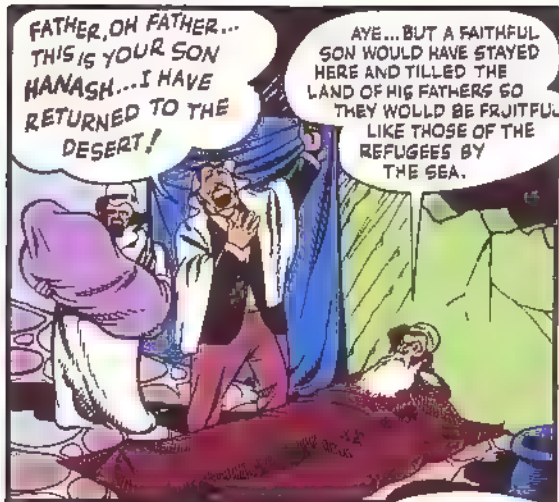
طورش!
(DRIVE FORWARD)

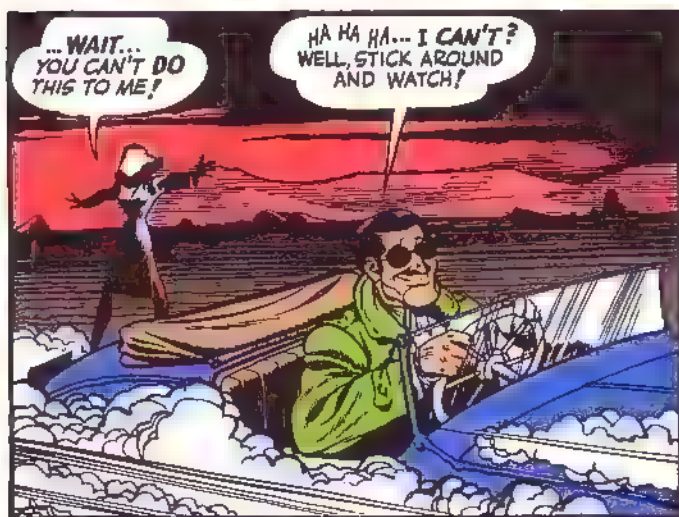
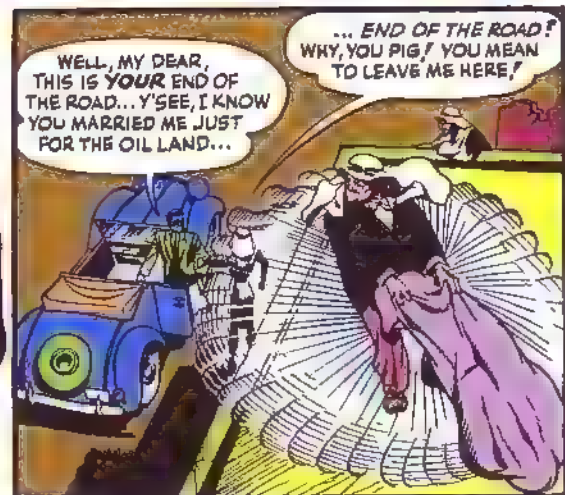
FOR, TODAY
THE **ARAB**ES,
IGNORANT
AND POOR, WORK
FOR THE WESTERN
MEN WHO SUCK
THE BLACK
LIQUID FROM THE
MARROW OF THE
EARTH... A LIQUID
FAR INFERIOR TO
WATER, AND WHICH
THEY CALL
OIL....

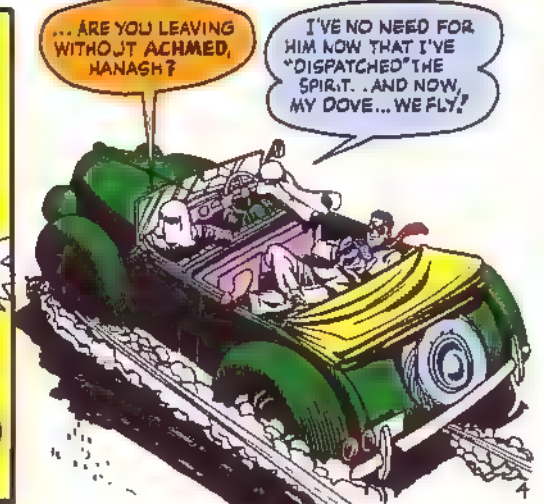
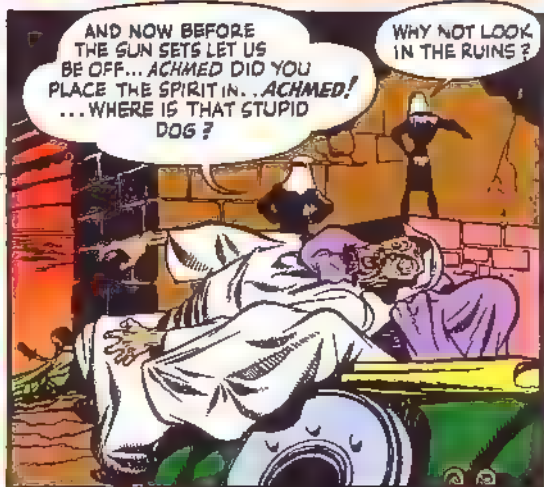
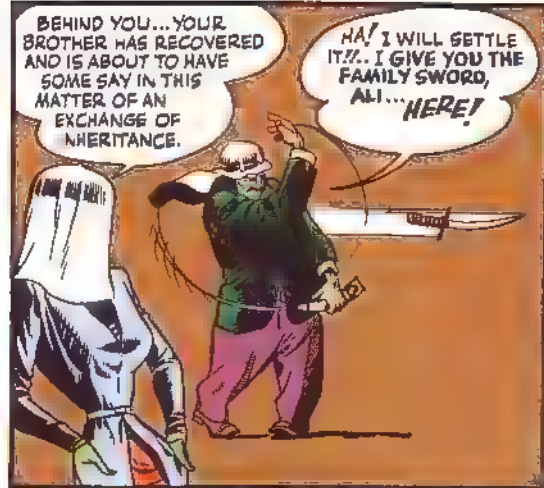
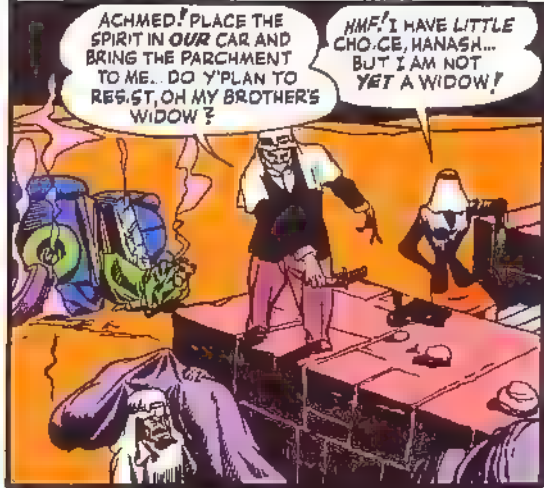
the
الترتر
WILL EISNER

AND SO...
ALL THERE REMAINS
IS ABU BEN ADIM...
THE LAST OF THE
TRIBE....

SHHHH...
ABU BEN ADIM
IS DYING...







AND SO...BY DAWN ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT..

WHY THIS IS THE TOWN OF BACKSNEESH! DO WE DARE GO IN, HANASH?

FEAR NOT THIS WILD TOWN, MY DOVE... I AM WELL KNOWN AMONG THE TRIBES HERE... YOU WILL REMAIN AS MY "GUEST" UNTIL WE SELL THE LAND.

WELL... PERMIT ME TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND WASH AWAY THE DESERT DUST... THEN I WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE HEMISPHERE OIL CO. MAN ..

HEMISPHERE OIL... HMM. A WEALTHY CONCERN... THEY WILL PAY WELL...
7, CHUCKLE

HELLO... HELLO, MR. COUPE! I'M BACK... YES, I HAVE THE MAN AND THE DEED... HE'S STATIONED OUTSIDE MY DOOR... ..O.K. I'LL STALL...

DOWNSTAIRS...

AH... THAT EES FINE, MADAME... JOOS STALL HEEM UNTIL I CAN.

... MAKE FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS .. MERCI BEAUCOUP!

A FEW SECONDS LATER ..

ان جزل (SON OF BOUNTY)

DO NOT SHARE THY HARD-BOUGHT WEALTH WITH A WOMAN!! COME WITH ME... I WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE WHO WILL PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR DEED!

خوش (EXCELLENT)

I AM حرن (THY COMPANION) I MUST GET WHAT I DESERVE!

YES.. THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING ALL ALONG!

I SAY, SP.RIT IS THIS THE BEGGAR YOU'VE BEEN DRAGGING ME ALL OVER ARABY TO CATCH?

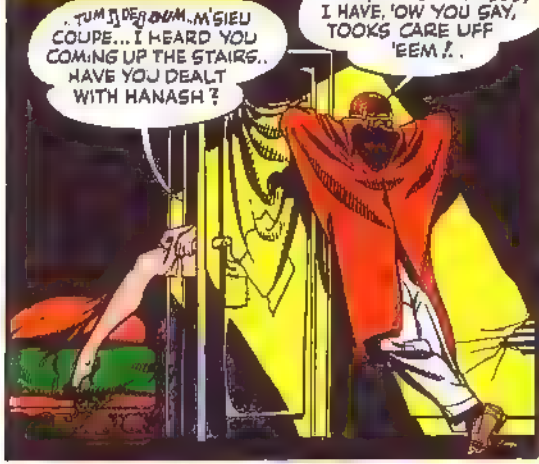
YES.. AND HANG ON TO HIM!

POLICE DEPT
BRITISH CONSUL

5



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



TUM J DEJ DUM... M'SIEU COUPE... I HEARD YOU COMING UP THE STAIRS... HAVE YOU DEALT WITH HANASH?

OH, BUT UFF CUSS! I HAVE, 'OW YOU SAY, TOOKS CARE UFF 'EEM?!



EXCELLENT! NOW COME ALONG AND WE'LL SELL THE DEED... *SHWH!* WHAT A RELIEF TO GET INTO FEMALE CLOTHES AGAIN... THAT VEIL OVER MY FACE ALMOST *CHOKED* ME.

MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT... P'GELL! BOY, HOW THIS GAL GETS AROUND!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



AHEM... AS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FAR EAST OIL SYNDICATE, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT WE ARE UNACCOMMODATED TO WAITING! BESIDES, IF THIS HANASH IS A CRIMINAL IN AMERICA...

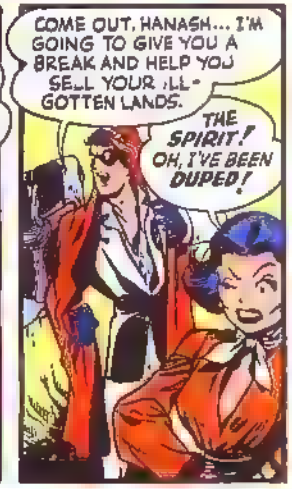
WELL, SIR, THE SPIRIT FELT HE SHOULD BE GIVEN A FAIR BREAK ANYHOW... BEFORE HE'S BROUGHT BACK TO JUSTICE... PATIENCE, PLEASE.

HMPF! *HEWHEERE* OIL'S DIRECTORS WON'T LIKE THIS...

MEANWHILE...

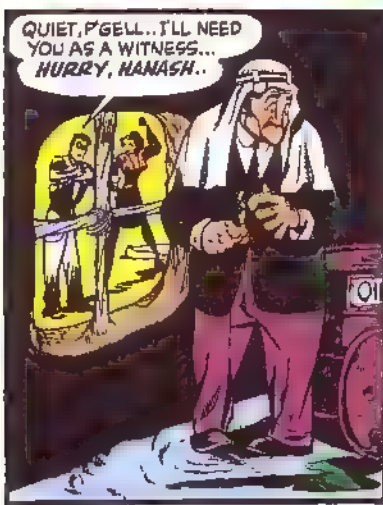


TRICKED BY THAT DOG OF A SPIRIT!.. HOW HE ESCAPED ME IN THE DESERT IS INCRED.

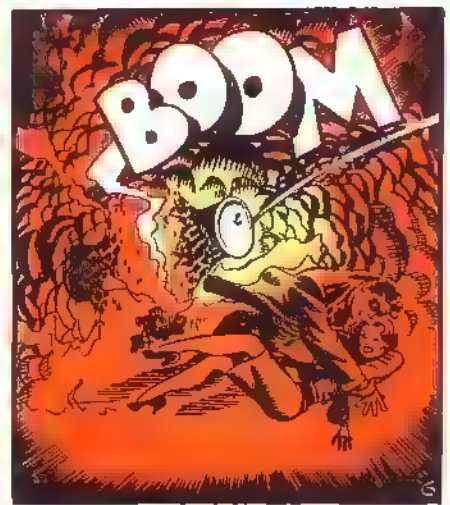


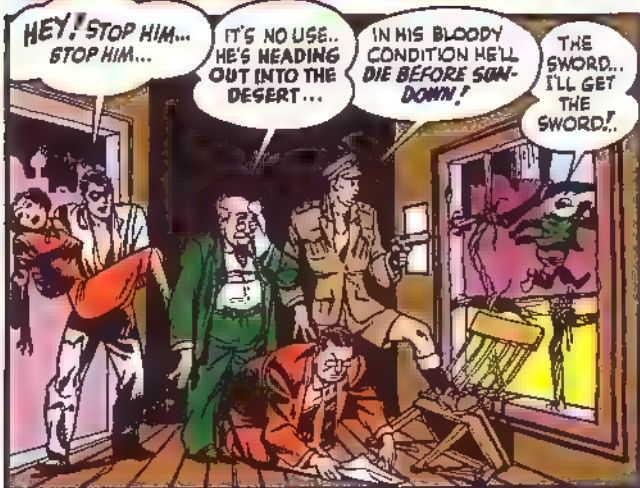
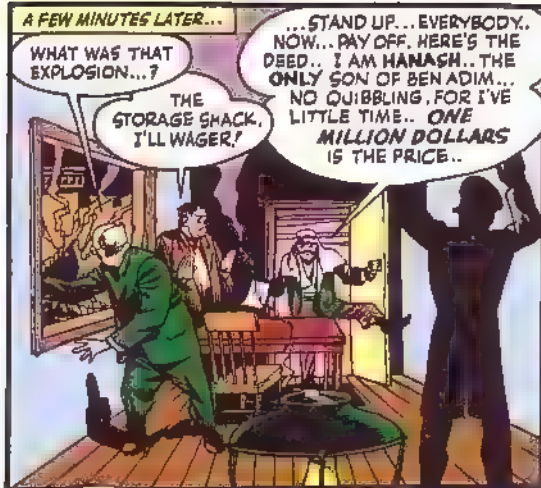
COME OUT, HANASH... I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BREAK AND HELP YOU SELL YOUR 'LL' GOTTEN LANDS.

THE SPIRIT! OH, I'VE BEEN DUPED!



QUIET, P'GELL... I'LL NEED YOU AS A WITNESS... HURRY, HANASH...





... AND SO AS THE STORY IS TOLD BY THE FAKIRS OF BACKSHEESH (FOR A 5 DOLLAR CONSIDERATION, OF COURSE) HANASH WAS TRULY FOUND THE NEXT DAY BY THE SPIRIT... DEAD OF EXHAUSTION IN THE HOT SANDS SOUTH OF THE TOWN... HIS EYES GLAZED AND WITH THE CURSE OF ALLAH UPON THEM... THE SWORD OF BEN ADIM LOST FOREVER...



BUT WAIT... THERE IS MORE*

... WANDERERS IN THAT BARREN WASTE REPORT THAT **SOMEWHERE** IN THE LANDS OF BEN ADIM THERE LIES **ALL THE FIRST SON WHO, WITH THE KNIFE IMBEDDED IN HIM, CRAWLED MANY MILES IN FRANTIC SEARCH OF WATER... FOUND, AT LAST, A TINY HOLE FROM WHICH BUBBLED A LIQUID. HE SCRABBLED FRANTICALLY TO DRINK, ONLY TO FIND... IT... WAS... OIL.**

... AND SO THERE HE DIED...



* THIS LAST WAS PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE OIL COMPANIES STILL INTERESTED IN PURSUING THE SEARCH FOR THE SWORD OF BEN ADIM. SHOULD THIS INFORMATION BE INSTRUMENTAL IN A SUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION WE WOULD OF COURSE (AHEN) BE GRATEFUL (COUGH) FOR A SMALL... ER... TOKEN GIFT... (CASH)

NEXT WEEK..

"Debris"

A HOUSE IS CLEARED BY THE POLICE AND AMID THE DEBRIS A BODY! NO.. TWO BODIES!! AND A STORY OF TORTURE THAT LASTED 30 YEARS!

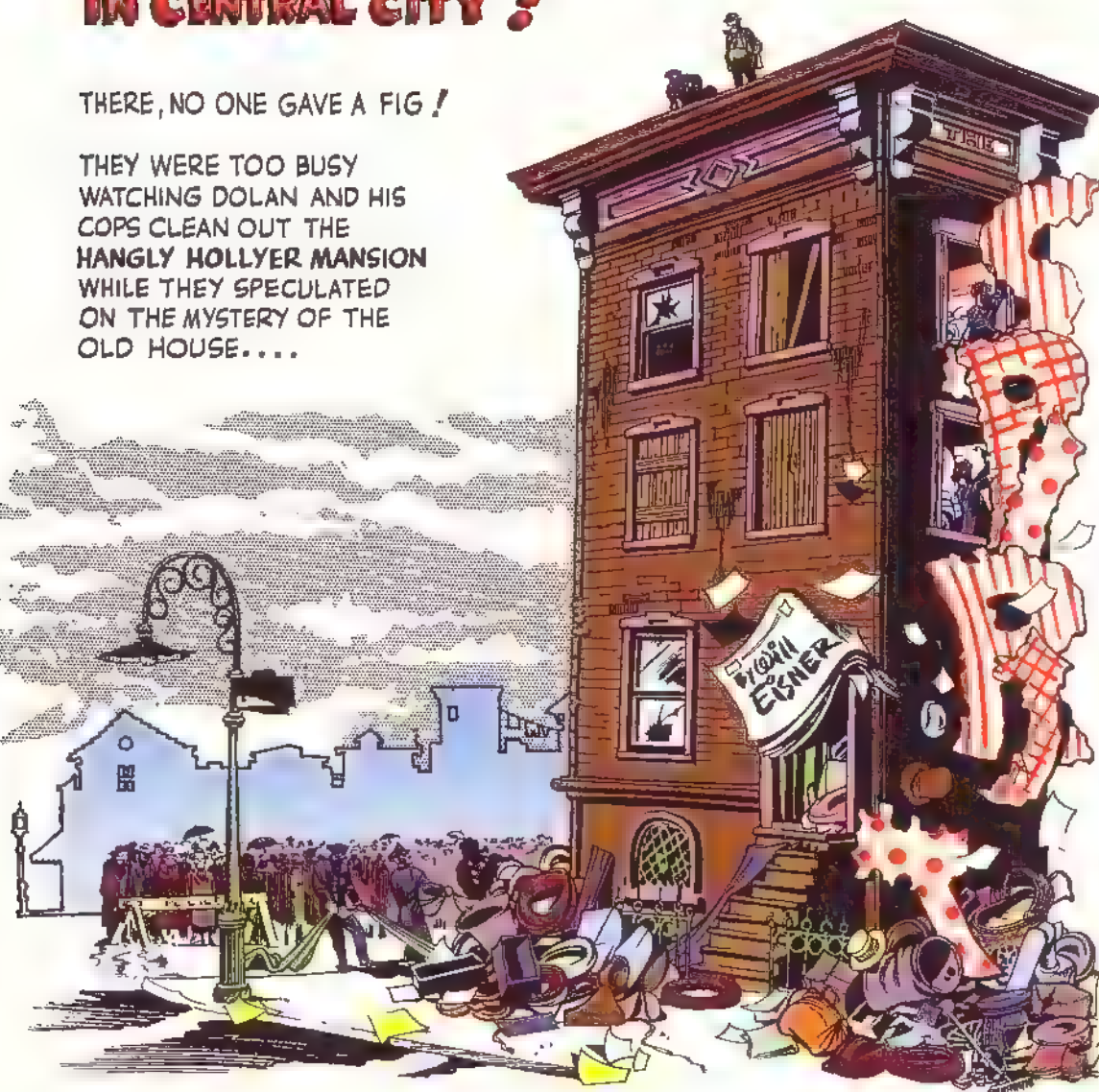
June 22 1947

ON A CERTAIN SPRING DAY NOT SO LONG AGO ... THE MIGHTY NATIONS OF THE WORLD ARRIVED AT ONE OF THOSE CRISES THAT ALMOST FLUNG US INTO ANOTHER WAR. . . . **YES**, WAR HUNG BY A THREAD AND MEN OF GOOD WILL TREMBLED WITH SUSPENSE AS THEY WATCHED THE POLITICAL TRENDS...

BUT NOT IN CENTRAL CITY !

THERE, NO ONE GAVE A FIG !

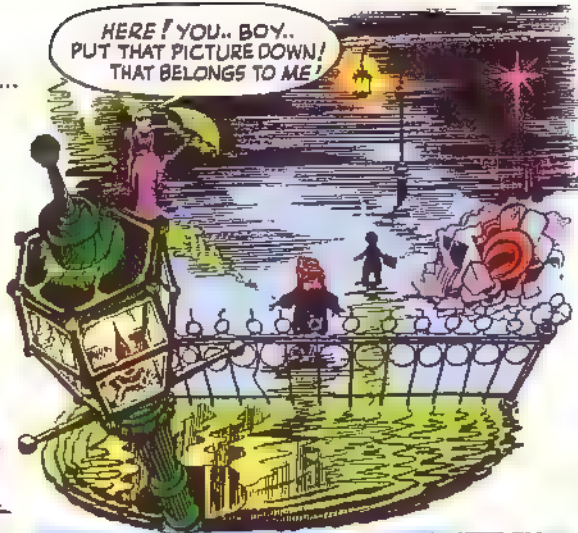
THEY WERE TOO BUSY
WATCHING DOLAN AND HIS
COPS CLEAN OUT THE
HANGLY HOLLYER MANSION
WHILE THEY SPECULATED
ON THE MYSTERY OF THE
OLD HOUSE....



ALL AFTERNOON THE POLICE SEARCHED THE DARK INTERIOR OF THE HOLLYER MANSION ... BY DUSK THE PEOPLE GREW BORED AND LEFT... ALL THAT REMAINED WAS A PILE OF DEBRIS, TWO BOYS, A DOG, AND...

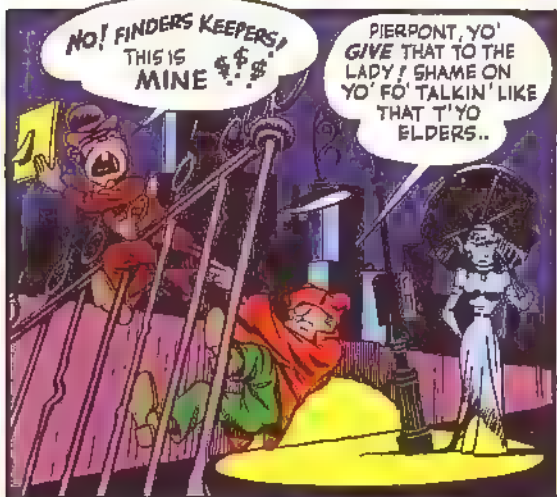


HERE! YOU.. BOY.. PUT THAT PICTURE DOWN! THAT BELONGS TO ME!



NO! FINDERS KEEPERS! THIS IS MINE \$\$\$

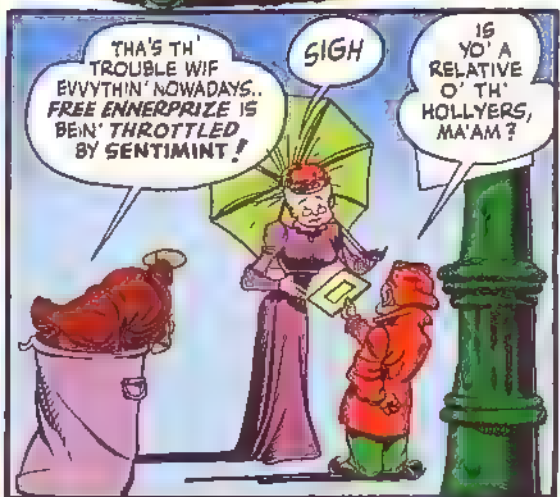
PIERPONT, YO' GIVE THAT TO THE LADY! SHAME ON YO' FO' TALKIN' LIKE THAT T'YO ELDERS..



THA'S TH' TROUBLE WIF EVVYTHIN' NOWADAYS.. FREE INNERPRIZE IS BEIN' THROTTLED BY SENTIMENT!

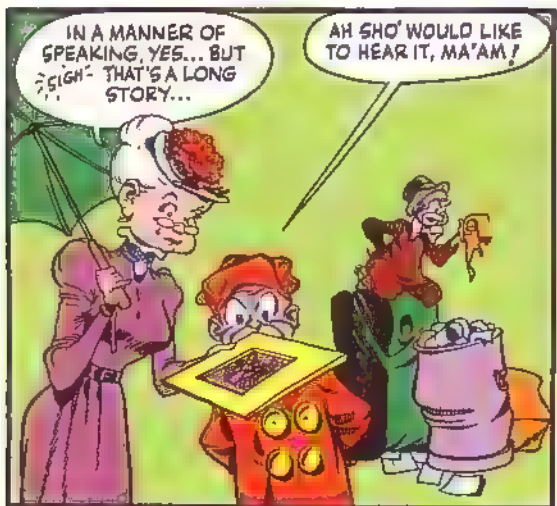
SIGH

IS YO' A RELATIVE O' TH' HOLLYERS, MA'AM?



IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, YES... BUT SIGH- THAT'S A LONG STORY...

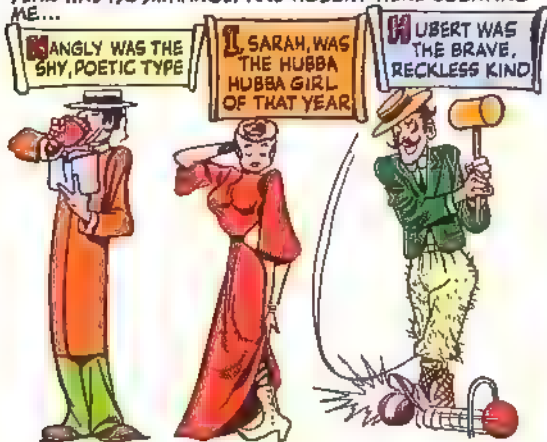
AH SHO' WOULD LIKE TO HEAR IT, MA'AM!



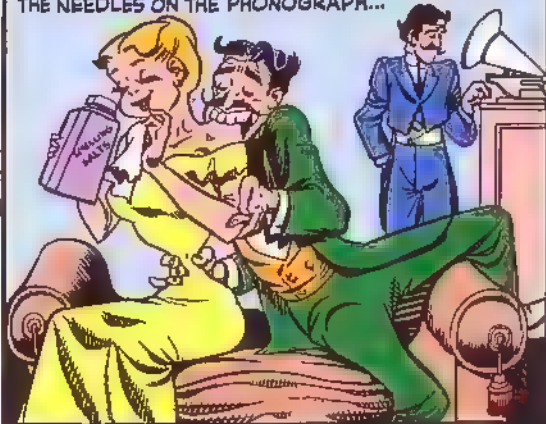
VERY WELL... HERE IS THE TRUE STORY BEHIND THE **HOLLYER MANSION MYSTERY**



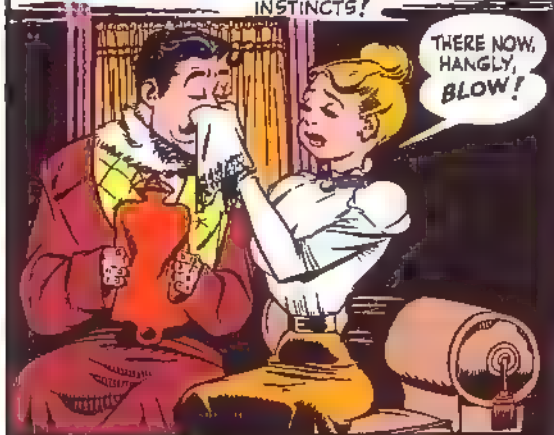
IT ALL BEGAN THE DAY THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN... THE YEAR WAS 1909... HANGLY AND HUBERT WERE COURTING ME...



NATURALLY... I WAS IN LOVE WITH HUBERT... AH-O! BRAVE, RECKLESS HUBERT HOLLYER WOULD MAKE MAD LOVE TO ME WHILE SHY HANGLY CHANGED THE NEEDLES ON THE PHONOGRAPH...



BUT... I WAS ALSO IN LOVE WITH HANGLY! HE APPEALED TO MY MATERNAL INSTINCTS!



AND TO COMPLICATE THINGS FURTHER... BOTH WERE TOO POLITE TO POP THE \$64 QUESTION UNTIL THE OTHER HAD DONE SO FIRST... THE DOPES!



AND SO WE SEESAWED BACK AND FORTH UNTIL ONE DAY BLERIOT FLEW THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND... I GOT AN IDEA...



I SHALL MARRY THE MAN WHO WILL FLY THE CHANNEL FASTER THAN BLERIOT. NOW, WHICH OF YOU WILL?

FEAR NOT, SARAH... I SHALL DO IT OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!



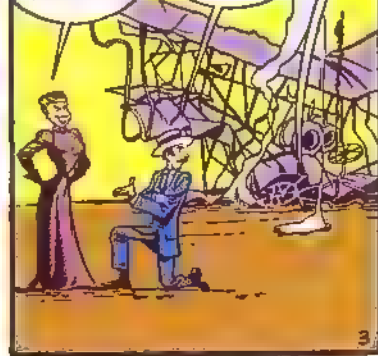
...THAT GAVE ME MY SECOND IDEA...

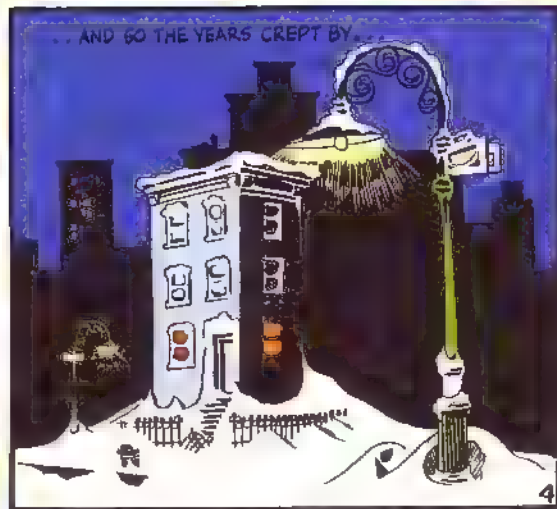
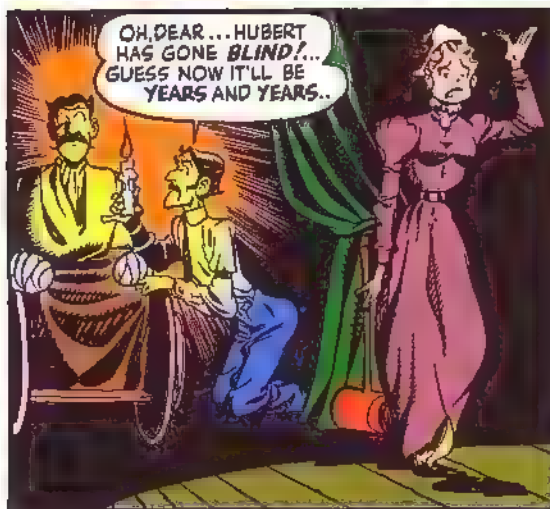
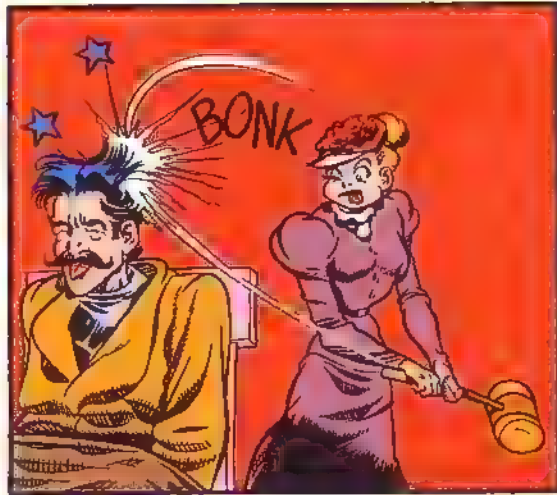
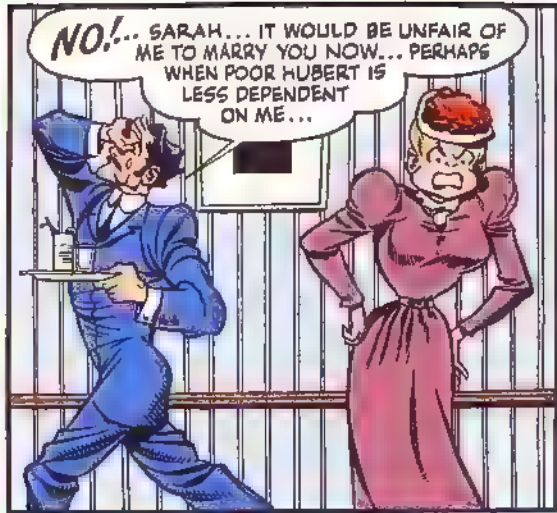
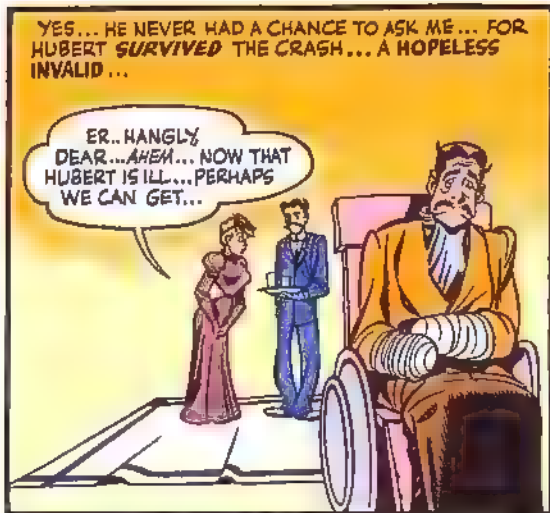


WELL, HANGLY, SINCE HUBERT CRASHED... YOU ARE ALL I HAVE LEFT... ARE YOU GOING TO ASK ME?

SARAH... YES.. ANEM! WILL YOU MM...

WAIT! STOP!





1925

I'll kill myself!!

OH, DEAR... NOT IN HERE PLEASE... MY BROTHER WILL BE FRIGHTENED...

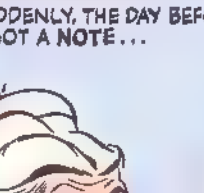
1930...

OH, FUDGE!! IT'S BROKEN!..

A PISTOL... TSK TSK...
BURGLARS WERE
IN HERE... OH,
DEAR! DEAR!

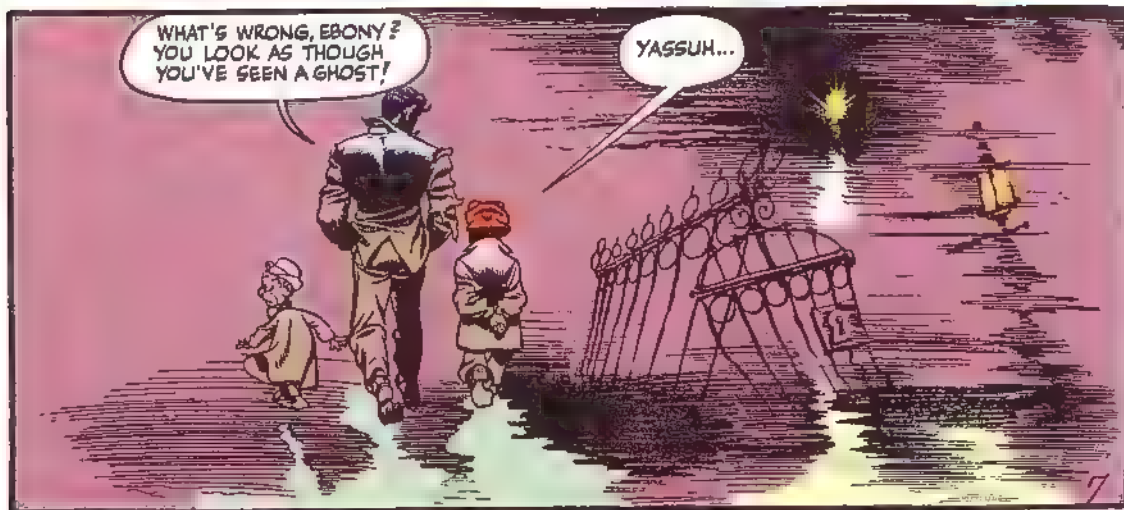
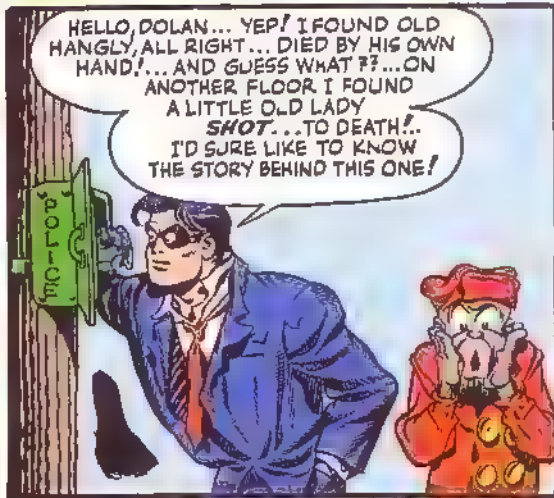
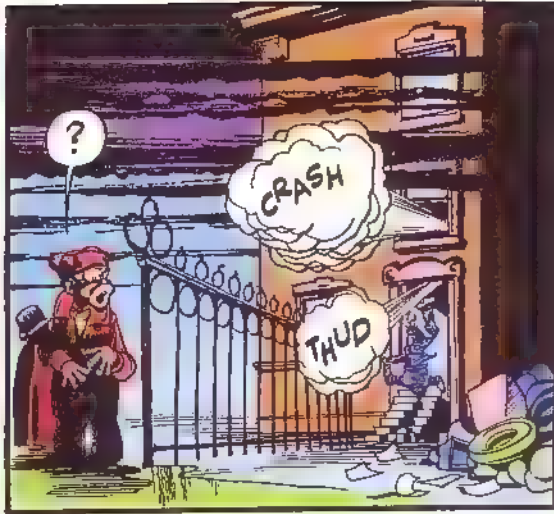
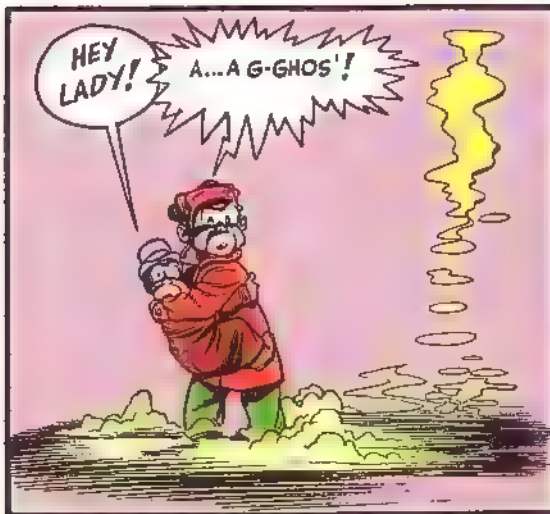
BARRICADE
THE DOORS,
BROTHER
HANGLY!

AND SO I GAVE UP... RESIGNED TO
SPINSTERHOOD...
SUDDENLY, THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY,
I GOT A NOTE...



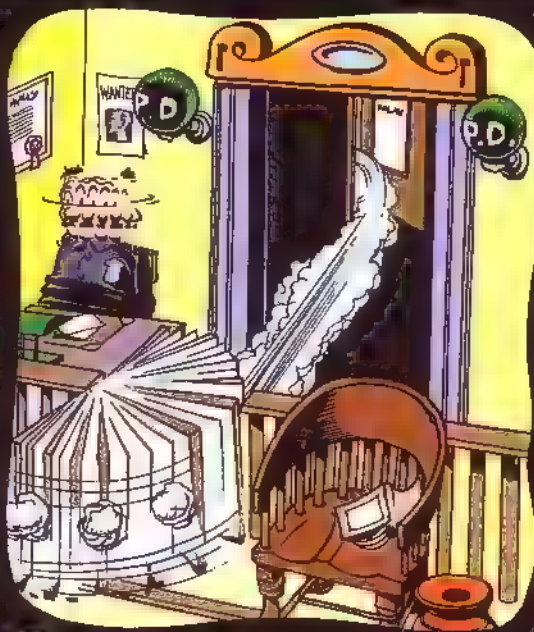
AT LAST...AT LAST,
WE'RE FREE TO MARRY!!

A woman with white hair, wearing a purple dress and yellow boots, is running away from a green teapot. She has a determined expression. The background is a simple orange wall with vertical lines. The teapot is on the floor to her left.



NEXT WEEK

AT GREAT EXPENSE TO THE MANAGEMENT
THE SPIRIT WILL HAVE A GUEST STAR...
THE FAMOUS BARITONE ROBERT MERRILL OF THE
METROPOLITAN OPERA.

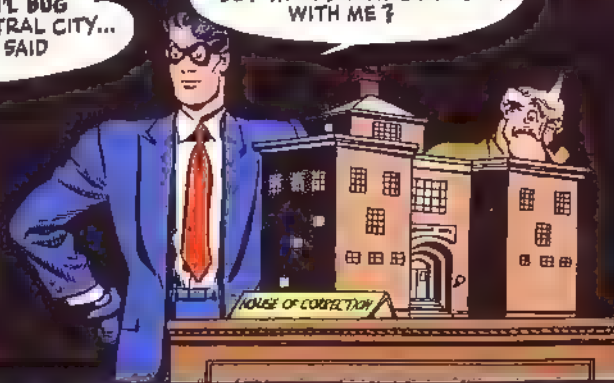


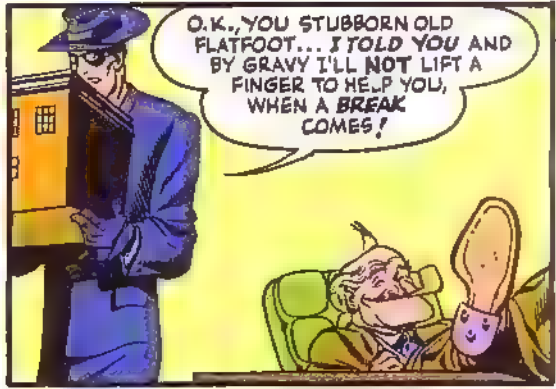
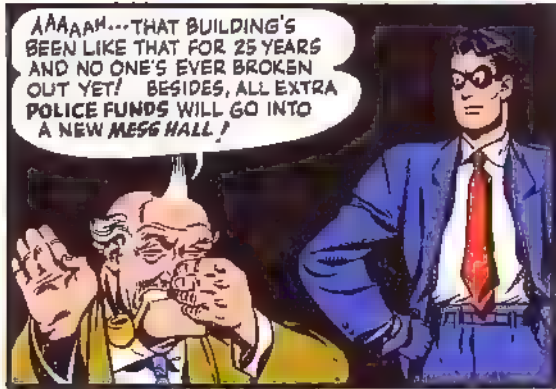
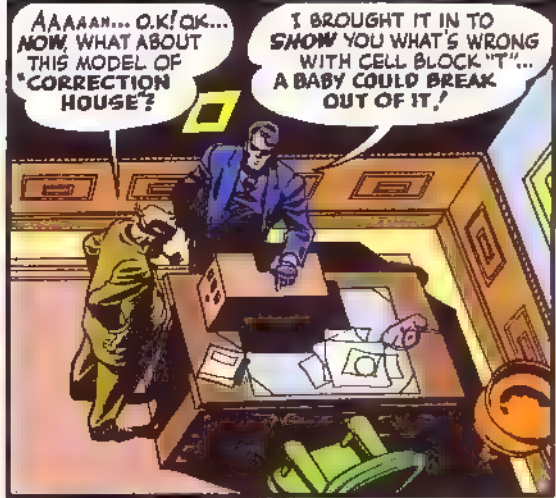
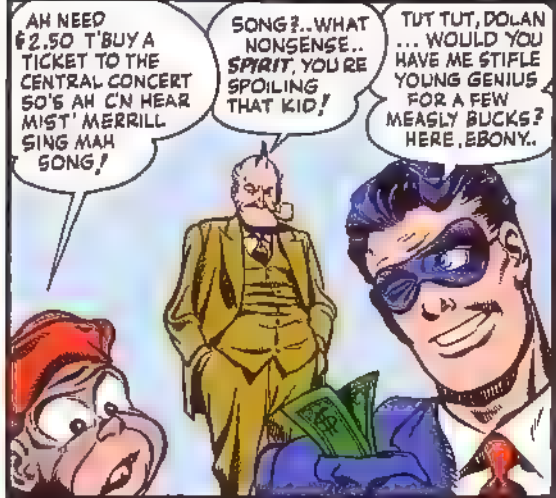
BY WILLEISNER

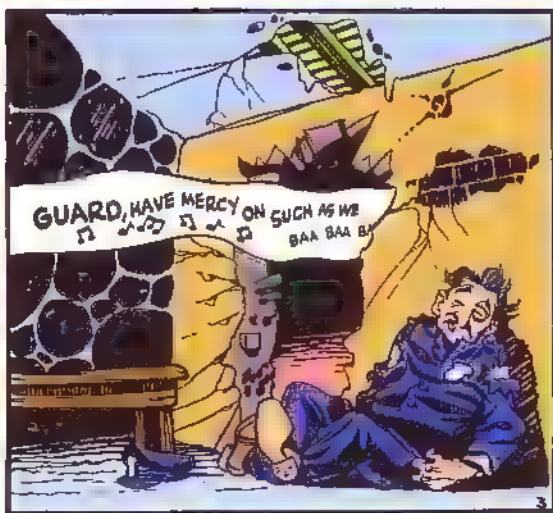
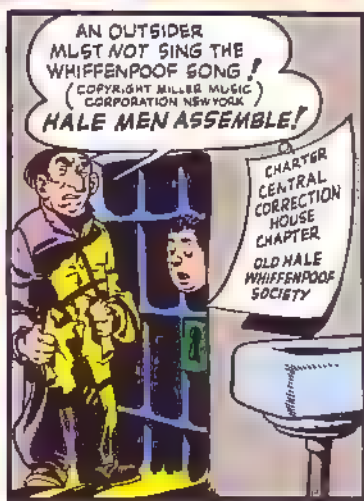
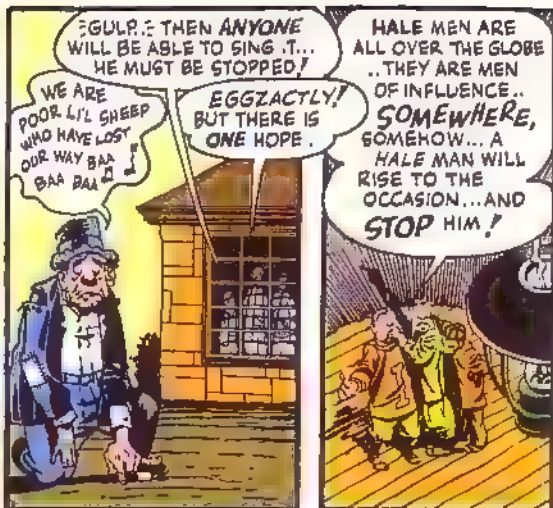
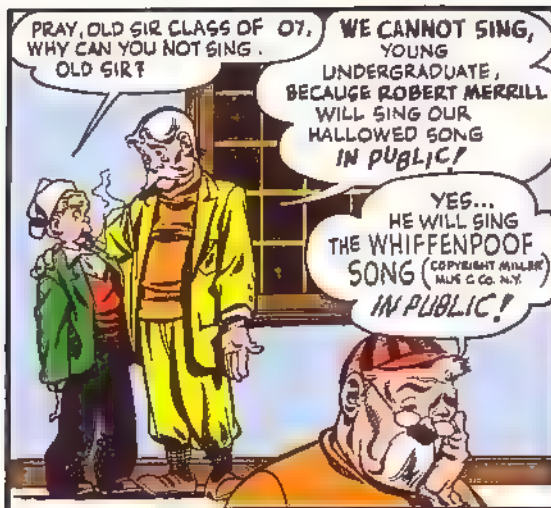


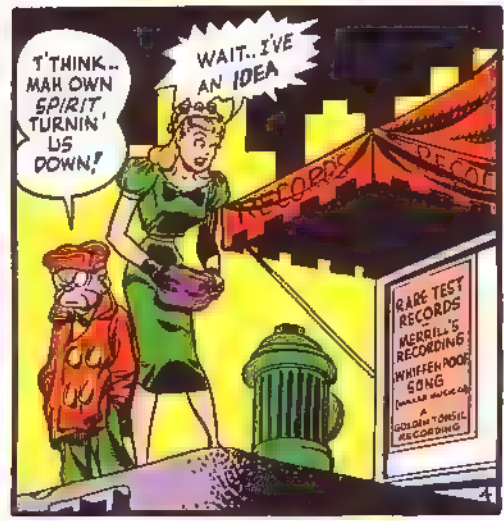
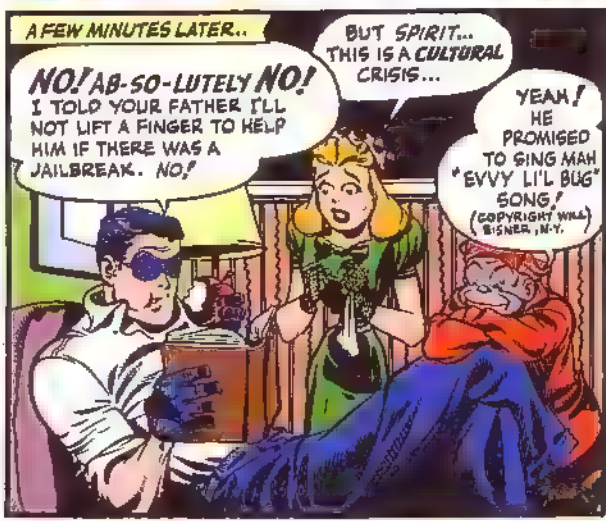
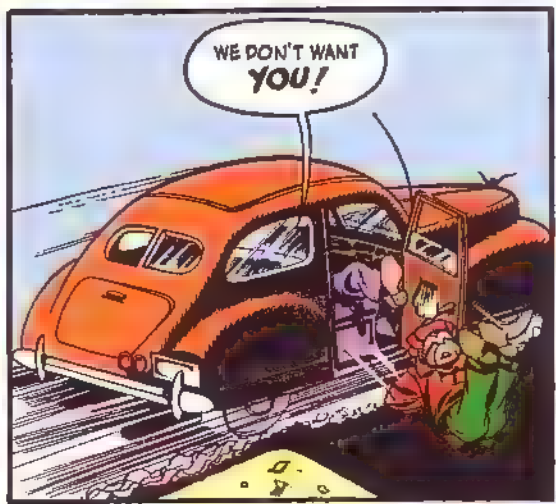
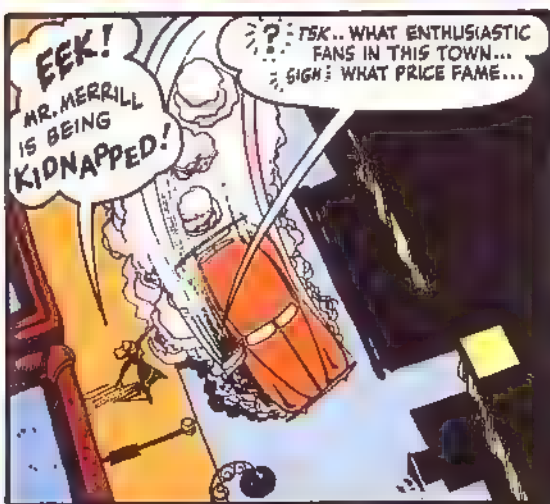
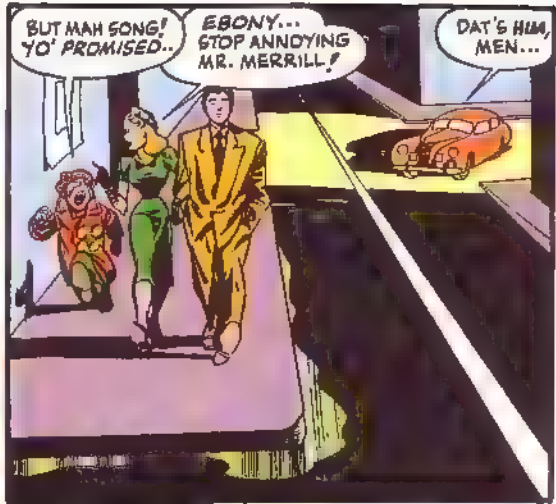
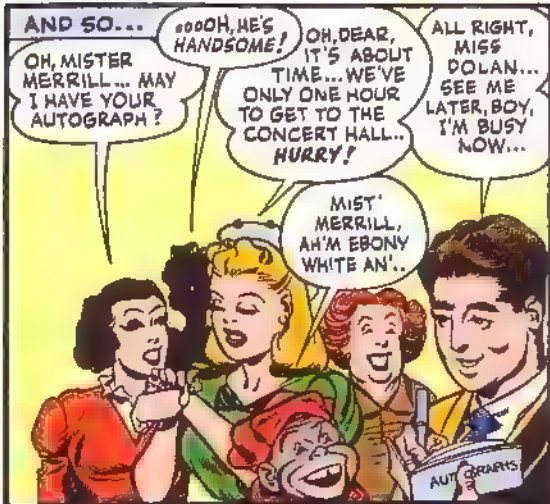
AH WROTE TO MISTUH ROBERT MERRILL,
THE METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR, AN' AGT HIM
IF HE WOULD SING MAH SONG, "EVVY LI'L BUG"
WHEN HE HAS A CONCERT HERE IN CENTRAL CITY...
WELL, ~~HE~~ HE WROTE BACK AND SAID
YES!

HE DID??... WELL, FINE...
BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO
WITH ME?









A FEW MINUTES LATER....

AN TRACED THEIR
LICENCE NUMBER FUM TH'
FILES IN YO' FATHER'S
OFFICE CHUCKLE HEE HEEHEE
IT'S **CAMPUS GOOTCH!**
THE CAR-ROBBER...
THEY HIDE OUT IN THE
WEST SIDE GARAGE!

HELLO..WEST SIDE
GARAGE?. OH, DON'T
DENY IT, CAMPUS GOOTCH!
THIS IS ELLEN DOLAN...
YOU MAY AS WELL
RELEASE MERRILL...
THE SPIRIT IS GOING TO
SING IT INSTEAD!...
LISTEN... HE'S UPSTAIRS
SINGING IT
NOW!

YES!! THE
MAGIC OF
THEIR SINGING

THE SPIRIT! SINGING. AND
JUST LIKE MERRILL, TOO!
TRACE THAT CALL.. WE
GOTTA STOP HIM..

GULP!
GOOTCH
OL MAN..D'YAH
KNOW WHAT
Y'R SAYIN'?.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

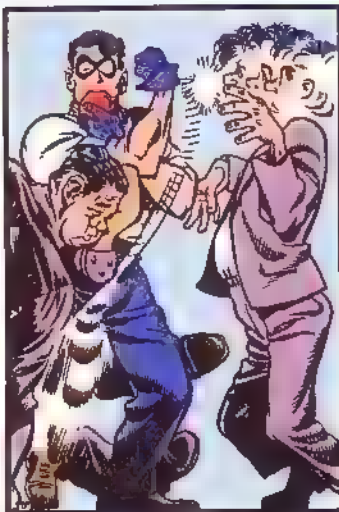
BUT TRIGGER FINGERS! THIS
IS FOR HALE..DEAR OL' IVY HALE!

NOW
GIVE HIM A
"LOCOMOTIVE"!!

**RACKETY RAX
RACKETY RAX**
GIVE 'IM THE AXE THE AXE

...O.K. SPIRIT..
GO I APOLOG ZE
FOR SNEERIN' ABOUT
THE WEAK JAIL WALL..
P-L-E-A-S-E HELP US..
I'M LOOKING VERY
FOOLISH DOWN
HERE..

I WILL HAVE
NOTHING
TO DO WITH THE
MATTER..
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING,
DOLAN!



POLICE HEADQUARTERS

GET CELL 54 READY,
WARDEN! I'LL.. AHEM!
I'LL HAVE THEM IN
BY MIDNIGHT!

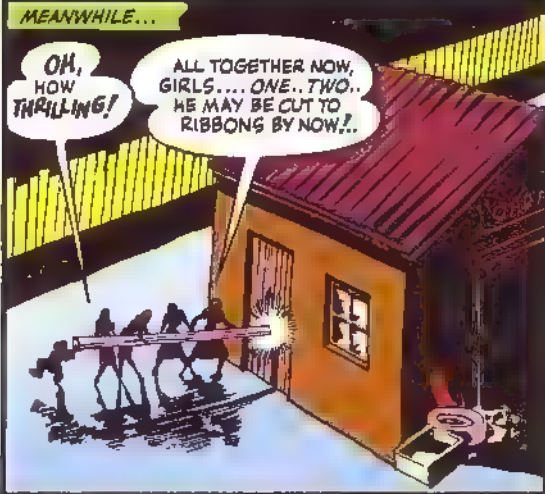
THUD
SOCK
OOOOOF!
OWA*??



MEANWHILE...

OH,
HOW
THRILLING!

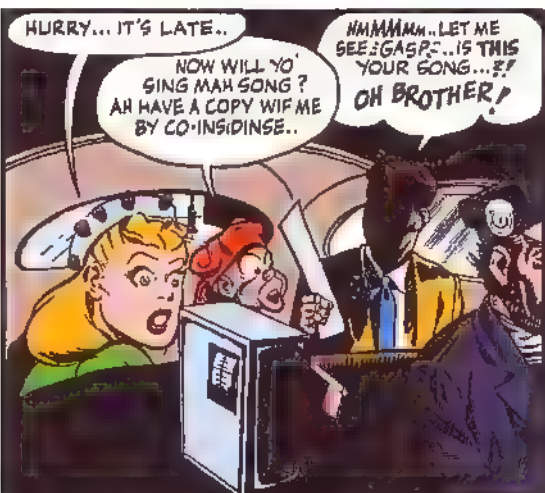
ALL TOGETHER NOW,
GIRLS... ONE.. TWO..
HE MAY BE CUT TO
RIBBONS BY NOW!..



HURRY... IT'S LATE..

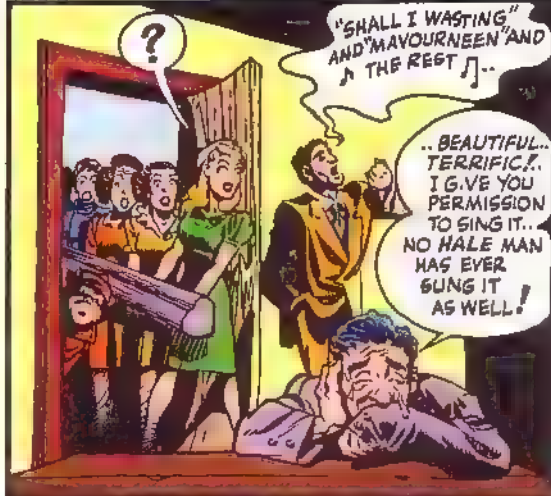
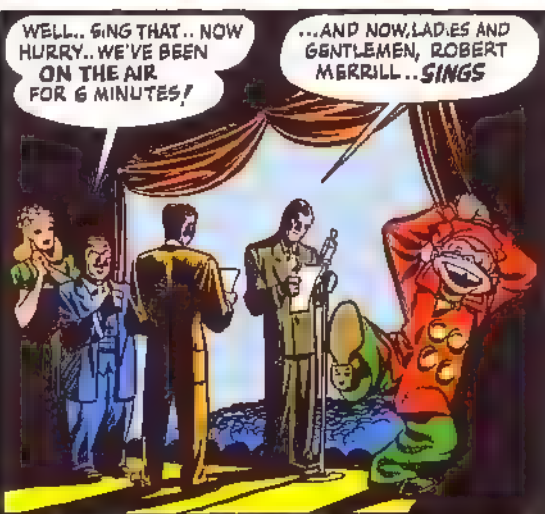
NOW WILL YO
SING MAH SONG ?
AH HAVE A COPY WIF ME
BY CO-INSIDINSE..

HHMMMM..LET ME
SEE:GASP:..IS THIS
YOUR SONG...?!
OH BROTHER!



WELL.. SING THAT .. NOW
HURRY.. WE'VE BEEN
ON THE AIR
FOR 6 MINUTES!

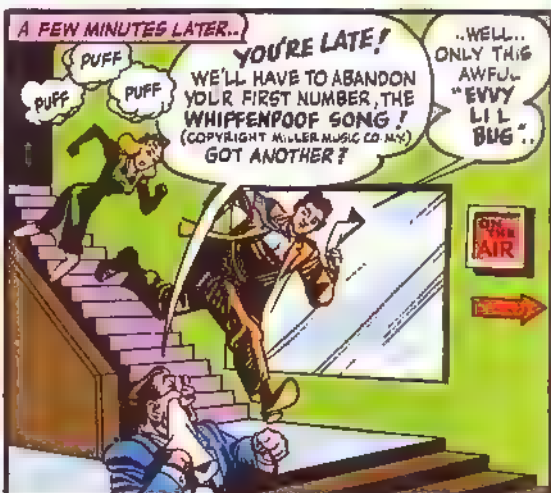
...AND NOW,LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, ROBERT
MERRILL ..SINGS



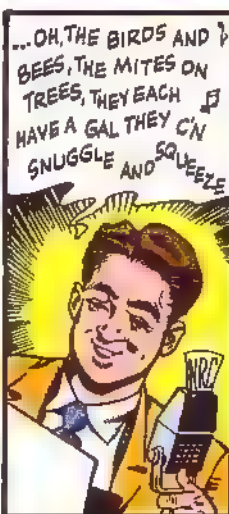
A FEW MINUTES LATER..

YOU'RE LATE!
WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON
YO'R FIRST NUMBER, THE
WHIFFENPOOF SONG !
(COPYRIGHT MILLER MUSIC CO. NY)
GOT ANOTHER?

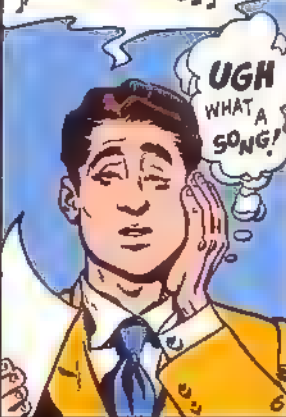
..WELL... ONLY THIS
AWFUL
"EVVY
LIL
BUG"..



...OH,THE BIRDS AND
BEES,THE MITES ON
TREES,THEY EACH
HAVE A GAL THEY C'N
SNUGGLE AND SQUEEZE



OH, EV-RY LITTLE
BUG HAS A MONEY TO HUG
BUT ME



WHERE'S 'GASHER'?
DID HE ESCAPE?

NAH!
THE RAT LET
MERRILL ESCAPE..
GRR!! I'LL BASH
HIS POINTED
HEAD IN!

SHHH...
MERRILL IS
ONNA AIR...
BRRRAK!
WHAT A
AWFUL
SONG
HE'S SINGIN'!

OH EVERY
LITTLE BUG
HAS A MONEY
TO HUG

HULLO... FELLERS
THE SPIRIT JUST
DRAGGED ME IN..

WHY, YOU
TRAITOR!

GRRR... IF IT
WUZZN'T FER
THE FACK THAT
MERRILL IS
SINGIN' THIS
CORNY SONG
INSTEAD...

NATURALLY...Y'SEE,
I KNEW ALL THE
TIME HE WAS LATE
FOR THE PROGRAM
AND...

WAIT!

LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN....
THE
WHIFFENPOOF
SONG
(COPYRIGHT MILLER MUSIC CO.)

OH YOU
DOUBLE-CROSSER!

FROM THE TABLES
DOWN AT MORREY'S

CHEE...AIN'T
THAT
BEEYOOTIFUL

THE DEEP-
DOWN SENTIMENT
ALMOST MAKES
ME FEEL SORRY
WE SLUGGED
GASHER...

YES, MEMBERS OF
THE WHIFFENPOOF SOCIETY.
OLD HALE CHAPTER, YES...
THE MAGIC OF MERRILL'S
SINGING OF THE SONG WE
LOVE SO WELL...

MAKES US
THINK PERHAPS
WE SHOULD SPREAD
OUT THIS GOOD OL'
FELLOWSHIP FOR
EVERYONE TO
ENJOY...

SURE..
PEASANTS
LIKE MUSIC TOO

WE WILL SERENADE OUR LOOIE...

...WHILE THE LIGHTS
ARE BURNING LOW... THEN
WE'LL DIE AND BE FORGOTTEN
LIKE THE REST...

NEXT WEEK A MIGHTY
TREMENDOUS
STORY OF A MAN...

A VERY SMALL MAN

IN A VERY
SMALL IDEA
ABOUT THE
BIGGEST THING
IN THE WORLD

BUT... HE FORGOT IT
DON'T MISS THE
SPIRIT
IN THE
Last Thought...

COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

WANTED

July 6 1947

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

WANTED



(MORTIMER J. TITMOUSE 5 FT 5 1/2 INCHES TALL OF SLIGHT BUILD LIGHT
HAIR, NEARSIGHTED, NERVOUS TWITCH OF RIGHT EYE (BOTH EYES ARE GREY))

WE ARE EMPLOYING OUR SPACE THIS WEEK
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THIS CIVILIZATION
WHICH, IN OUR OWN OPINION, IS CERTAINLY
DOOMED UNLESS THIS MAN IS FOUND AT ONCE!

(ANY INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
MR. TITMOUSE SHOULD BE COMMUNICATED AT ONCE
TO COMMISSIONER DOLAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS
CENTRAL CITY, OHIO)

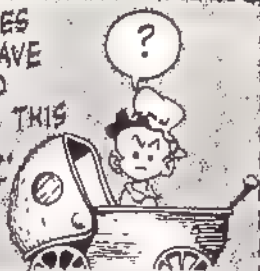
WILL EISNER

SPIRIT

BEFORE THIS STORY BEGINS, WE WOULD LIKE (OUT OF CONSIDERATION FOR OUR REGULAR PATRONS) TO WARN AWAY THOSE READERS WHO MAY FALL INTO THE FOLLOWING CATEGORIES:



...NOW, THAT LEAVES ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE NOT HEARD OR READ ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS IN THEIR WHOLE LIFE... OR, TYPE C:



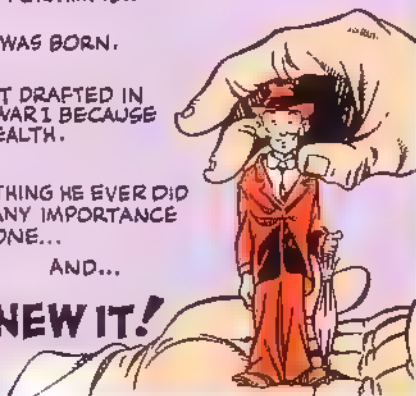
AND SO, WHILE ALL THOSE "a"s AND "b"s SHUFFLE TO THE NEAREST EXIT (OR TURN TO THE FINANCIAL PAGES) WE ASK THE "c" GROUP TO COME IN CLOSER AND MAKE A CIRCLE ABOUT US WHILE WE TELL YOU OF MORTIMER J. TITMOUSE AND THE **LOST THOUGHT!**

IF ALL THE NEW ARRIVALS UPON EARTH MORTIMER J. TITMOUSE WAS PROBABLY THE LEAST UNUSUAL ... AND THE MOST ONE COULD SAY FOR HIM IS..

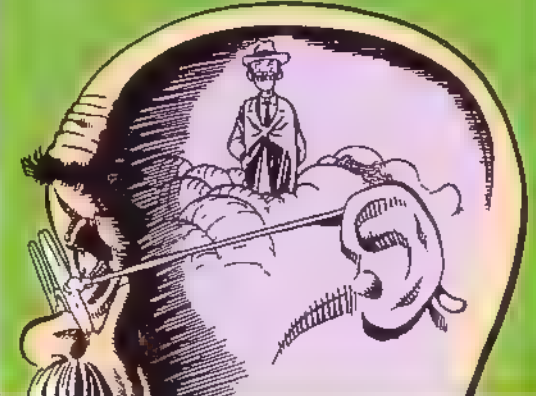
- 1- THAT HE WAS BORN.
- 2- HE WASN'T DRAFTED IN WORLD WAR I BECAUSE OF ILL HEALTH.
- 3- THAT NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS OF ANY IMPORTANCE TO ANYONE...

AND...

HE KNEW IT!



...AND DEEP IN MORTIMER'S BRAIN LAY A TINY STONE OF HIS INCOMPETENCE WHICH, TRY AS HE MIGHT, WOULD NEVER LET HIM FORGET!!



THEN CAME WORLD WAR II ... AND SEEING A CHANCE TO BE OF SOME IMPORTANCE, HE GOT A JOB IN AN ATOMIC PLANT...

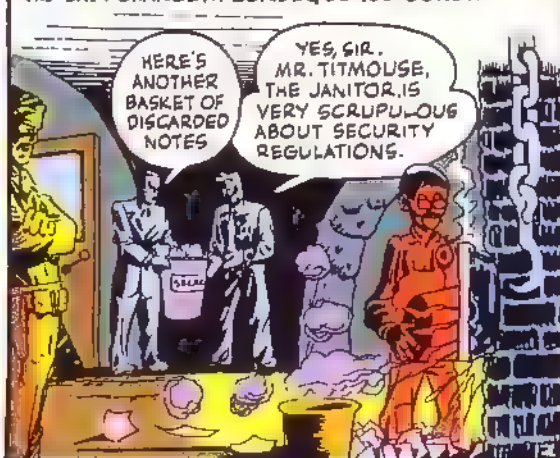
SURE, BEING A JANITOR IS IMPORTANT... EVERYTHING ON THE KNICKERBOCKER PROJECT IS IMPORTANT... HERE'S Y'R BROOM...

Y SEE, IT'S JUST...

NEXT



...AND SO... MORTIMER WAS BACK AGAIN... HIS LAST CHANCE AT CONSEQUENCE GONE...



...SO THE DAYS FLEW BY...

AND TO KEEP FROM BEING BORED, MORTIMER BEGAN TO MEMORIZE THE LITTLE NOTES ON THE SCRAPS OF PAPER HE THREW AWAY

IN THE EVENING, HE'D JOT DOWN THE REJECTED FORMULA OR FRUITLESS EQUATION FROM MEMORY. AND AS AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST HIS HOPELESS FUTURE, HE WOULD INNOCENTLY PRETEND THAT HE, TOO, WAS DEVELOPING AN ATOMIC BOMB...

HEH HEH YOU KNOW... JUST FOR FUN

WELL, NATURALLY, HE NEVER QUITE MADE IT AND SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE WAR ENDED....

MORTIMER... I'M SORRY TO NOTIFY YOU THAT THE KNICKERBOCKER PROJECT HAS FAILED... THE MANHATTAN PROJECT WAS THE SUCCESSFUL APPROACH...

OH, YOU SEE.. ALL IMPORTANT PERSONNEL WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO OAK RIDGE.. **YOU'RE RELEASED!**

BUT.. WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME? I'M JUST THE JANITOR..

...AND SO, THAT NIGHT, POOR MORTIMER BEGAN TO PACK AND, FOR THE LAST TIME, HE SHUFFLED HIS LITTLE BITS OF PAPER TOGETHER...

SIGH! MY LITTLE GAME WAS SO MUCH FUN.. I FELT SO IMPOR...

...AM I DREAMING?

I'LL CHECK IT AGAIN..AND AGAIN!

GULP! I'VE GOT IT!!

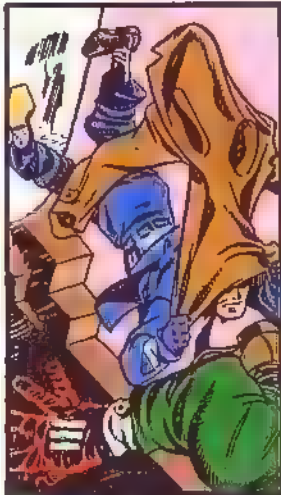
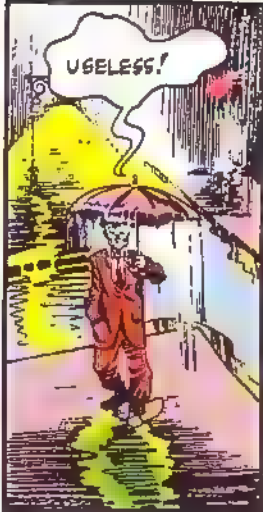
I'VE GOT THE FORMULA FOR AN ATOMIC BOMB AND **IT WORKS!**

I'LL BE FAMOUS! I'LL BE THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN AMERICA...

BARBER

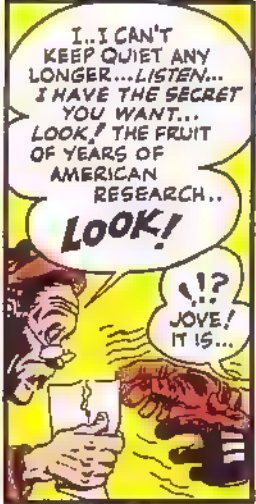
A FEW HOURS LATER..

MY DEAR MAN...EVEN IF YOU DO HAVE...(AND I DOUBT IT) WE'D HARDLY BE INTERESTED...AMERICA HAS ALREADY GOT ONE!... YOU'RE SPENDING YOUR TIME USELESSLY !!

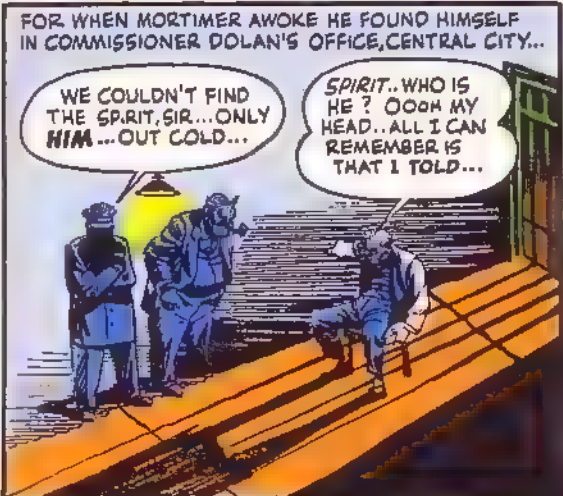
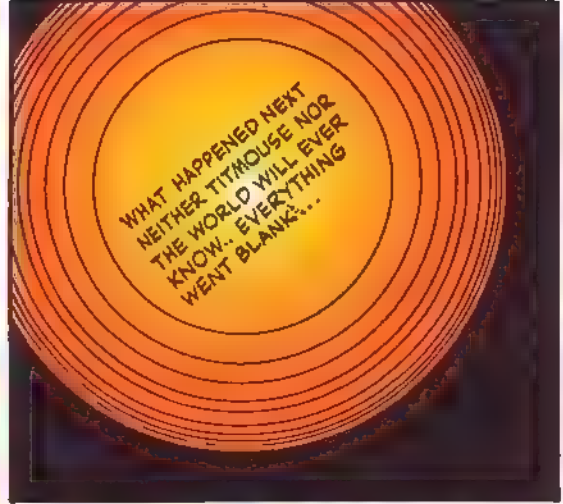




YES!
I KNOW OF
A SMALL BUT
POWERFUL
COUNTRY
WHO'D GIVE...
... WHY?



!!?
JOVE!
IT IS...

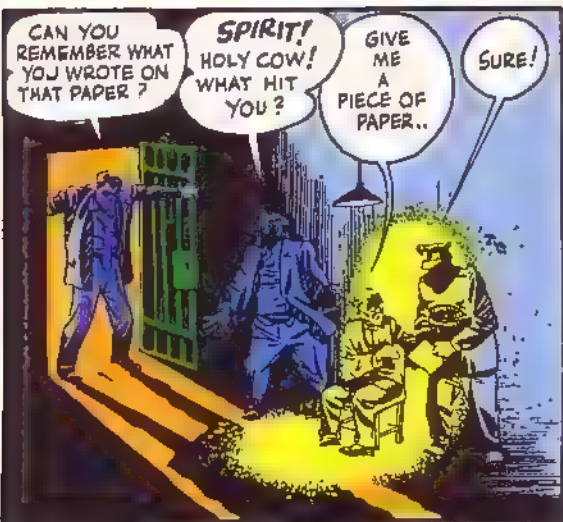


WE COULDN'T FIND
THE SP.RIT,SIR...ONLY
HIM...OUT COLD...

SPIRIT..WHO IS
HE? OOH MY
HEAD...ALL I CAN
REMEMBER IS
THAT I TOLD...



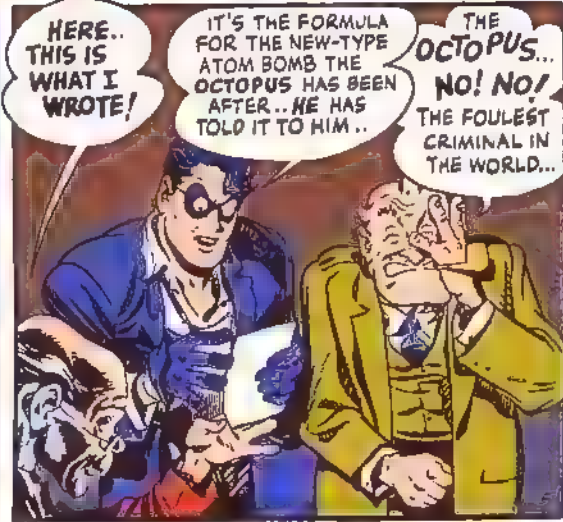
I.. I CAN'T
REMEMBER...
TRY AS I
MIGHT... I
CAN'T



SPIRIT!
HOLY COW!
WHAT HIT
YOU?

GIVE
ME
A
PIECE OF
PAPER..

SURE!



IT'S THE FORMULA
FOR THE NEW-TYPE
ATOM BOMB THE
OCTOPUS HAS BEEN
AFTER..HE HAS
TOLD IT TO HIM..

THE
OCTOPUS...
NO! NO!
THE FOULEST
CRIMINAL IN
THE WORLD...



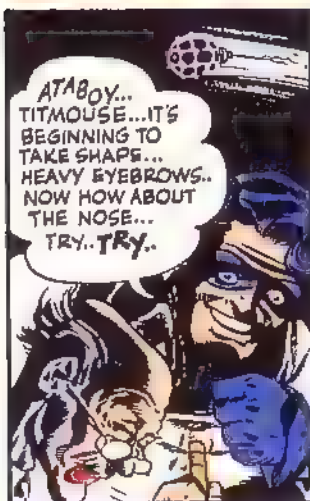
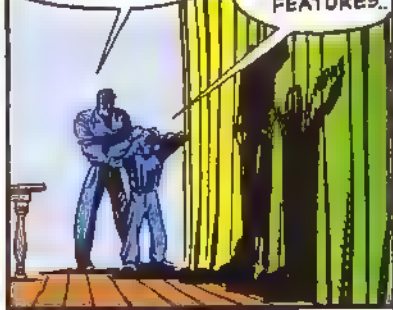
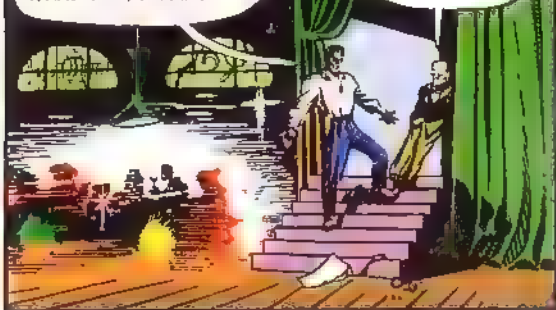
LATER...

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TITMOUSE... TRY TO REMEMBER HIS FACE... YOU GAVE AMERICA'S SECRET TO THE OCTOPUS!! CAN'T YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS?

SIGH... I'VE GONE OVER THIS OLD CAFÉ WITH YOU A HUNDRED TIMES... I DON'T RECOGNIZE A SOUL...

LISTEN, TITMOUSE, HE'S HERE... I'M CERTAIN OF IT... CAN YOU DRAW? TRY TO DRAW A PICTURE OF HIM... **ANYTHING!**

I... I'LL TRY... CAN'T DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE, BUT I CAN DIAGRAM HIS FEATURES.



AND SO... POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

AND WHEN I CAME TO, THEY WERE **GONE**... I KNOW IT WAS THE OCTOPUS WHO THREW THE GRENADE... OOOO, WHAT A DOPE! **I'M A FINE HERO! FOOEY!**

...HMMM... THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE BY NOW... AND IT COULD BE ANY COUNTRY THEY'RE GIVING IT TO... SOMEHOW I FEEL LIKE A GUY WHO WENT TO A FORTUNE TELLER... AND WAS TOLD... HE'S GOING... TO DIE!



AND SOMEWHERE...SOMEWHERE ON THIS TATTERED GLOBE WALKS MORTIMER
TITMOUSE... AT LARGE WITH PROBABLY THE GREATEST, MOST DEADLY SECRET ANY
ONE MAN EVER POSSESSED... CAN WE GET TO HIM IN TIME ?

WILL HE BE FOUND BEFORE
THE THEORY BECOMES A REALITY
AND THE REALITY A
LARGE EXPLOSION THAT
WILL REDUCE US TO A SMUDGE ?

ER... BY THE WAY... DOES ANYONE KNOW
HOW THE DODGERS MADE OUT IN
YESTERDAY'S DOUBLE HEADER ?



NEXT WEEK / The **SPRIT** FAVORITE **FAIRY TALES** for JUVENILE DELINQUENTS
Presents his ... SOMETHING
DIFFERENT IN COMICS

**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

**THE SPIRIT'S FAVORITE FAIRY TALES
FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENTS: HANZEL
UND GRETTEL**

July 13 1947

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



Hänzel und Gretel

THIS IS A PUBLIC SERVICE FEATURE AND IS BASED UPON THE REQUESTS OF PUBLIC-MINDED CITIZENS WHO FEEL THAT JUVENILE CRIME IS LARGELY A RESULT OF DEFICIENCY IN THE WHOLESOME LITERATURE WE USED TO ENJOY. THE AUTHOR (WHO BELIEVES 'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER) IS GLAD TO COOPERATE. HE HOPES TO "REACH" THOSE STRAYED LITTLE LAMBS AND PERHAPS FILL A GAP IN THEIR TWISTED LIVES.

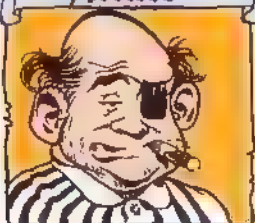
✿ This adaptation has the approval of the Waterfront Protective A.C. and Social Club and is heartily indorsed by its president, Jake the Goon, who has just signed a long-term contract with the state.



O

nce upon a time there lived, in Central City, a poor hijacker named FOSGNOV SLASH... he had come upon hard times and so lived in abject poverty with his two children and their stepmother, a former première danseuse at the Gaiety, named MINNIE the MINK.

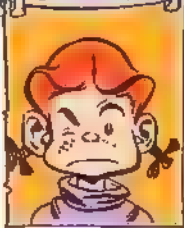
Father



Hänzel



Gretel



Stepmother



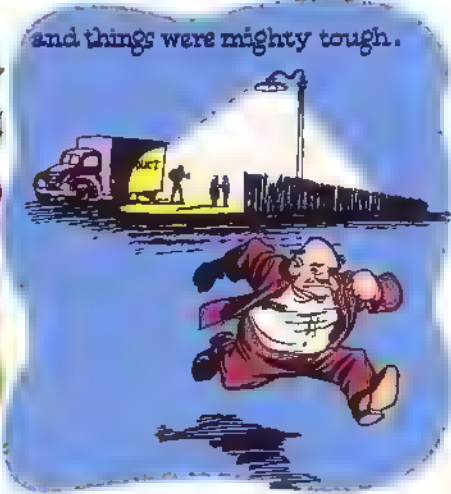
Papa Fosgnov loved his little family and tried to provide as best he could...



But a temporary recession had set in...

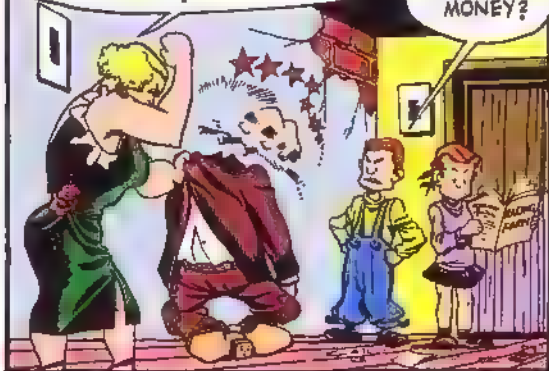


and things were mighty tough.



WHAT! THE SPIRIT OUTSMARTED YA AGAIN? ~~OUTTA!~~ DIS IS DE FOURTH JOB YA SNAFFED UP IN 6 WEEKS... YOU BETTER LAY LOW... Y'R HOTTER'N A SIDEWALK IN LIMBO!

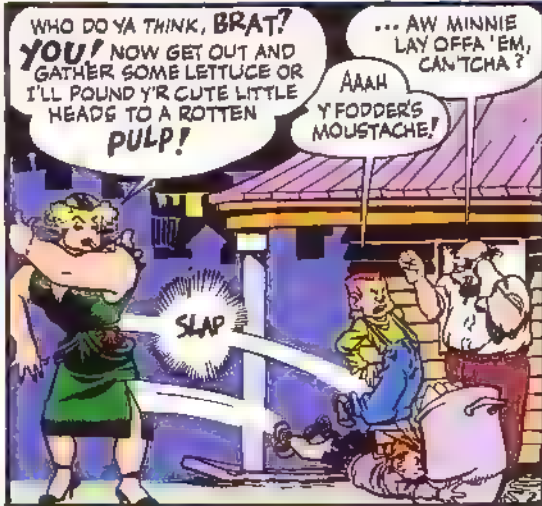
... BUT MINNIE.. WHO'S GONNA SCROUNGE OUR GRUB AND MOVIE MONEY?



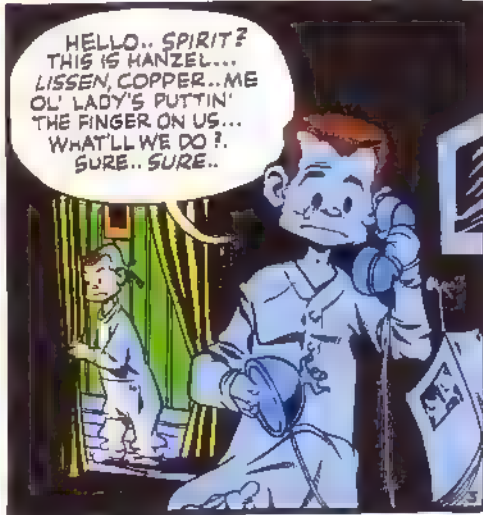
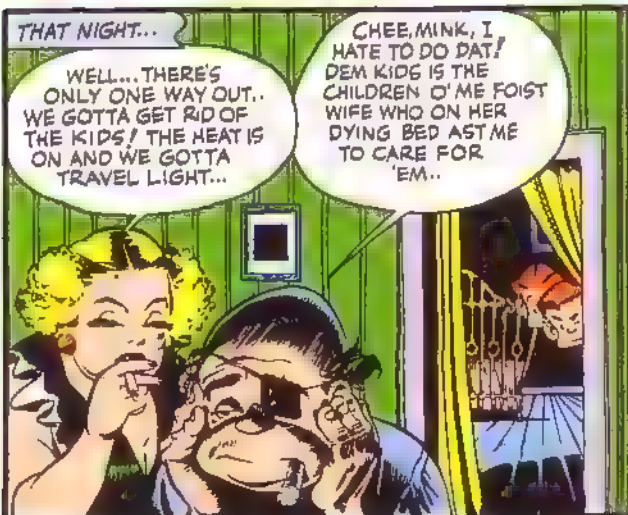
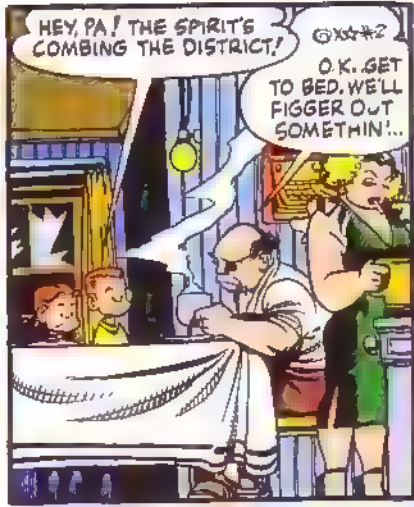
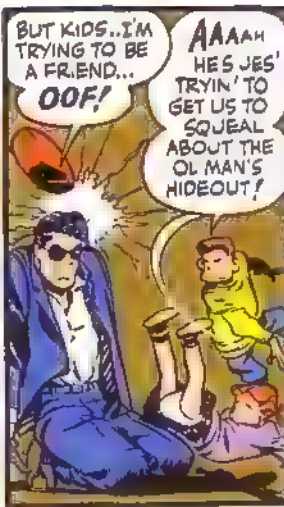
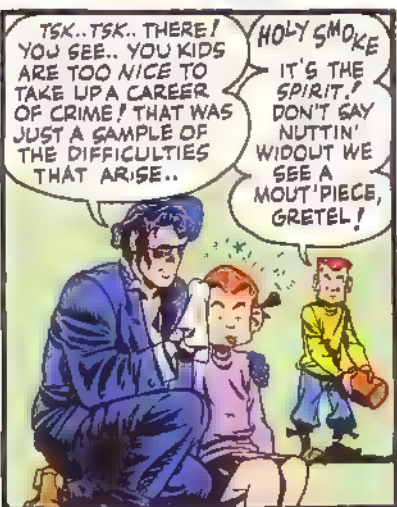
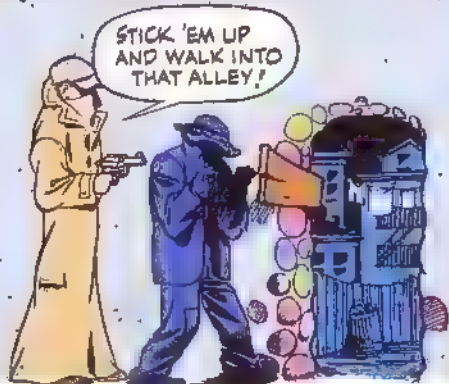
WHO DO YA THINK, BRAT? **YOU!** NOW GET OUT AND GATHER SOME LETTUCE OR I'LL POUND Y'R CUTE LITTLE HEADS TO A ROTTEN PULP!

... AW MINNIE LAY OFFA 'EM, CAN'TCHA?

AAAH Y' FODDER'S MOUSTACHE!

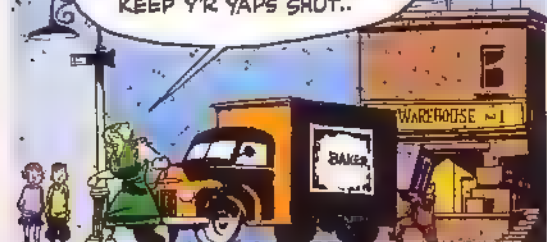


But try as they might to imitate their father's ways, the poor little tykes were unsuccessful.



So the next day the cruel step-mother and the weak hijacker led the little children into the market, where they told them to stay...

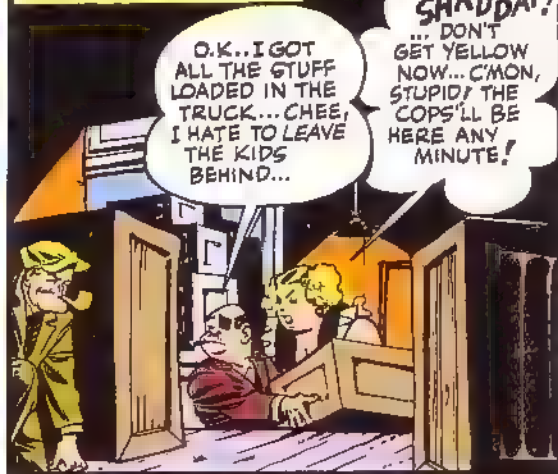
NOW YOU KIDS STAY RIGHT HERE... KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR COPS...AND KEEP Y'R YAPS SHUT..



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

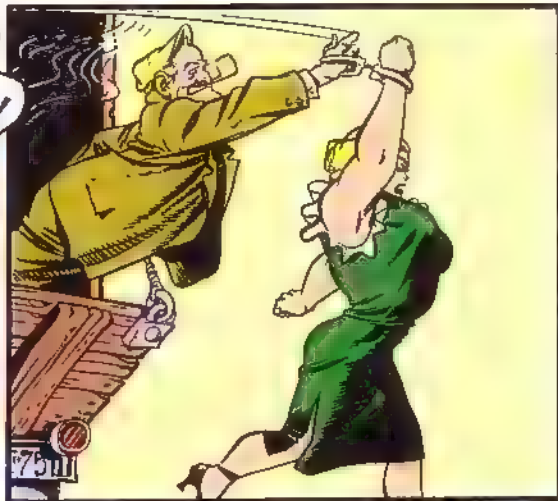
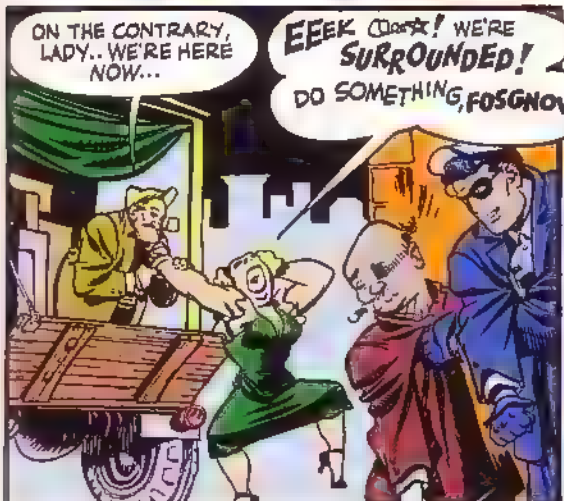
O.K...I GOT ALL THE STUFF LOADED IN THE TRUCK...CHEE, I HATE TO LEAVE THE KIDS BEHIND...

SHADDA!
... DON'T GET YELLOW NOW... C'MON, STUPID! THE COPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



ON THE CONTRARY, LADY... WE'RE HERE NOW...

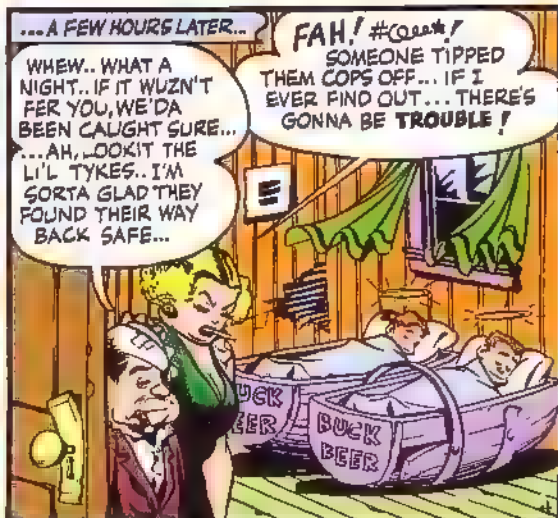
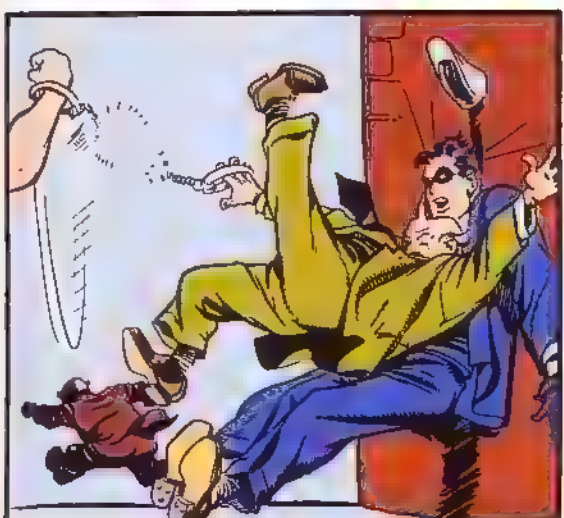
EEEEK! #***! WE'RE SURROUNDED!
DO SOMETHING, FOSGNOV!

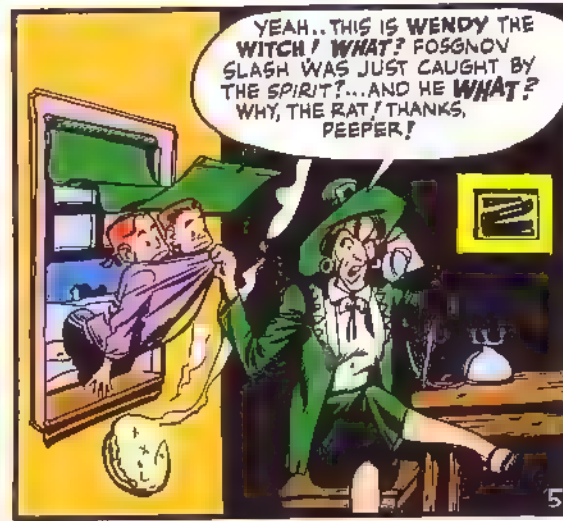
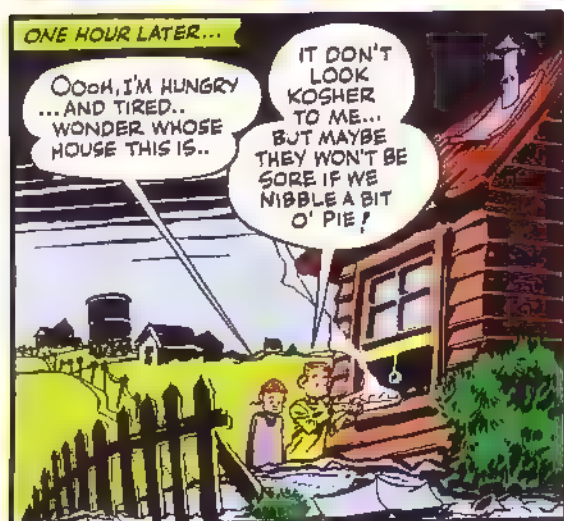
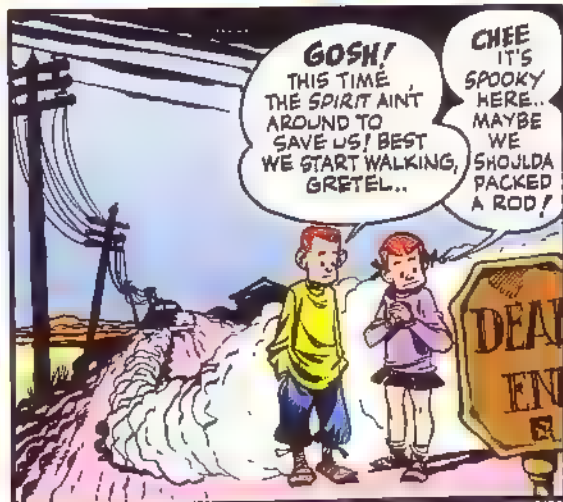
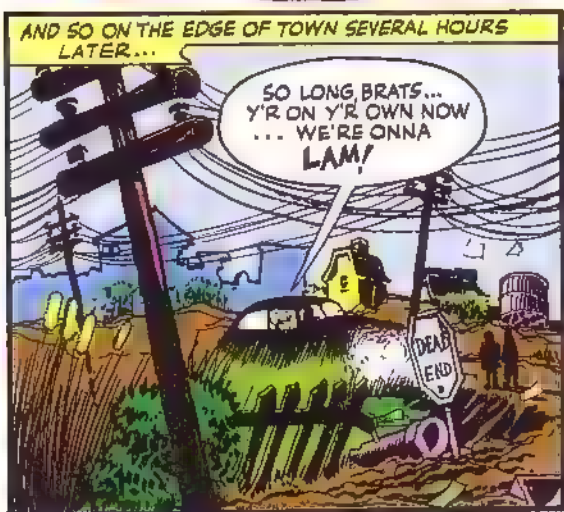
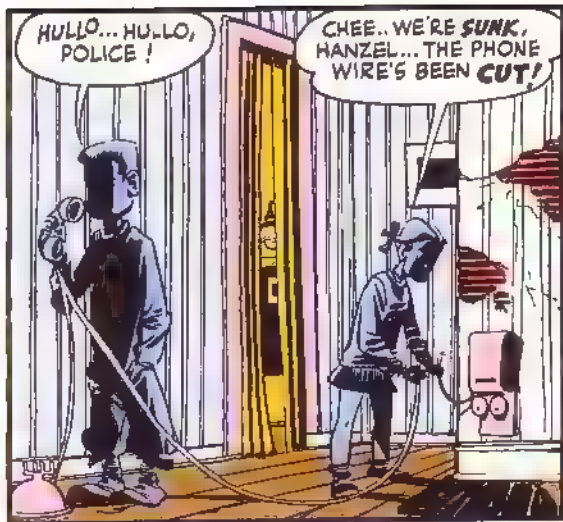
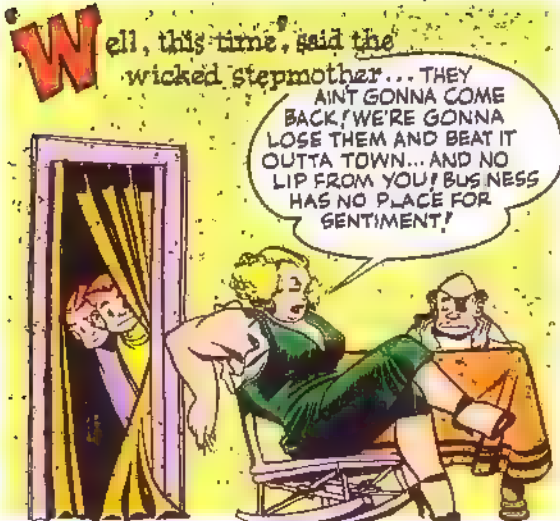


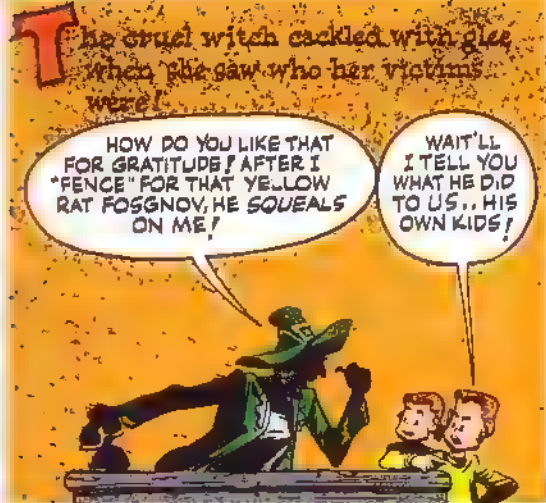
...A FEW HOURS LATER...

WHEW.. WHAT A NIGHT.. IF IT WUZ'N'T FER YOU, WE'DA BEEN CAUGHT SURE...
...AH, LOOKIT THE LI'L TYKES.. I'M SORTA GLAD THEY FOUND THEIR WAY BACK SAFE...

FAH! #***!
SOMEONE TIPPED THEM COPS OFF... IF I EVER FIND OUT... THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!



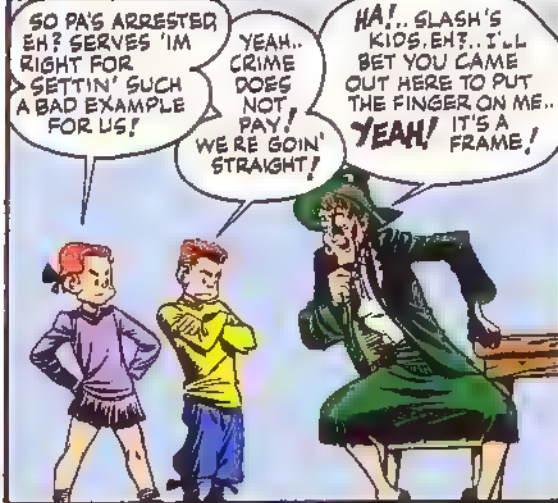




The cruel witch cackled with glee when she saw who her victims were!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR GRATITUDE! AFTER I "FENCE" FOR THAT YELLOW RAT FOSGNOV, HE SOQUEALS ON ME!

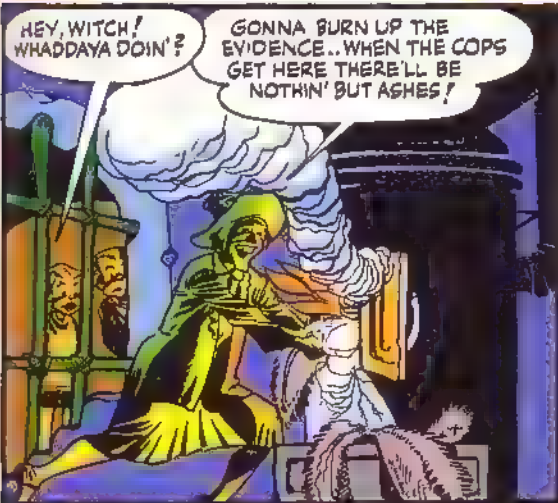
WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHAT HE DID TO US.. HIS OWN KIDS!



SO PA'S ARRESTED EH? SERVES 'IM RIGHT FOR SETTIN' SUCH A BAD EXAMPLE FOR US!

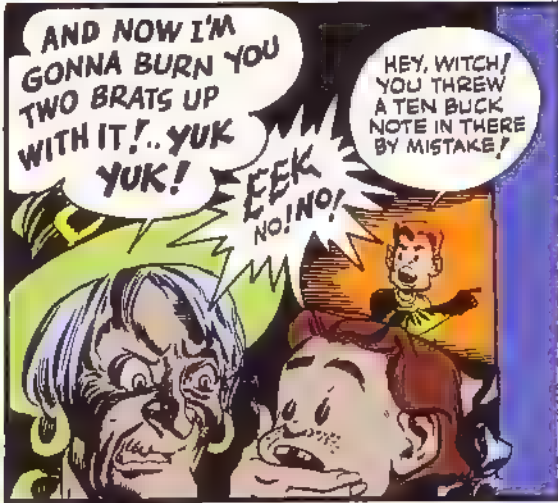
YEAH.. CRIME DOES NOT PAY! WE'RE GOIN' STRAIGHT!

HA!.. SLASH'S KIDS, EH?.. I'LL BET YOU CAME OUT HERE TO PUT THE FINGER ON ME.. **YEAH! IT'S A FRAME!**



HEY, WITCH! WHADDAYA DOIN'?

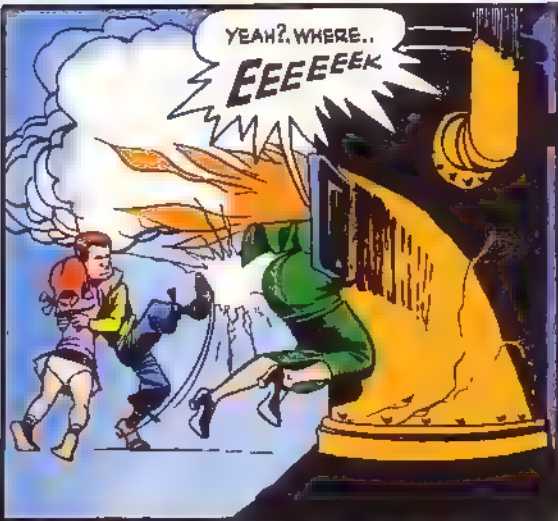
GONNA BURN UP THE EVIDENCE.. WHEN THE COPS GET HERE THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' BUT ASHES!



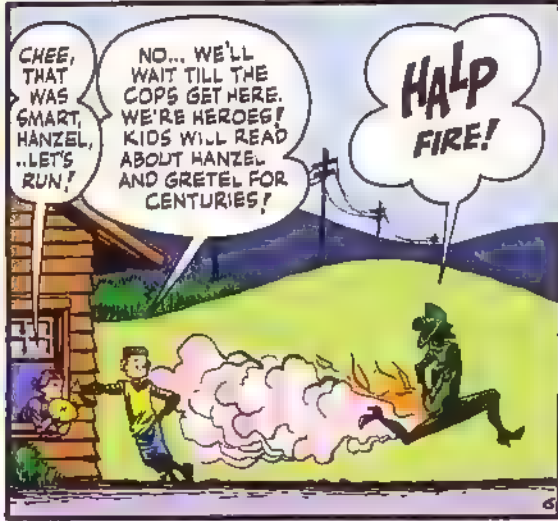
AND NOW I'M GONNA BURN YOU TWO BRATS UP WITH IT!.. **YUK YUK!**

HEY, WITCH! YOU THREW A TEN BUCK NOTE IN THERE BY MISTAKE!

EEK NO! NO!



YEAH? WHERE.. **EEEEEEK**

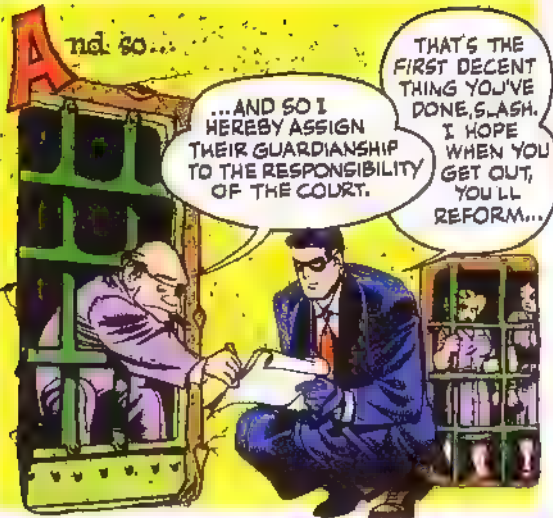


CHEE, THAT WAS SMART, HANZEL.. LET'S RUN!

NO... WE'LL WAIT TILL THE COPS GET HERE. WE'RE HEROES! KIDS WILL READ ABOUT HANZEL AND GRETEL FOR CENTURIES!

HALP FIRE!

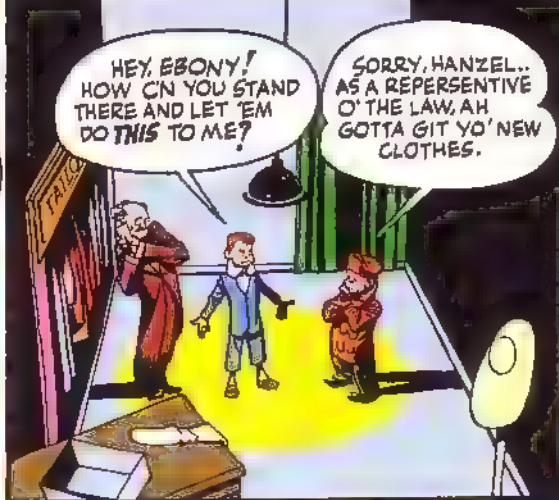




And so...

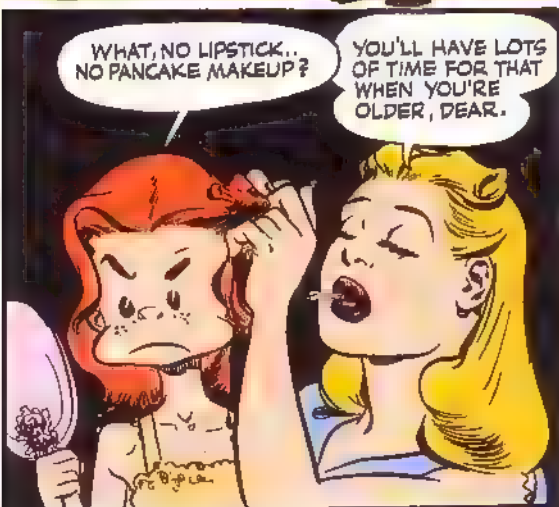
...AND SO I HEREBY ASSIGN THEIR GUARDIANSHIP TO THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE COURT.

THAT'S THE FIRST DECENT THING YOU'VE DONE, SLASH. I HOPE WHEN YOU GET OUT, YOU'LL REFORM...



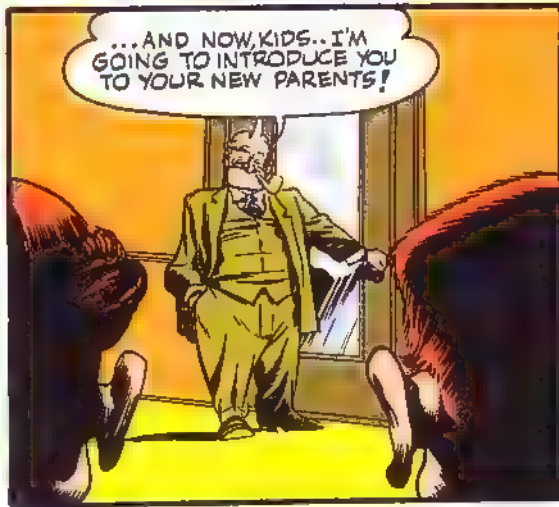
HEY, EBONY! HOW 'CN YOU STAND THERE AND LET 'EM DO THIS TO ME?

SORRY, HANZEL... AS A REPRESENTATIVE O' THE LAW, AH GOTTA GIT YO' NEW CLOTHES.

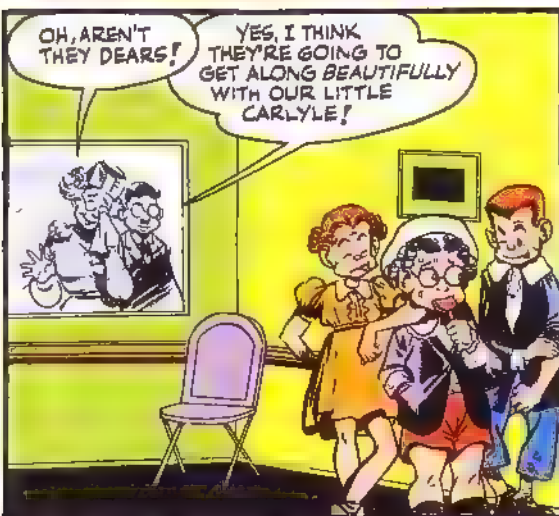


WHAT, NO LIPSTICK.. NO PANCAKE MAKEUP?

YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF TIME FOR THAT WHEN YOU'RE OLDER, DEAR.



...AND NOW, KIDS... I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR NEW PARENTS!



OH, AREN'T THEY DEARS?

YES, I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO GET ALONG BEAUTIFULLY WITH OUR LITTLE CARLYLE!

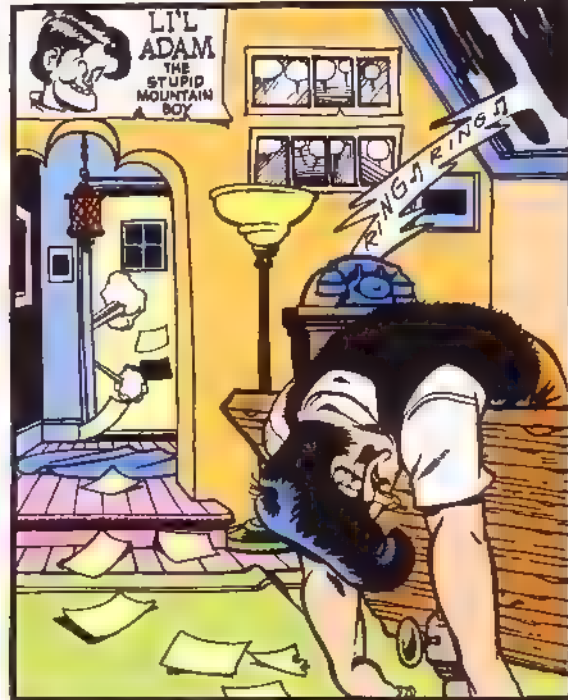
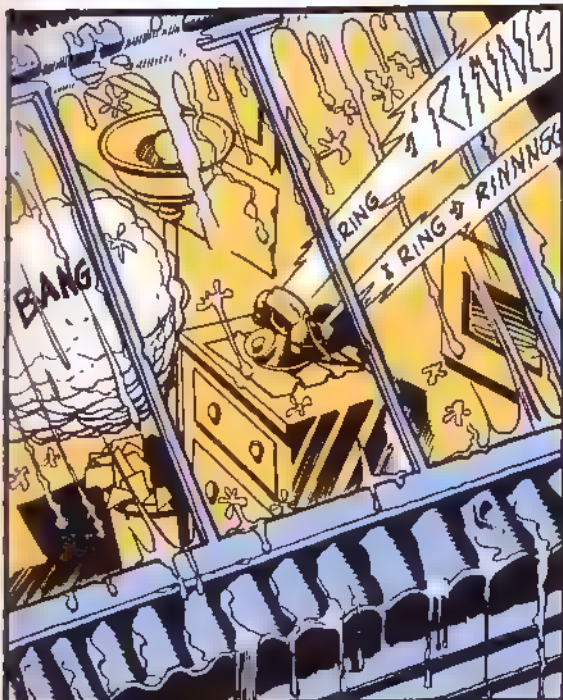


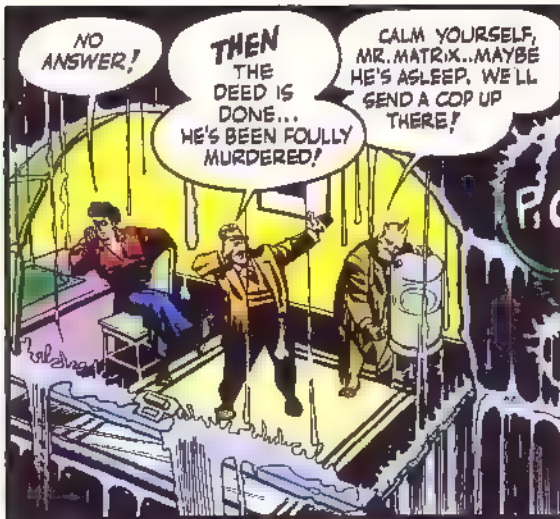
... and so they lived happily ever after.

NEXT WEEK:

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED ABOUT THE INTRIGUE, CHICANERY AND SKULLDUGGERY BEHIND THE COMIC BUSINESS . . . ?

WHAT THE HUCKSTERS DID TO THE RADIO ADVERTISING BUSINESS NEXT WEEK'S **SPIRIT** WILL DO TO THE COMIC STRIPS !!

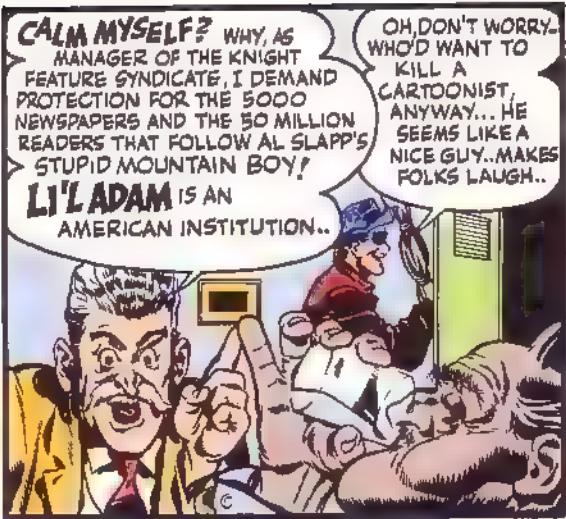




NO ANSWER!

THEN THE DEED IS DONE... HE'S BEEN FOULY MURDERED!

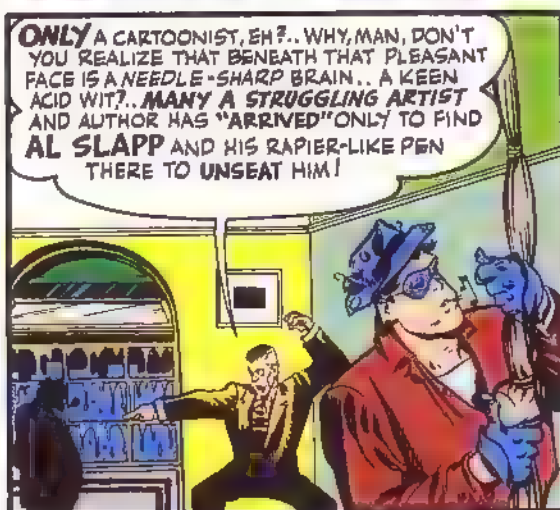
CALM YOURSELF, MR. MATRIX...MAYBE HE'S ASLEEP. WE'LL SEND A COP UP THERE!



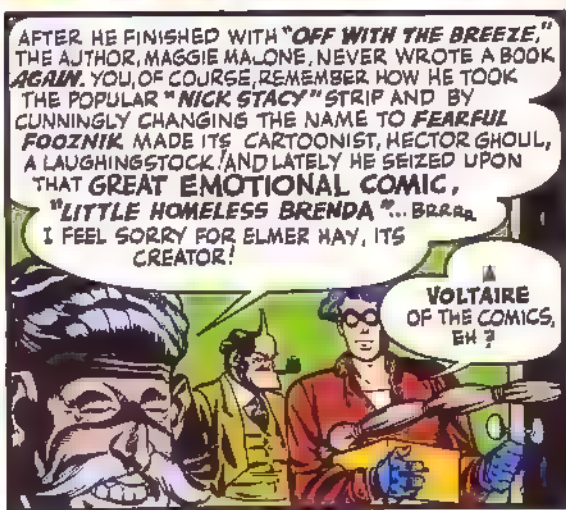
CALM MYSELF? WHY, AS MANAGER OF THE KNIGHT FEATURE SYNDICATE, I DEMAND PROTECTION FOR THE 5000 NEWSPAPERS AND THE 50 MILLION READERS THAT FOLLOW AL SLAPP'S STUPID MOUNTAIN BOY!

LI'L ADAM IS AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION..

OH, DON'T WORRY. WHO'D WANT TO KILL A CARTOONIST, ANYWAY... HE SEEMS LIKE A NICE GUY..MAKES FOLKS LAUGH..



ONLY A CARTOONIST, EH?... WHY, MAN, DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT BENEATH THAT PLEASANT FACE IS A NEEDLE-SHARP BRAIN... A KEEN ACID WIT?... MANY A STRUGGLING ARTIST AND AUTHOR HAS "ARRIVED" ONLY TO FIND AL SLAPP AND HIS RAPIER-LIKE PEN THERE TO UNSEAT HIM!



AFTER HE FINISHED WITH "OFF WITH THE BREEZE," THE AUTHOR, MAGGIE MALONE, NEVER WROTE A BOOK AGAIN. YOU, OF COURSE, REMEMBER HOW HE TOOK THE POPULAR "NICK STACY" STRIP AND BY CUNNINGLY CHANGING THE NAME TO FEARFUL FOOZNIK, MADE ITS CARTOONIST, HECTOR GHOU, A LAUGHINGSTOCK! AND LATELY HE SEIZED UPON THAT GREAT EMOTIONAL COMIC, "LITTLE HOMELESS BRENDA"... BRRRR. I FEEL SORRY FOR ELMER HAY, ITS CREATOR!

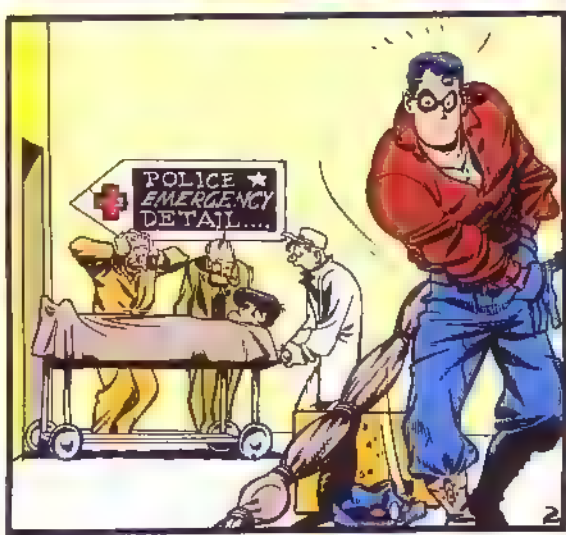
VOLTAIRE OF THE COMICS, EH?



SURELY, AS A POLICEMAN, YOU MUST SEE ALL THE SUSPECTS THAT SUPPLIES...AND THEIR MOTIVES...

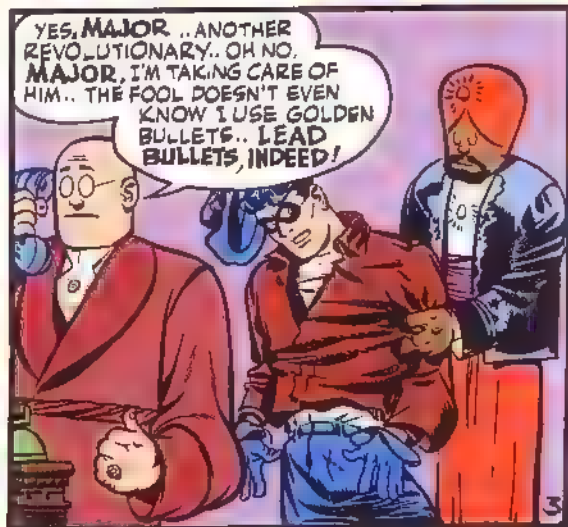
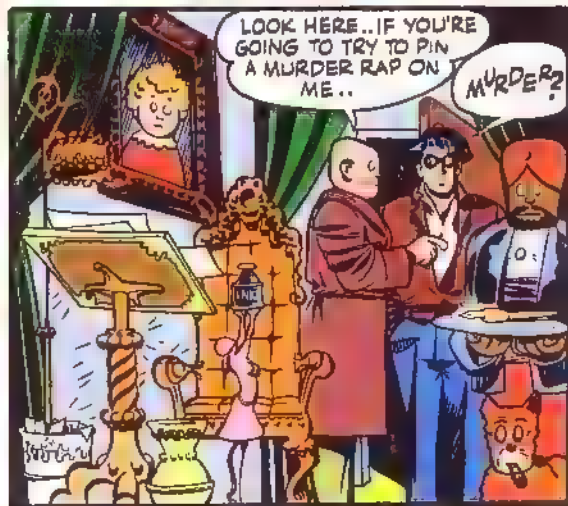
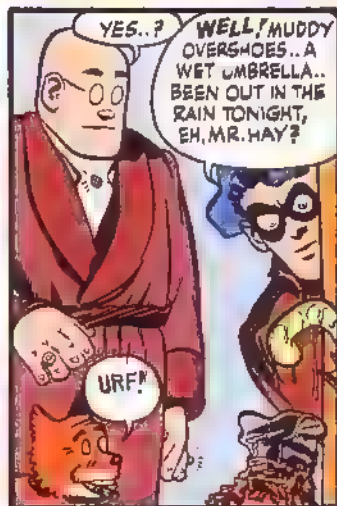
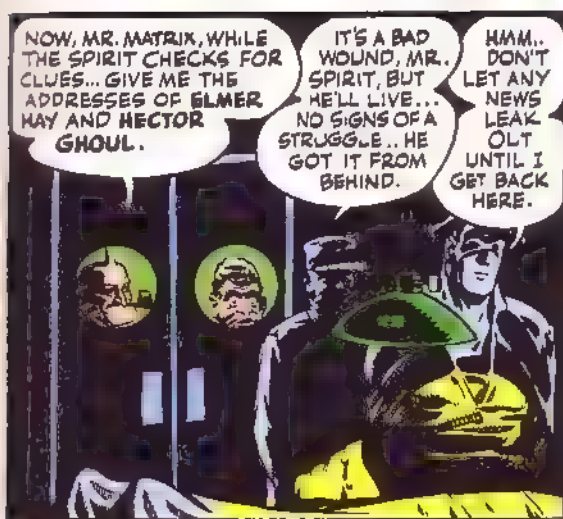
YEAH... BUT, HE AINT DEAD YET, MR. MATRIX...

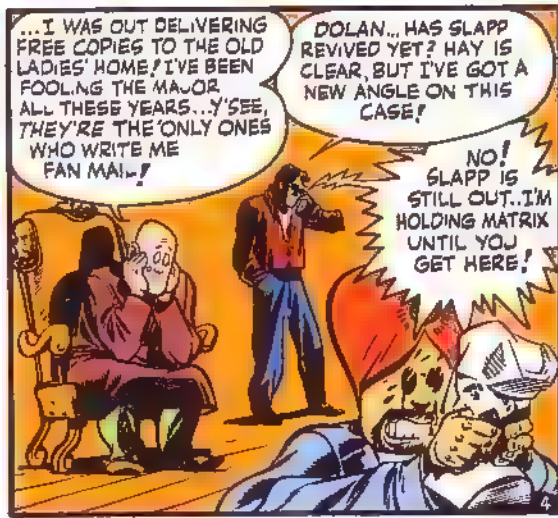
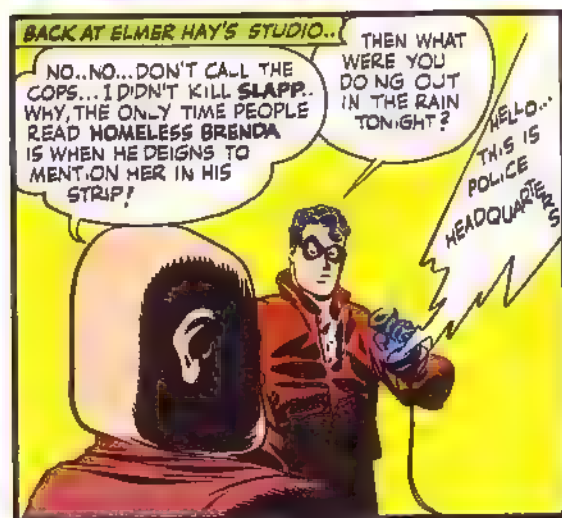
BUT HE'S MIGHTY CLOSE TO IT, SIR!

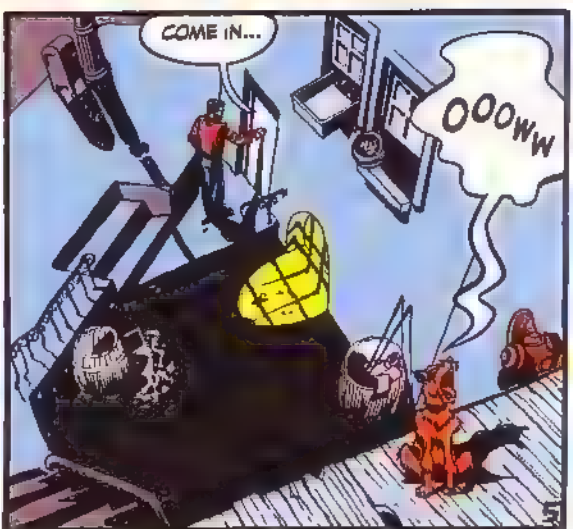
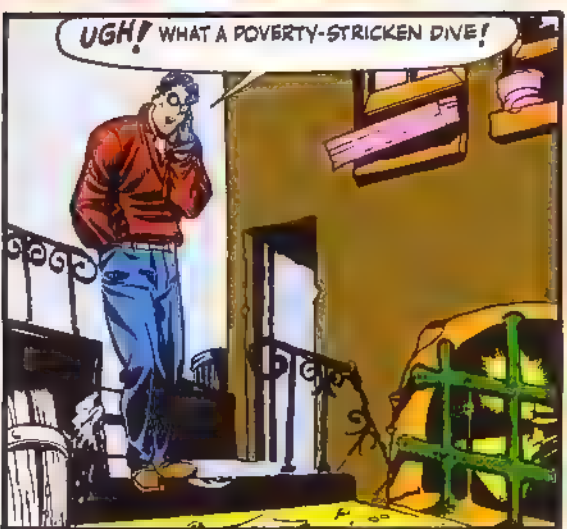
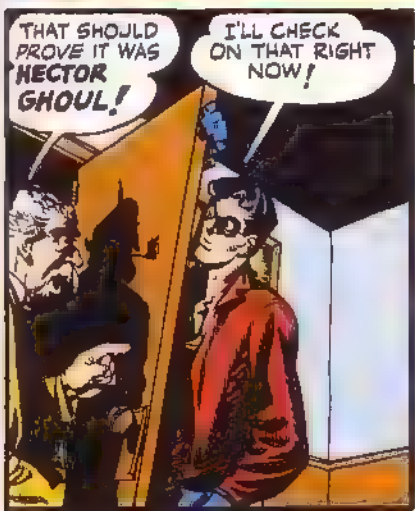


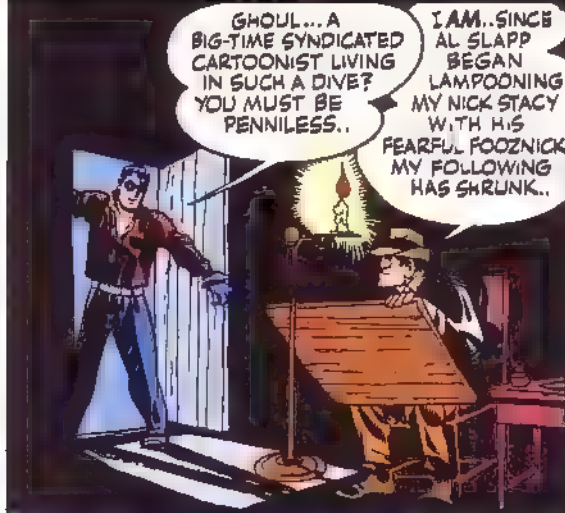
POLICE EMERGENCY DETAIL....









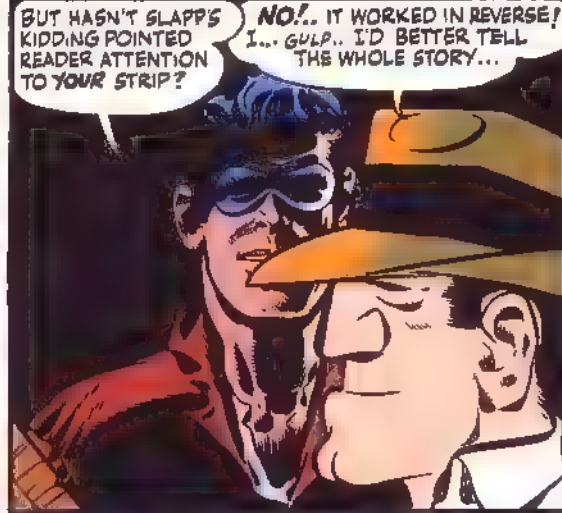


GHOU...A
BIG-TIME SYNDICATED
CARTOONIST LIVING
IN SUCH A DIVE?
YOU MUST BE
PENILESS..

I AM..SINCE
AL SLAPP
BEGAN
LAMPOONING
MY NICK STACY
WITH HIS
FEARFUL FOONICK
MY FOLLOWING
HAS SHRUNK..

BUT HASN'T SLAPP'S
KIDDING POINTED
READER ATTENTION
TO YOUR STRIP?

NO!.. IT WORKED IN REVERSE!
I... GULP.. I'D BETTER TELL
THE WHOLE STORY...



I HAD CONCEIVED NICK
STACY AS A SERIOUS
CHARACTER..I SLAVED TO
MAKE HIM BELIEVABLE...

I POURED MY HEART AND
LOVE INTO IT..WHEN STACY LAY
BLEEDING WITH WOUNDS..I
SOBBED AS I WORKED...

BUT IN SLAPP'S HANDS
FEARFUL FOONICK WAS
A FOOL...



WHEN HE WON I EXULTED...

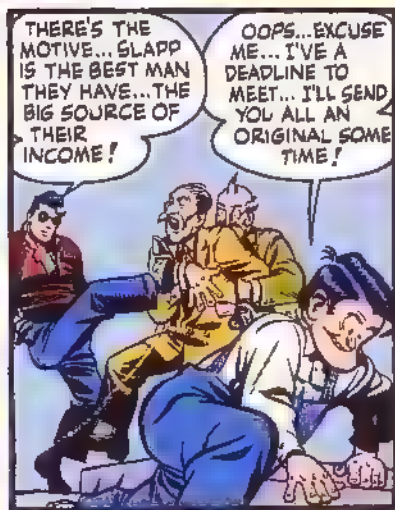
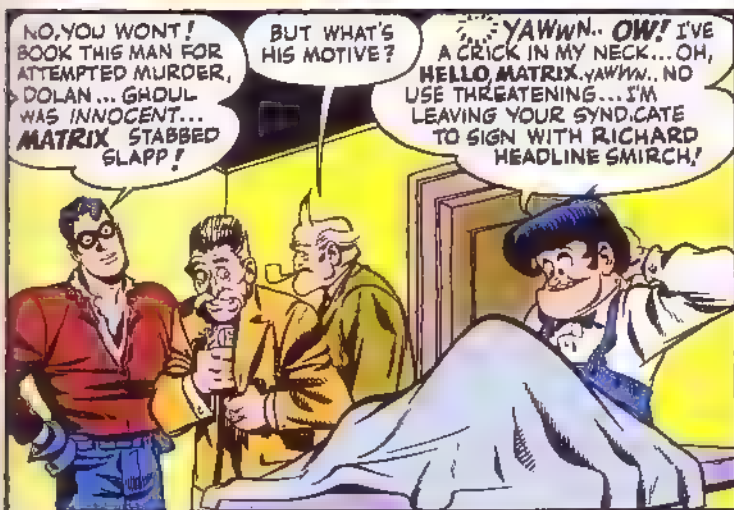
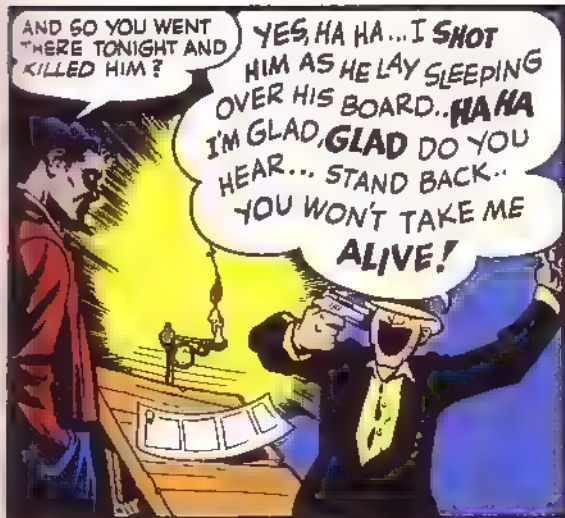


I WENT TO HIM...I
BEGGED... GROVELLED..
IMPORED...

HE FINALLY RELENTED
AND AGREED TO NEEDLE
HOMELESS BRENDA..

BUT THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE..ONE-TIME
STACY FANS HAD FORMED THE LI'L ADAM HABIT
AND WERE LOST TO ME FOREVER..





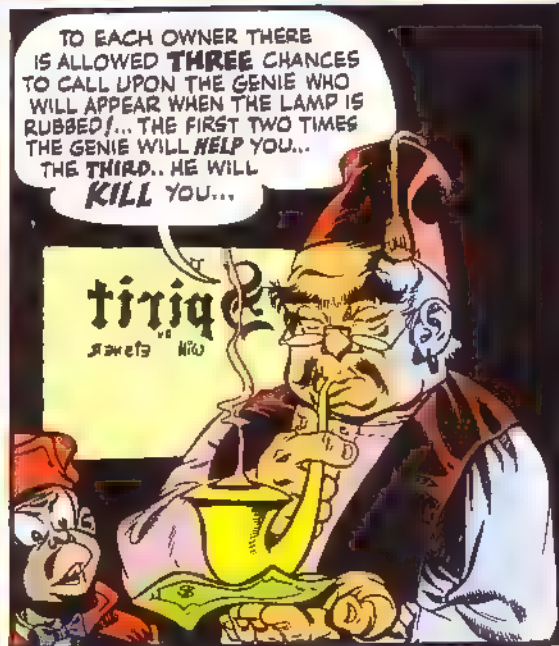
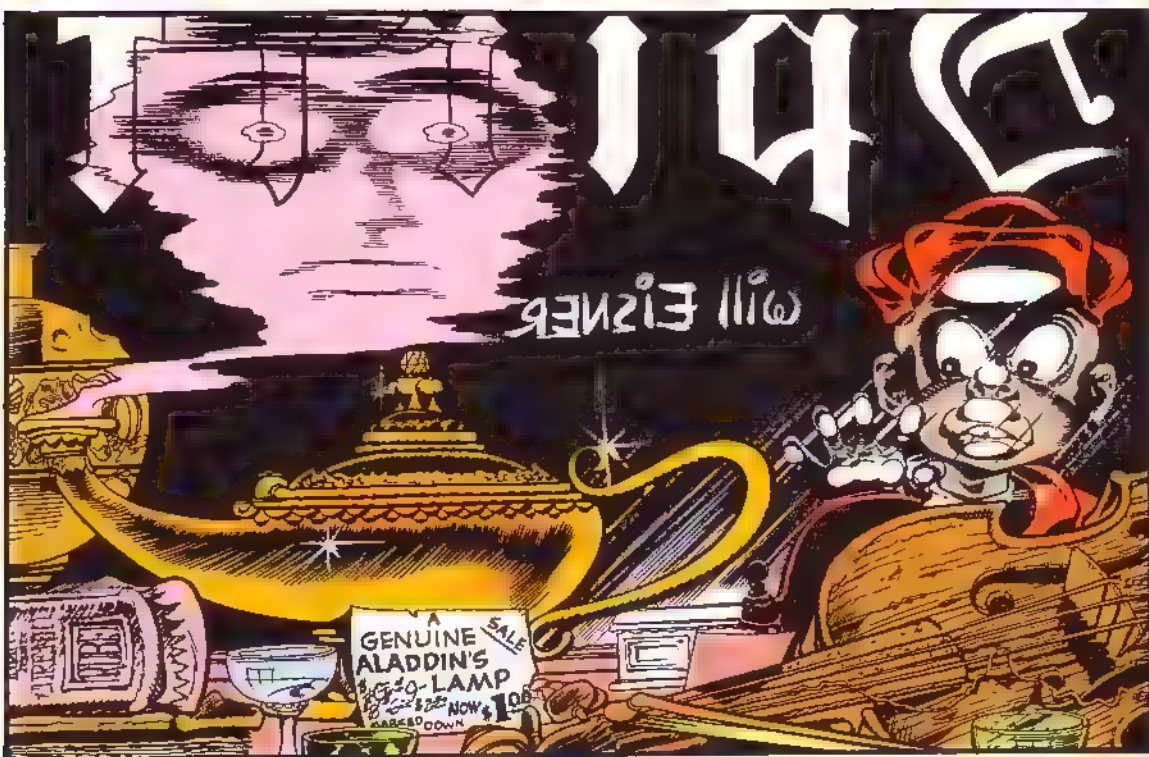
NEXT WEEK

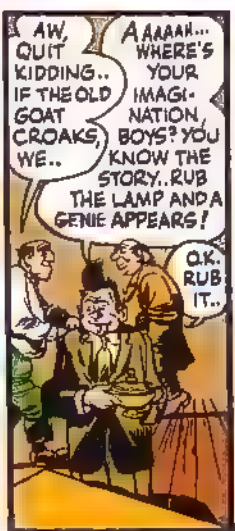
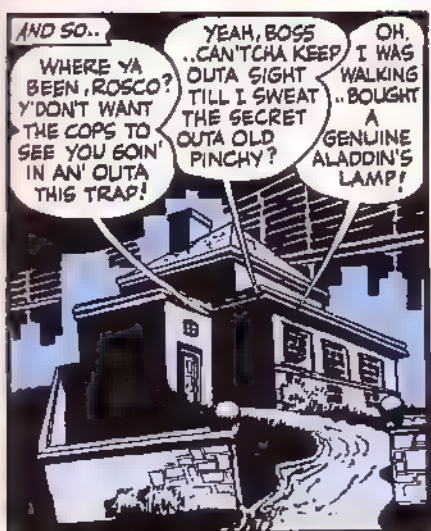
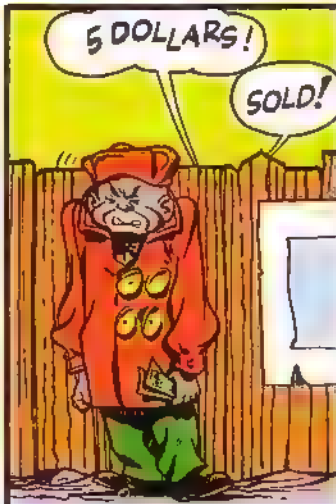
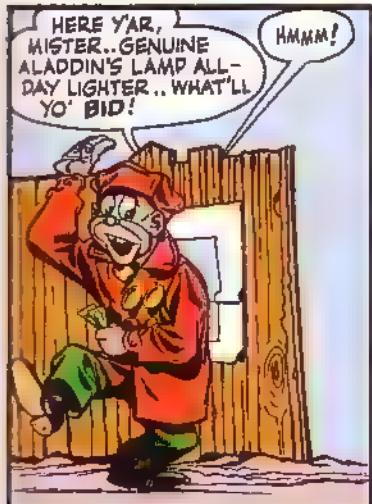
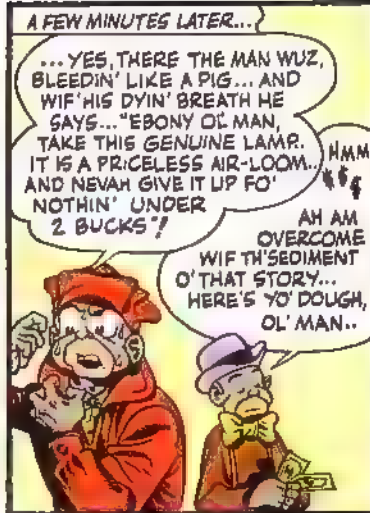
IF SOMEONE WERE TO COME TO YOU WITH THE ORIGINAL ALADDIN'S LAMP... WOULD YOU BELIEVE HIM?? **NO?**

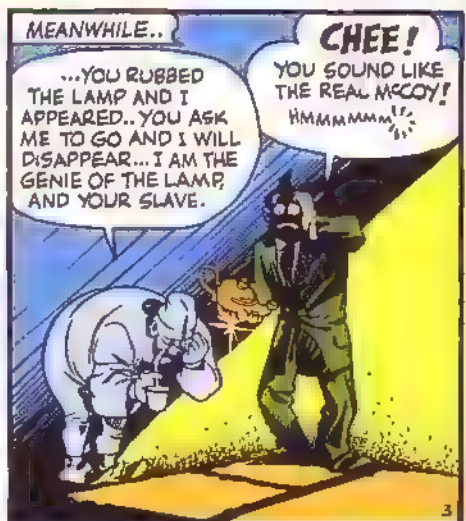
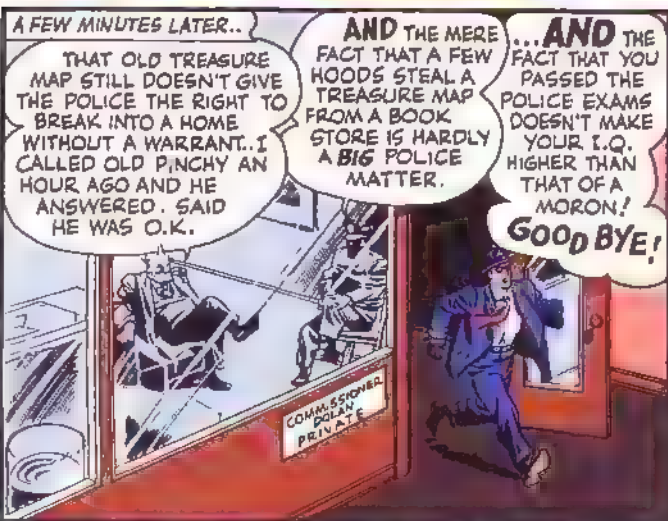
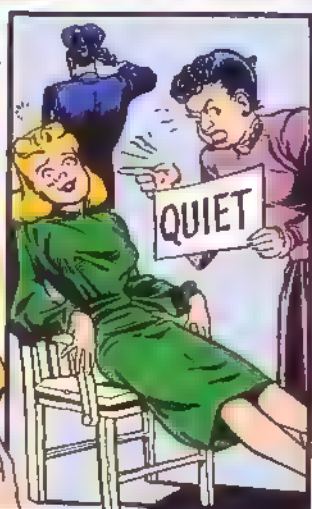
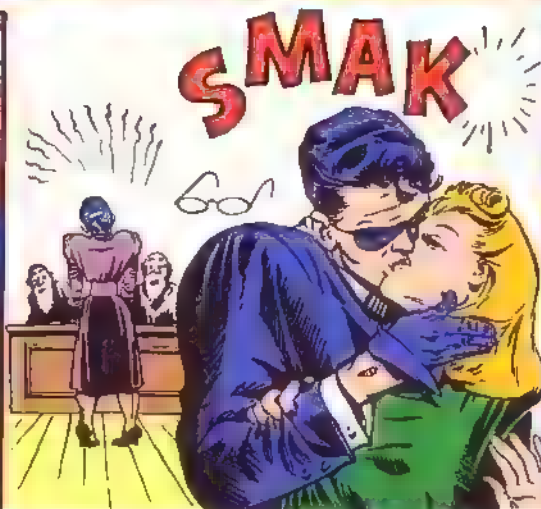
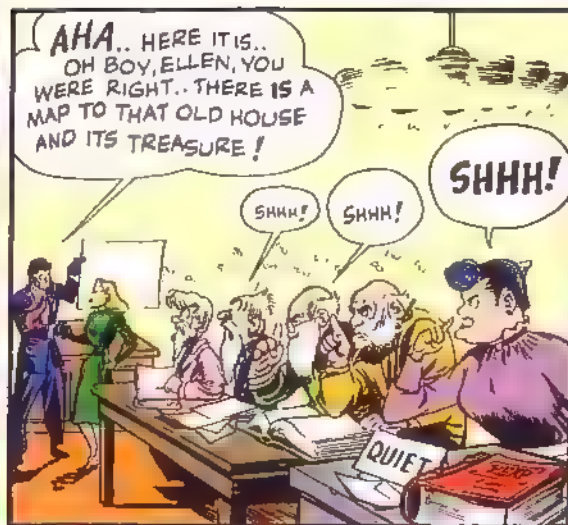
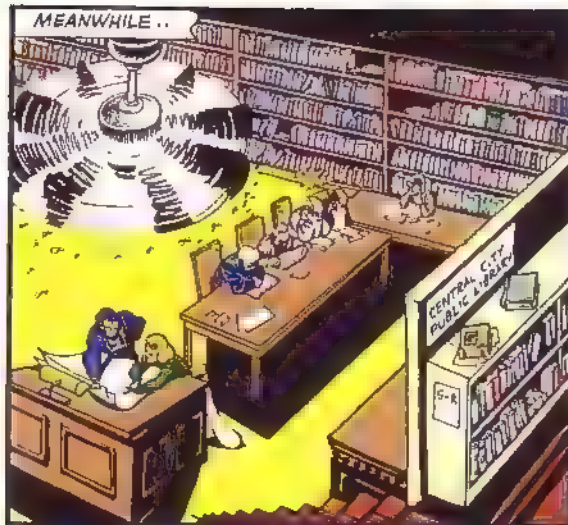
HERE'S A MAN WHO DID

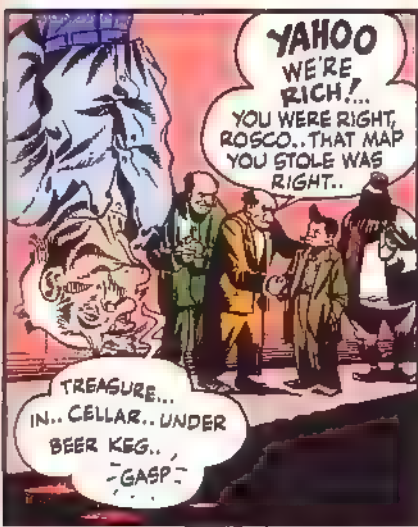
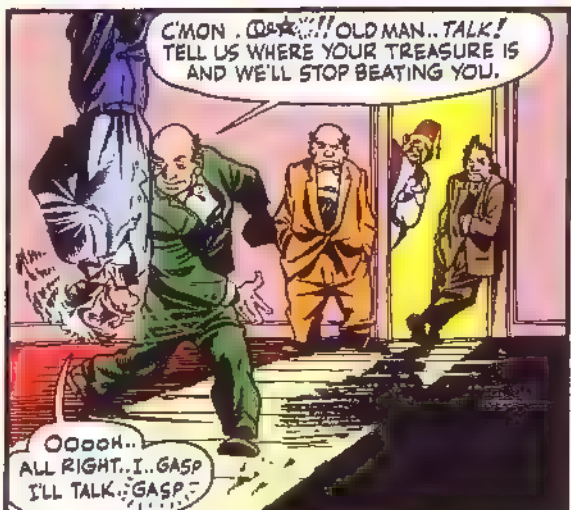
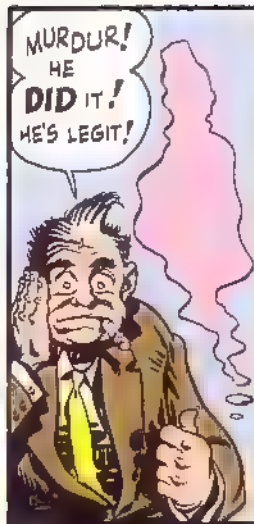
AND HERE'S ONE WHO DIDN'T.

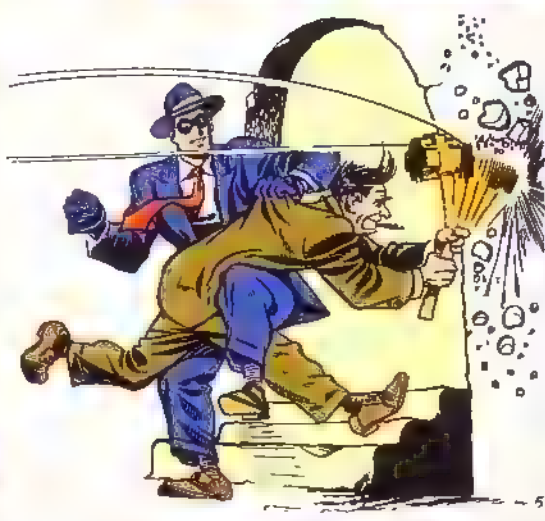
DON'T MISS THE **SPRIT** IN ALADDIN'S LAMP!

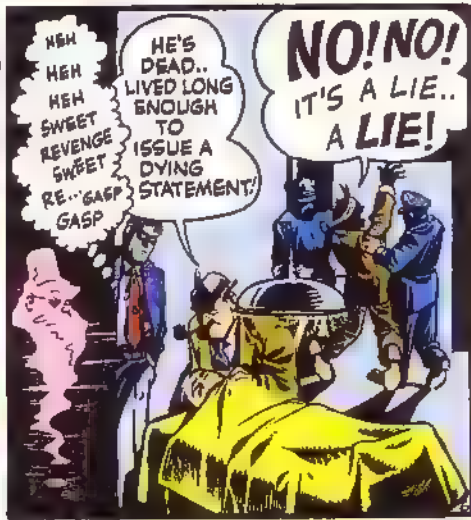
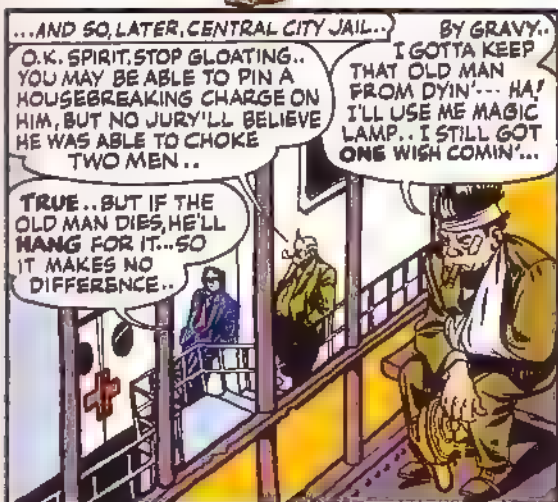
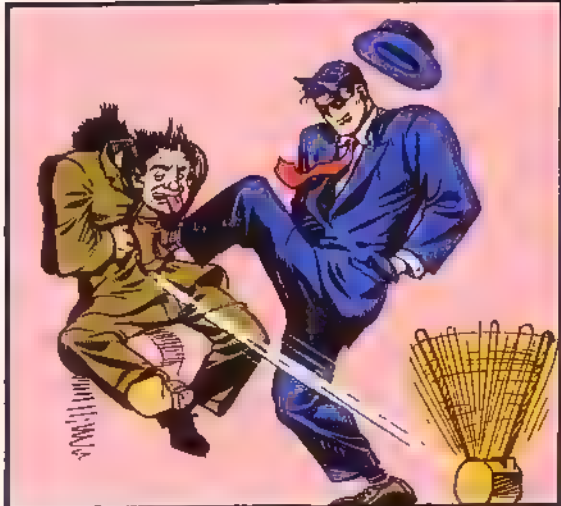












SOME WEEKS LATER...



Next Week: LET US LEAF THROUGH SOME OF THE SKETCHES FOR NEXT WEEK'S **SPIRIT**

HMM... A NEW CHARACTER... OFFICER SAM KLINK...

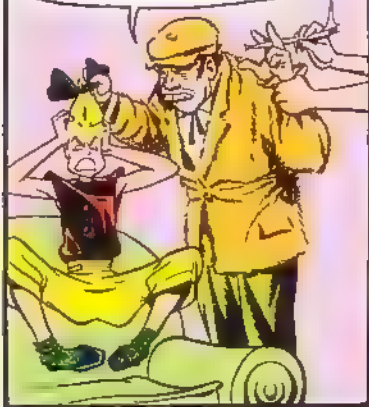
BARRE...

AND...

EEK! PCELL



LISSEN, Y'LITTLE BRAT..YOU'D BETTER KEEP Y'R MOUT' SHUT.. I DON'T LIKE LITTLE KIDS.. ESPECIALLY SMART ONES!



OW!



AND I DON'T LIKE SMART HOODLUMS THAT GET TOUGH WITH LITTLE GIRLS... NOW PICK UP YOUR MARBLES AND BEAT IT!



YOU'LL PAY FR THIS, PGELL! OW!!!

MEANWHILE...POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

... BECAUSE OF THE PRESSING NEED FOR POLICEMEN, WE HAVE GRADUATED YOU MEN THROUGH A QUICK SUMMER SCHOOL..REMEMBER YOU ARE STILL ROOKIES AND YOU ARE STILL LEARNING ... DO YOUR DUTY FEARLESSLY AND HONESTLY...AND GOOD LUCK!



WHEW...COMMISSIONER DOLAN SURE TALKS A LOT...I'M SWEETERED... I'M GOING TO PUT IN AN HOUR OF BUNK FATIGUE!

SAM KLINK, PATROLMAN 3RD CLASS.. I'VE WAITED FOR THIS DAY!

NOW, ROVER BOY, DON'T TELL ME YOU ARE GOING RIGHT OUT TO WIN THE PATROLMAN'S MEDAL!



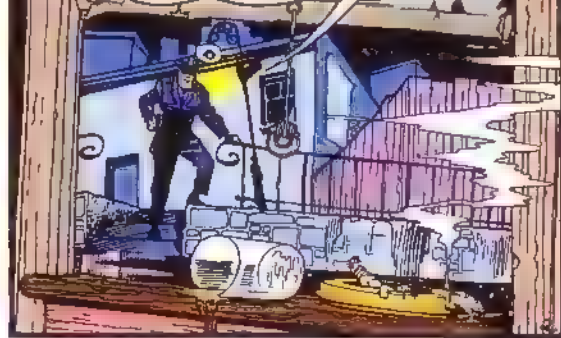
I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO GET ANYWHERE IN THE DEPARTMENT LYING ON A BUNK ... I'M GOING OUT TO MY BEAT AND CRACK DOWN ON CRIME RIGHT NOW...I'VE HAD MY EYE ON A JOINT THAT'S NEEDED CLEANING FOR A LONG TIME!



YAWN...LET HIM GO..SUCH TALK ONLY MAKES ME MORE TIRED!

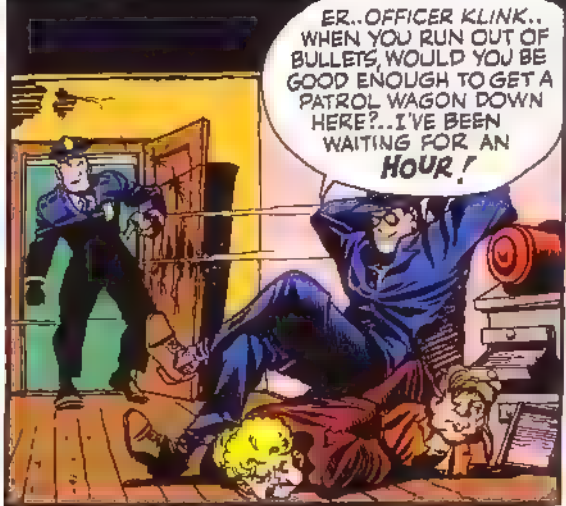
LATER...

O.K. YOU HOODS... THIS IS PATROLMAN SAM KLINK ON THE JOB NOW... FILE OUT OR I'LL SMOKE YA OUT!





... SO YOU WON'T ANSWER, EH?
O.K... I'LL COME IN SHOOTING! I
KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR USED CAR
RACKET...



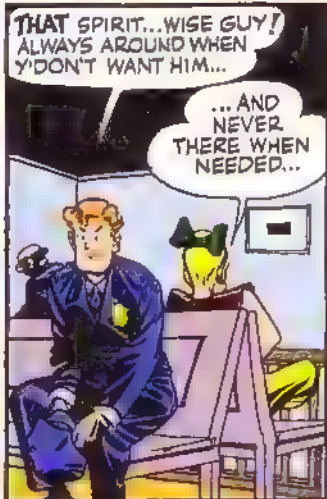
ER...OFFICER KLINK...
WHEN YOU RUN OUT OF
BULLETS, WOULD YOU BE
GOOD ENOUGH TO GET A
PATROL WAGON DOWN
HERE?...I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR AN
Hour!



AND SO HEADQUARTERS.



HA HA HA



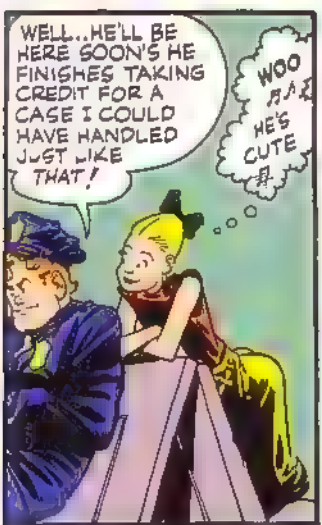
THAT SPIRIT...WISE GUY!
ALWAYS AROUND WHEN
Y'DON'T WANT HIM...

...AND
NEVER
THERE WHEN
NEEDED...



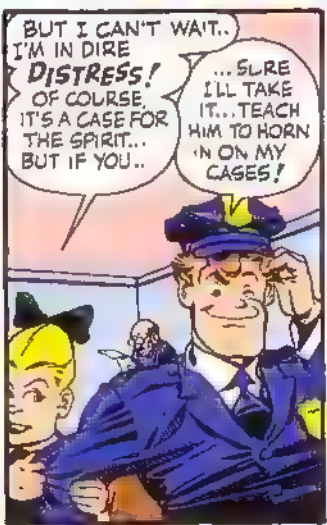
EH...WHO ARE YOU?

SAREE...
I..I'M
WAITING
TO SEE
THE
SPIRIT.



WELL...HE'LL BE
HERE SOON'S HE
FINISHES TAKING
CREDIT FOR A
CASE I COULD
HAVE HANDLED
JUST LIKE
THAT!

WOO
HA
HE'S
CUTE



BUT I CAN'T WAIT...
I'M IN DIRE
DISTRESS!
OF COURSE,
IT'S A CASE FOR
THE SPIRIT...
BUT IF YOU...

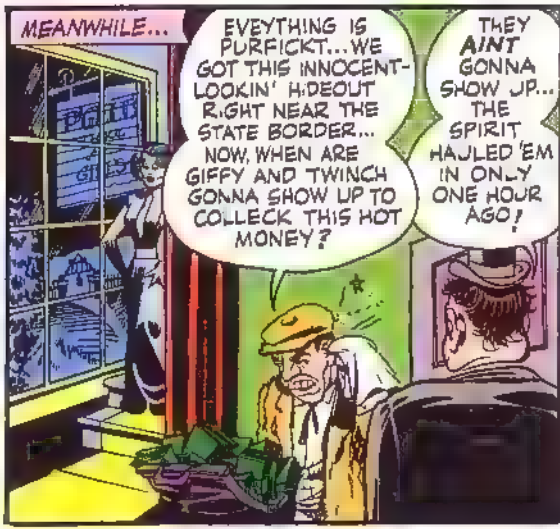
...SURE
I'LL TAKE
IT...TEACH
HIM TO HORN
IN ON MY
CASES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...
A GIRL NAMED SAREE
TO SEE ME?
WHERE...?

YES,MR. SPIR T,
BUT SHE LEFT A
FEW MINUTES AGO
WITH OFFICER
KLINK.





MEANWHILE...

EVERYTHING IS PURFICKT... WE GOT THIS INNOCENT-LOOKIN' HIDEOUT RIGHT NEAR THE STATE BORDER... NOW, WHEN ARE GIFFY AND TWINCH GONNA SHOW UP TO COLLECT THIS HOT MONEY?

THEY AINT GONNA SHOW UP... THE SPIRIT HAULED 'EM IN ONLY ONE HOUR AGO!



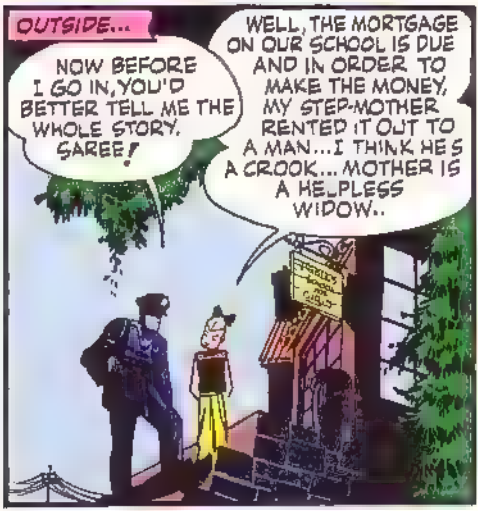
WHAT? OH, A FINE BODYGUARD YOU ARE! WHYNTCHA STOP HIM?

I... I TRIED... SNIFF...



HMMMM... YOU'RE IN A BAD SPOT, JUNIOR... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER PAY ME THE RENT IN ADVANCE!

HAW! I AINT BEAT YET! WE'RE GONNA BURN DOWN THIS JOINT.. EVIDENCE AND ALL!



OUTSIDE...

NOW BEFORE I GO IN, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY, SAREE!

WELL, THE MORTGAGE ON OUR SCHOOL IS DUE AND IN ORDER TO MAKE THE MONEY, MY STEP-MOTHER RENTED IT OUT TO A MAN... I THINK HE'S A CROOK... MOTHER IS A HELPLESS WIDOW...



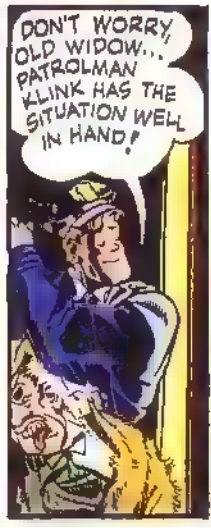
... A ?GULP? POOR HELPLESS WIDOW ... UNPAID ?GHE? MORTGAGE ... FEAR NOT, SAREE.. I'LL SAVE YOU BOTH...



... SO LONG, WIDDER P'GELL ... TOLDJA I'D GET EVEN...



WELL, TOOTHPASTE, THE COMMISSIONER WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!

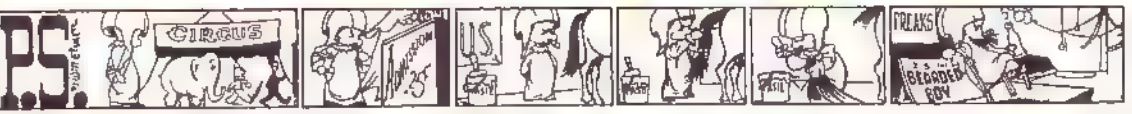
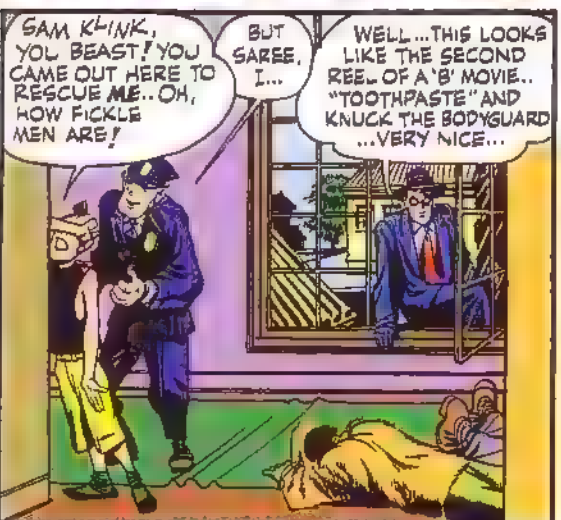
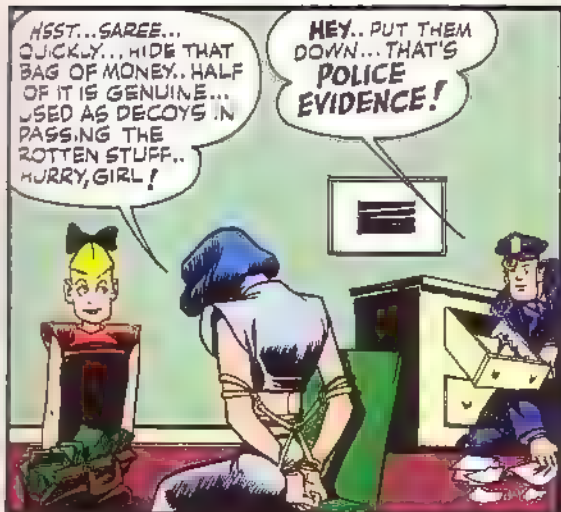


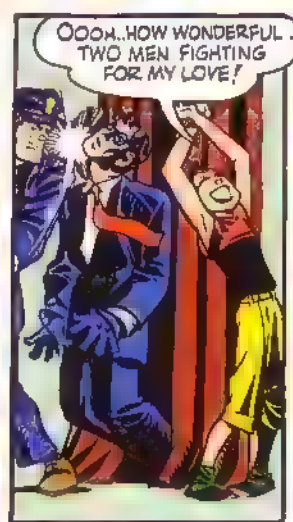
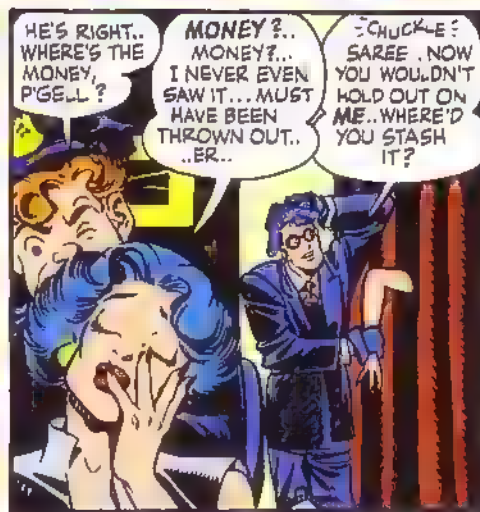
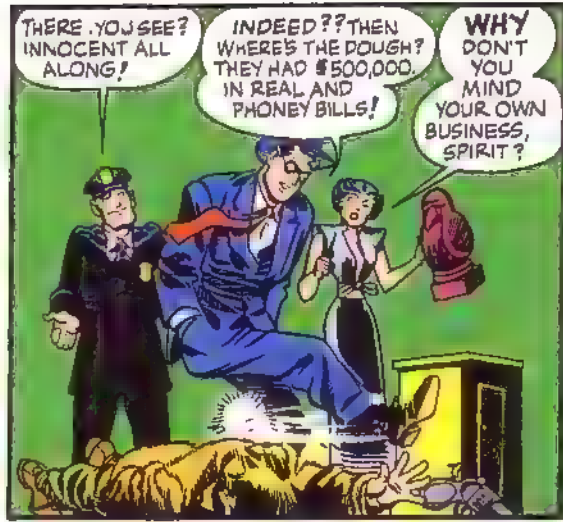
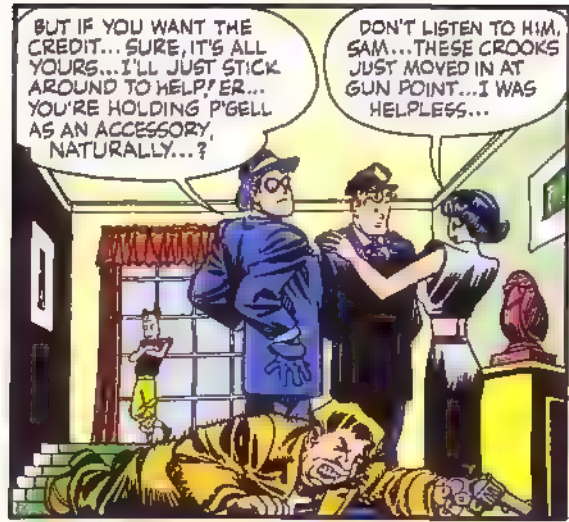
DON'T WORRY, OLD WIDOW... PATROLMAN KLINK HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

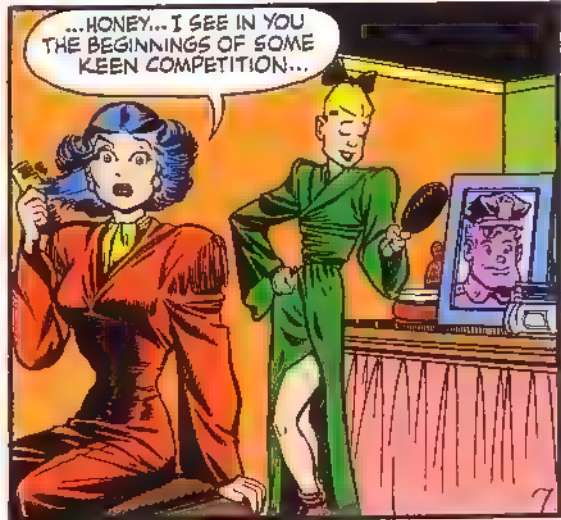
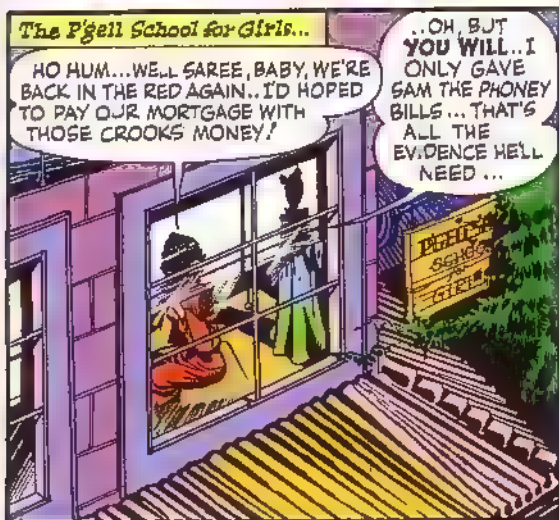
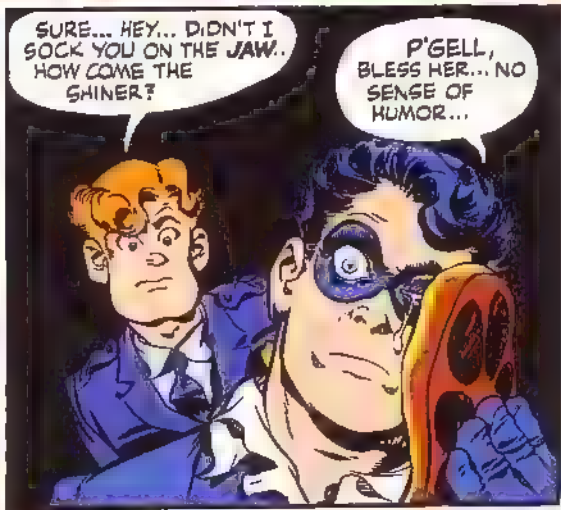
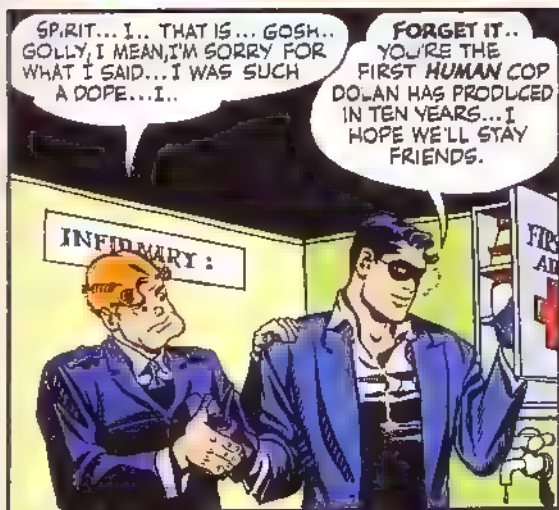
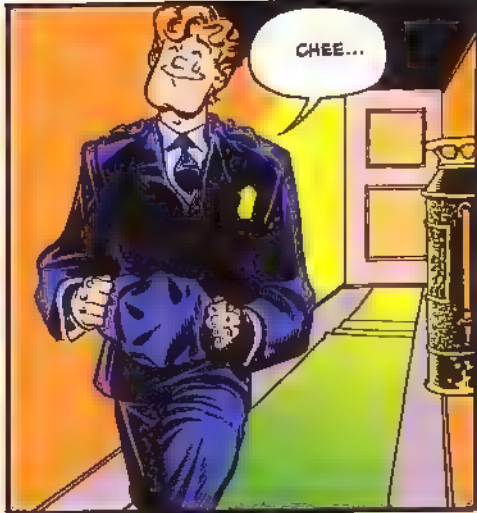
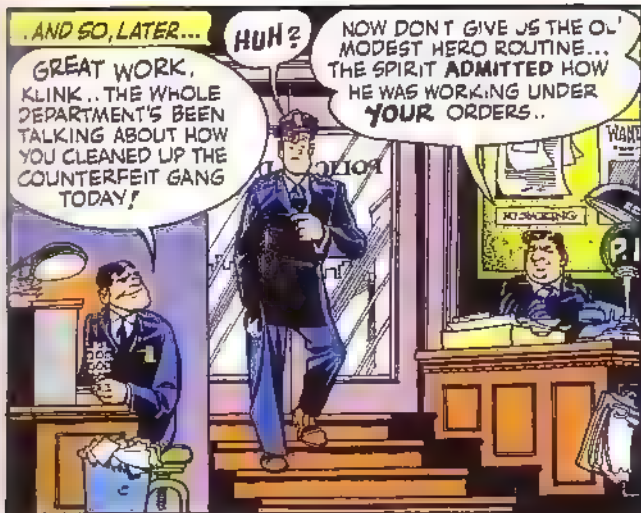


I MAY BE A WIDOW... BUT MY AGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR.. NOW UNTIE ME LIKE A GOOD LITTLE HERO...









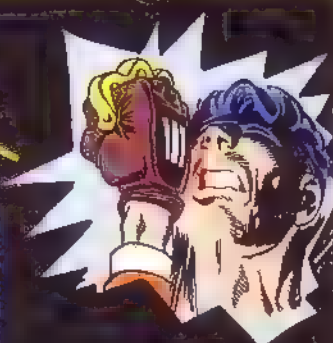
**COMIC
BOOK
SECTION**

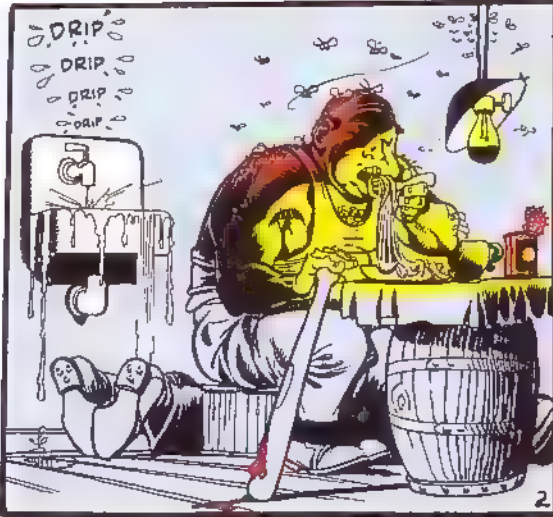
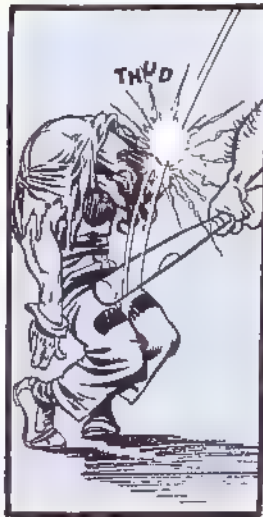
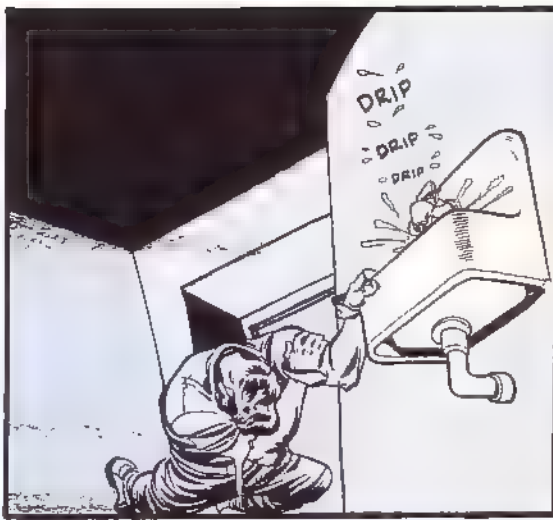
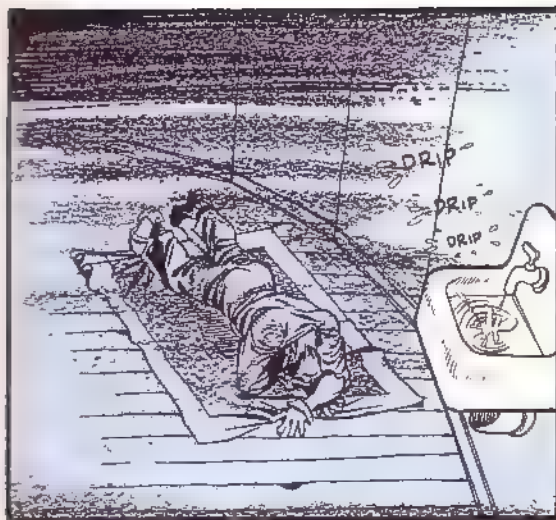
SIGN OF THE OCTOPUS

August 10 1947

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

THE SPIRIT





MEANWHILE...

WHAT KIND OF POLICE FORCE ARE YOU RUNNING DOWN THERE, DOLAN... HOW CAN I PROSECUTE WITHOUT EVIDENCE... WHERE IS THE SPIRIT?!

HOW SHOULD I KNOW... HE'S NOT A MEMBER OF THE FORCE!

NOT AN OFFICIAL MEMBER! LOOK... SPIDER WEBB ROBS A BANK... YOUR SECRET PAL, THE SPIRIT, GOES OUT TO GET HIM, AND INSTEAD OF BRINGING SPIDER IN ALIVE, WE FIND HIM AT OUR DOORSTEP DEAD... BEATEN TO DEATH... THE SPIRIT HAS INFORMATION WE NEED... UNLESS YOU BRING HIM BACK... I'LL ISSUE A SUBPOENA.

O.K...O.K., I'LL BRING HIM IN...



H'YA, COMMISSIONER DOLAN, SIR..

HULLO, KLINK.

Y'LOOK TROUBLED, SR..

THE SPIRIT HAS BEEN MISSING FOR 24 HOURS ON A CASE IN WHICH A MAN WAS BEATEN TO DEATH... WHOEVER HAS THE SPIRIT IS MIGHTY TOUGH... IT'D BE SUICIDE FOR ANYONE WHO TRIED TO FIND HIM!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE ME?

SIMPLE! I'D PICK A YOUNG OFFICER WHO WAS NOT SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THE ASSIGNMENT IS AND WHO IS SO UNIMPORTANT THAT THE 'FORCE' COULD AFFORD TO LOSE HIM.

M-HMMM... A VERY WISE SOLUTION.. I THINK I KNOW JUST THE MAN

YEAH? WHO?

YOU!



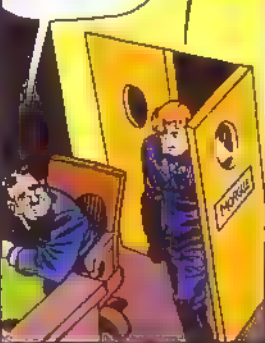
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!..
JUST TWO WEEKS ON THE
FORCE, AND ALL I DO IS GET
INVOLVED WITH THE
SPIRIT!



LAST WEEK I PLAYED
STOOGES TO HIM ALL
THE WAY... IT HURTS
MY PRIDE... HMMM...
"SPIDER" FOUND ON
SAND LOT... EAST
6TH STREET...



OH, OFFICER
KLINK... YOU
FORGOT TO
SIGN THESE
PAPERS AT
GRADUATION
LAST WEEK...



ME?
WHAT
PAPERS?

YOUR
LAST
WILL AND
TESTAMENT!

ULP!



MEANWHILE... NOW, MR. SPIRIT...
THIS IS YOUR OLD
FRIEND, THE OCTOPUS... YOU'VE
HAD A SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU'LL
GET IF YOU DON'T TALK... "SPIDER"
WEBB TOLD YOU WHERE HE HID THE
STOLEN BANKROLL BEFORE HE DIED.

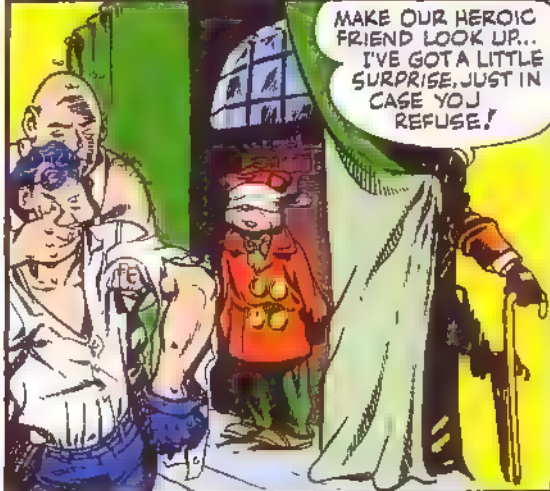
HE'S OUT
AGAIN... "WHEW!"
I BEEN HITTING
HIM FOR HOURS.

WHERE IS IT??

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
ALIVE WHO KNOWS!

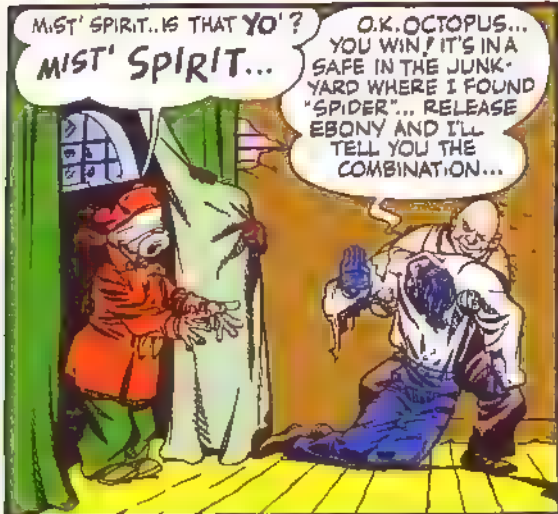


MAKE OUR HEROIC
FRIEND LOOK UP...
I'VE GOT A LITTLE
SURPRISE, JUST IN
CASE YOU
REFUSE!

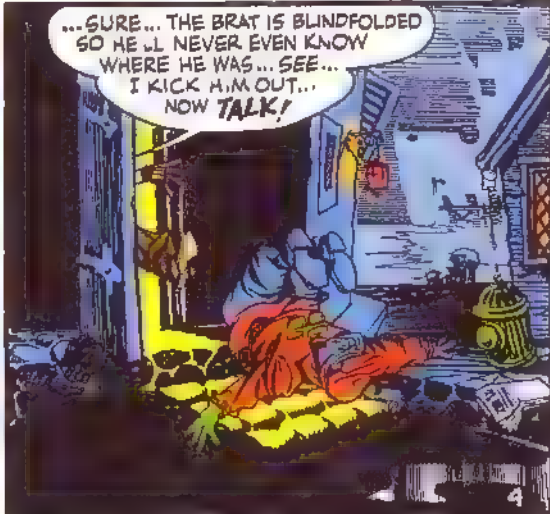


MIST' SPIRIT... IS THAT YOU?
MIST' SPIRIT...

O.K. OCTOPUS...
YOU WIN! IT'S IN A
SAFE IN THE JUNK-
YARD WHERE I FOUND
"SPIDER"... RELEASE
EBONY AND I'LL
TELL YOU THE
COMBINATION...



...SURE... THE BRAT IS BLINDFOLDED
SO HE'LL NEVER EVEN KNOW
WHERE HE WAS... SEE...
I KICK HIM OUT...
NOW TALK!



ON A SAND LOT.

NOW, THIS IS WHERE
'SPIDER' WAS PICKED UP.
THERE OUGHTA BE A CLUE
THAT NO ONE BUT A SMART
COP LIKE ME...

HALP! HALP!
POLICE... (PUFF) (PUFF)
THE OCTOPUS HAS
THE SPIRIT...

...AH TOLDJA, OFFICER KLINK.
AH WUZ BLINDFOLDED... ALL
AH KNOW IS THAT THE
OCTOPUS WILL COME HERE
TO GIT THE MONEY
OUTTA THE SAFE!

FINE.. RUN ALONG
TO HEADQUARTERS
...I'LL WAIT ON
THE OCTOPUS...
BOY, OH BOY, I'M
GETTIN' IN ON THE
BIG TIME AT
LAST!

HMM... COMMISSIONER
KLINK... NOT BAD.. OF
COURSE I'LL LET DOLAN
HAVE HIS OLD BEAT
BACK...

WAK!

OOO!!! ☆!!#??
@!! @!!! #☞#!

SUCKER!

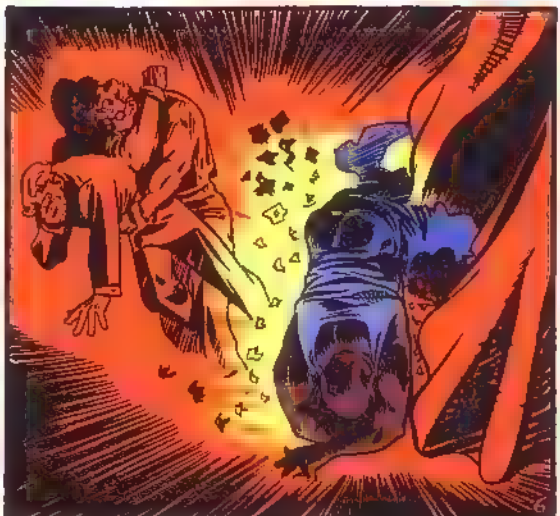
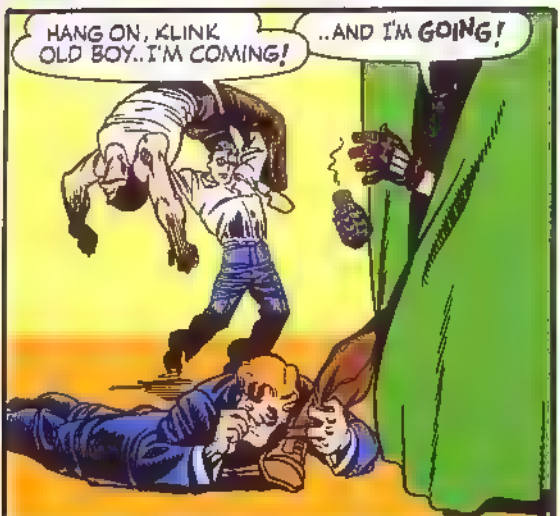
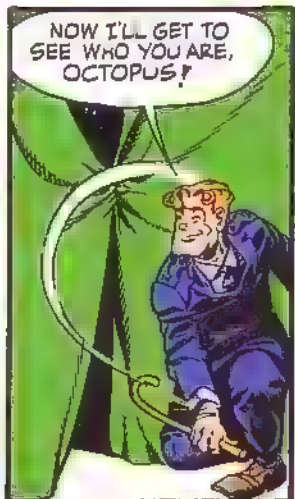
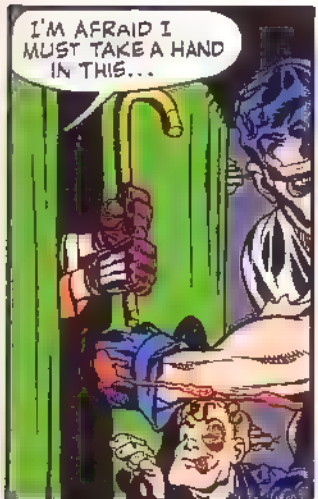
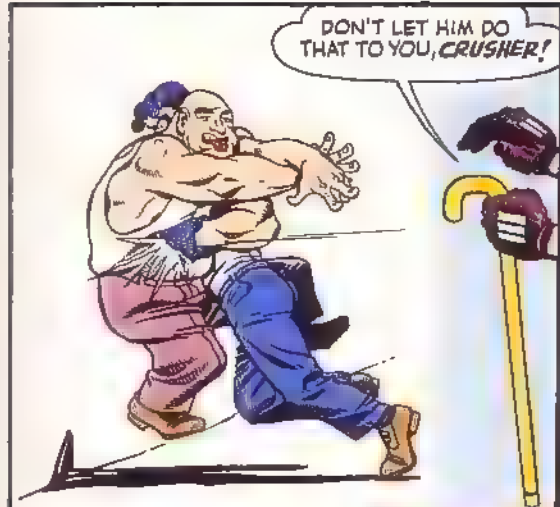
YOU FELL FOR
AN OLD ONE..
TATA
TO **SPIRIT**

AND SO, SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

THE MONEY MUST BE AT
HEADQUARTERS... YOU
KNOW, FLATFOOT... **TALK**

5





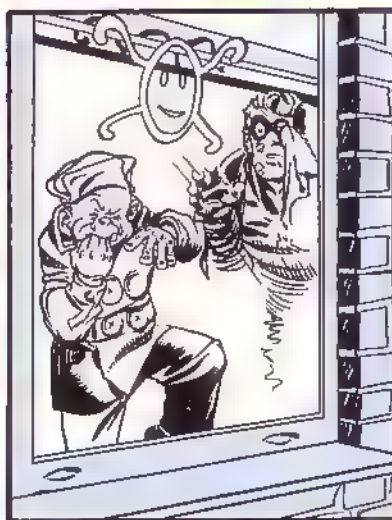
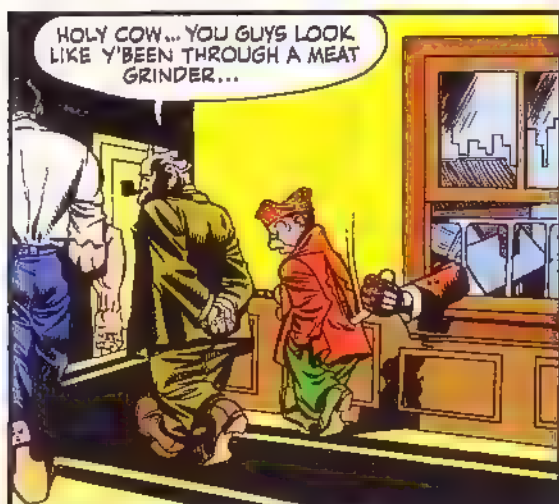
...POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

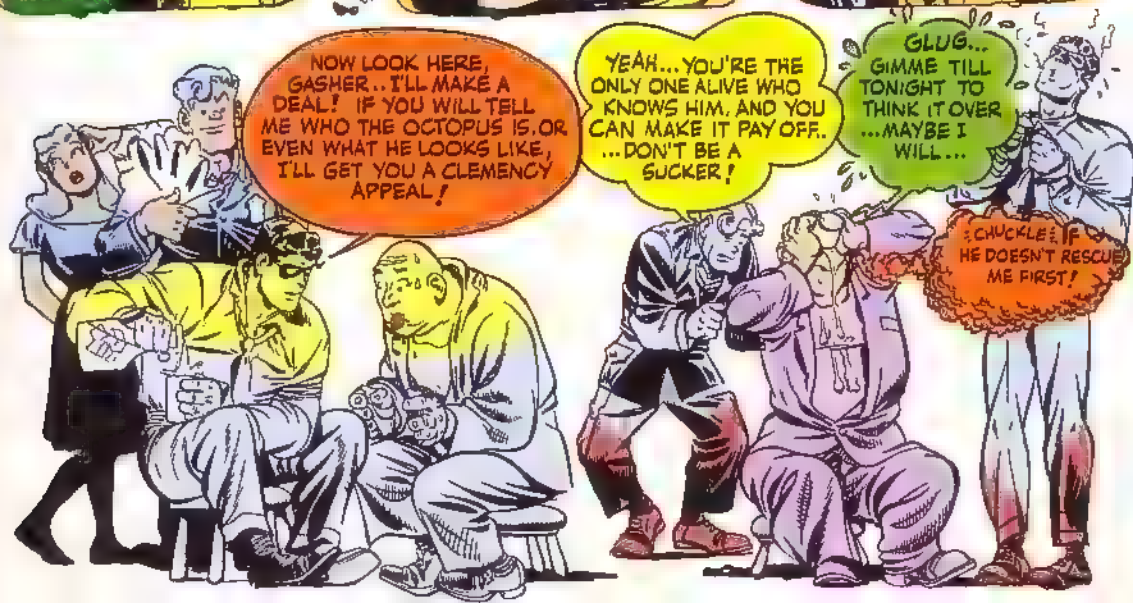
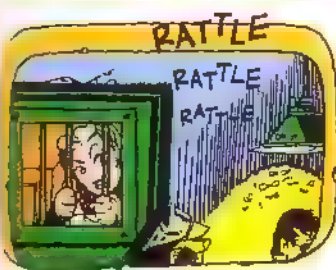
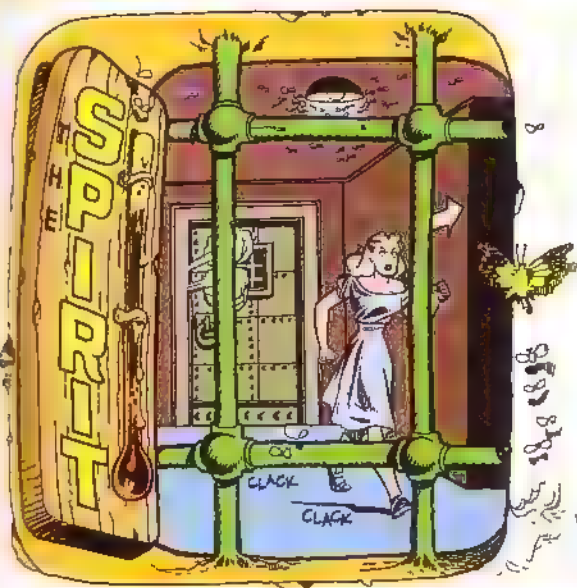
...BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME... WHERE IS THE MONEY, EBONY?

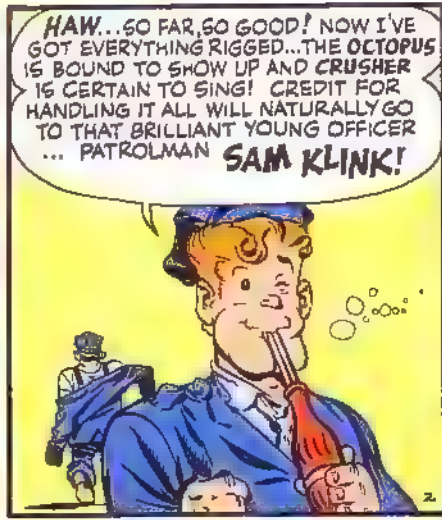
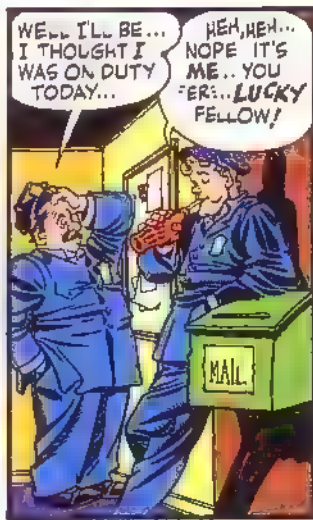
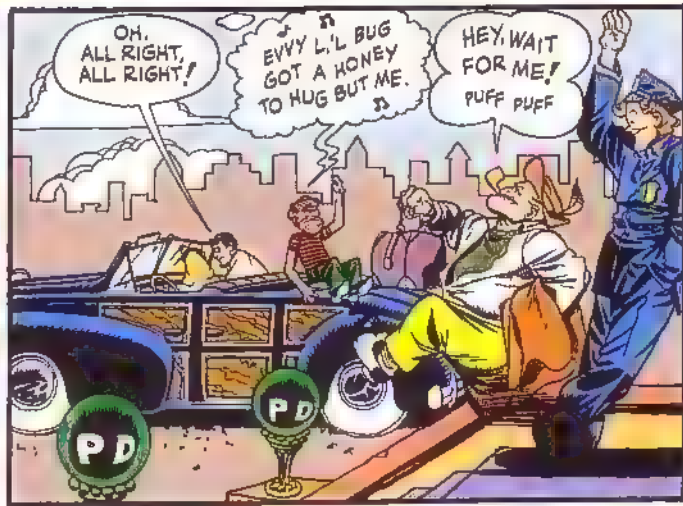
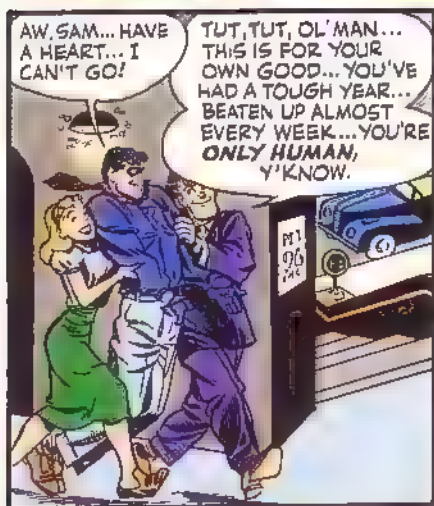
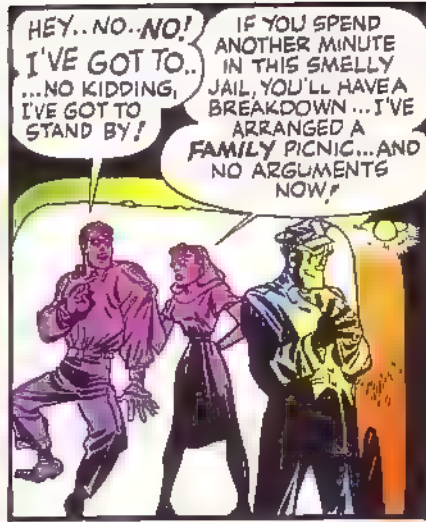
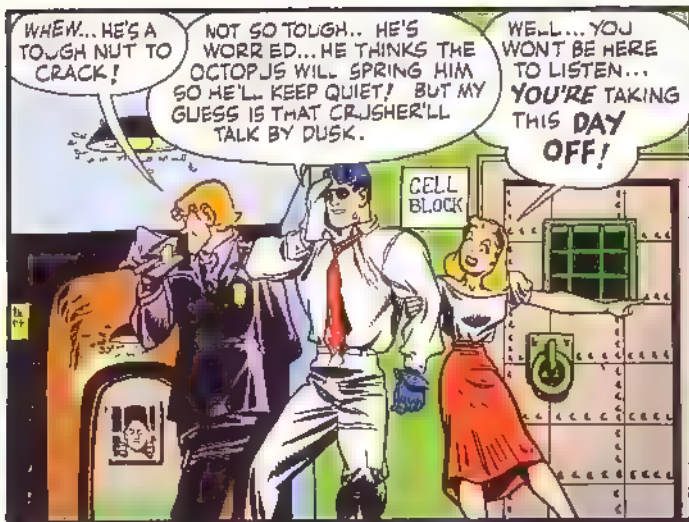
HA HA... AH HAD IT ON ME ALL THE TIME!
HA HA HA!

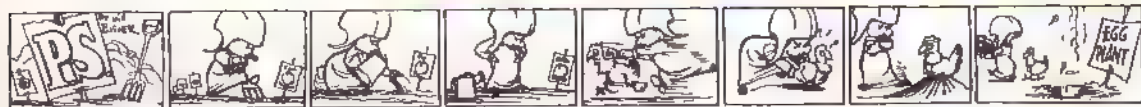
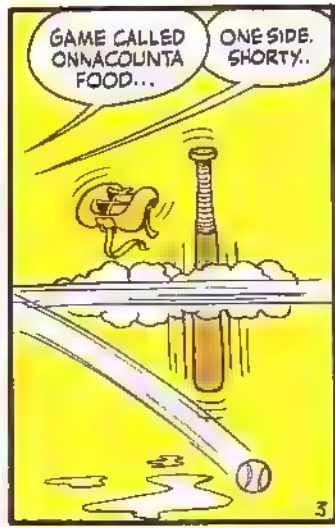
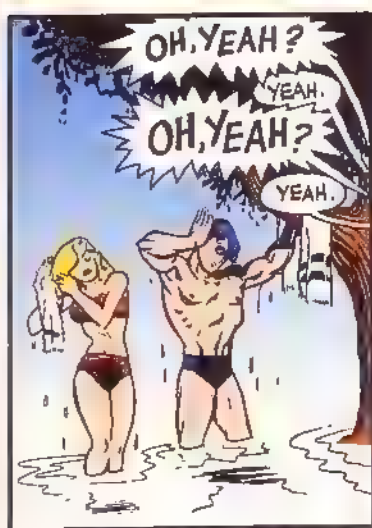
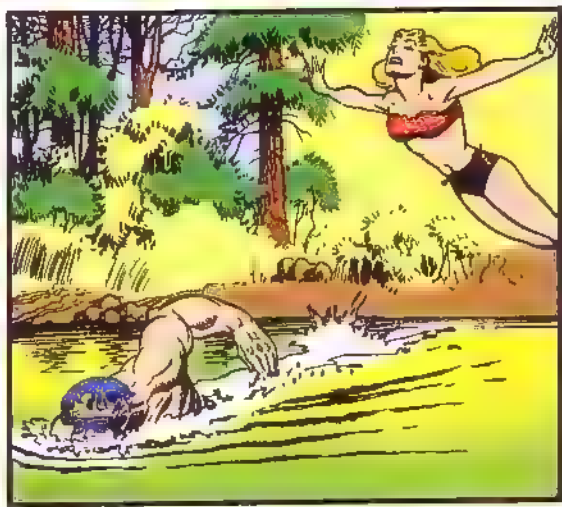
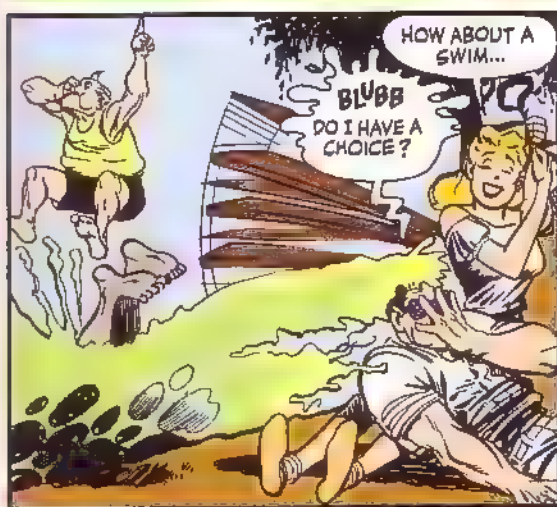
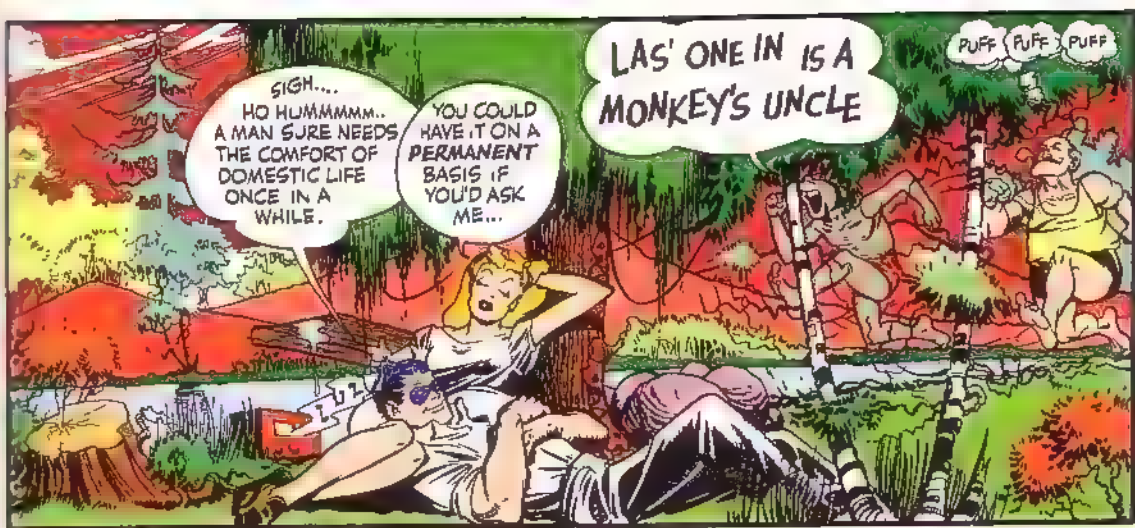
CHUCKLE = SMART LAD... HEY!

OFFICER KLING REPORTING... MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!

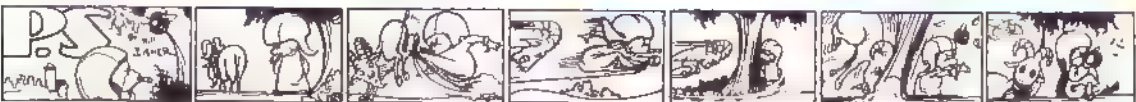
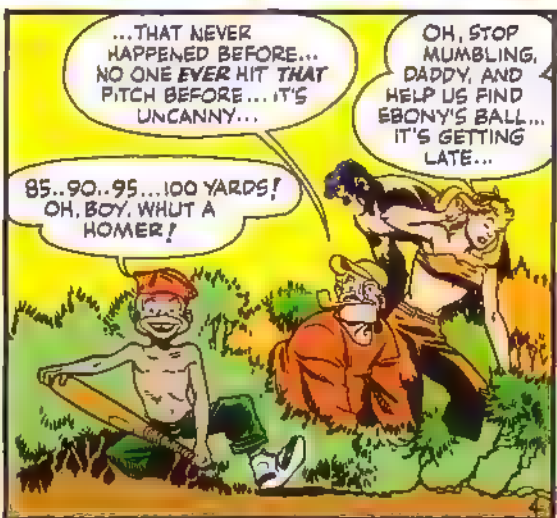
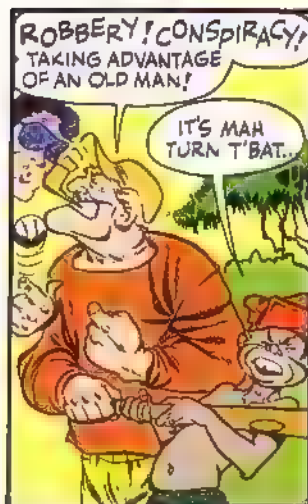
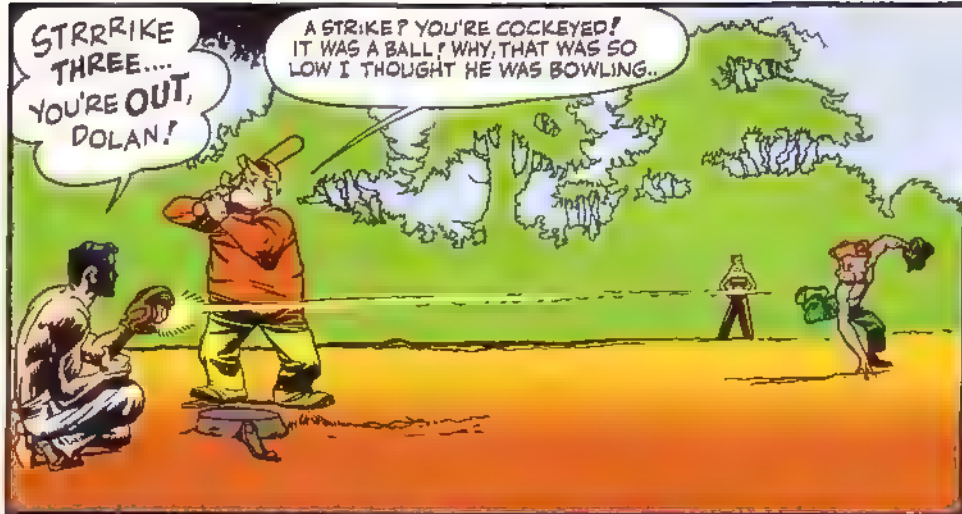




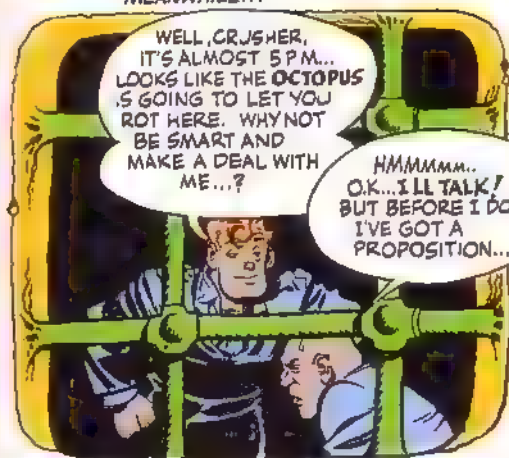




ONE
HOUR
TWO
WATERMELONS
TWO
COLD CHICKENS
SIX
FRANKFURTERS
AND
SEVERAL
POUNDS
OF ASSORTED
STUFF
LATER.....

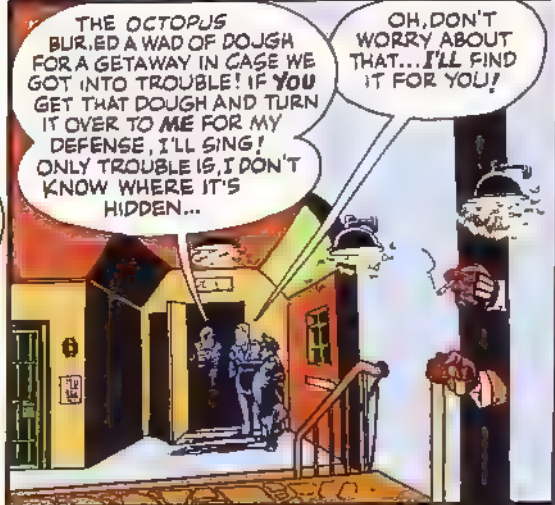


MEANWHILE...



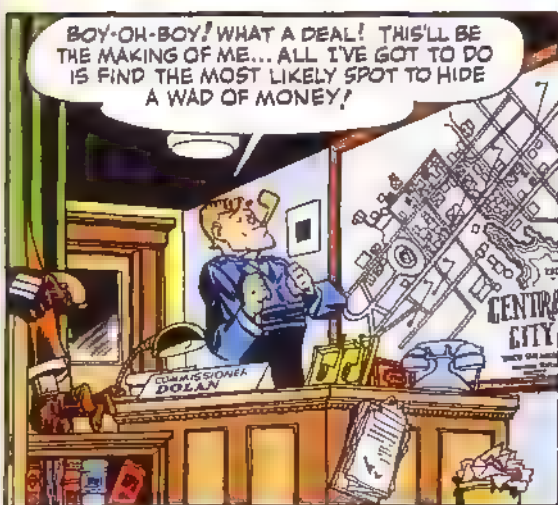
WELL, CRJSHER, IT'S ALMOST 5 P.M... LOOKS LIKE THE OCTOPUS IS GOING TO LET YOU ROT HERE. WHYNOT BE SMART AND MAKE A DEAL WITH ME...?

HMMMMM... O.K... I LL TALK! BUT BEFORE I DO, I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION...

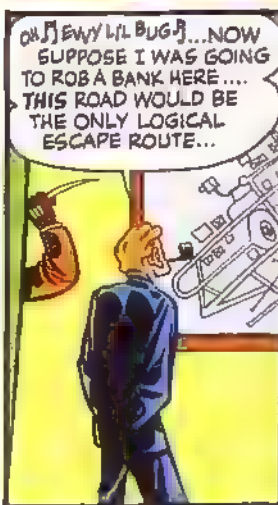


THE OCTOPUS BURIED A WAD OF DOLLA FOR A GETAWAY IN CASE WE GOT INTO TROUBLE! IF YOU GET THAT DOUGH AND TURN IT OVER TO ME FOR MY DEFENSE, I'LL SING! ONLY TROUBLE IS, I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S HIDDEN...

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT... I'LL FIND IT FOR YOU!



BOY-OH-BOY! WHAT A DEAL! THIS'LL BE THE MAKING OF ME... ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND THE MOST LIKELY SPOT TO HIDE A WAD OF MONEY!

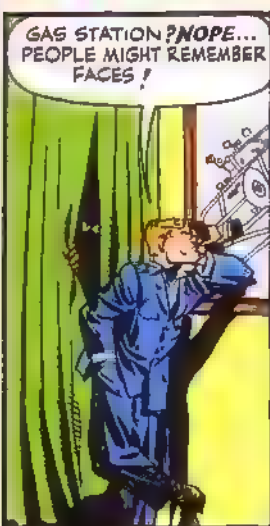


OH, JEWY LIL BUG... NOW SUPPOSE I WAS GOING TO ROB A BANK HERE... THIS ROAD WOULD BE THE ONLY LOGICAL ESCAPE ROUTE...



NOW, I WOULDN'T HIDE IT IN THE TENEMENT AREA... GOT A HONEY TO HUG TOO RISKY!

THE BIRDS AND BEEES



GAS STATION? NOPE... PEOPLE MIGHT REMEMBER FACES!



THEY EACH HAVE A GAL THEY C'N SNUGGLE AND SQUEEZE... HMMMM... LET'S GEE...



...THE PICNIC GROVE... SURE! THAT'S IT! THE PICNIC GROVE ON THE EDGE OF THE CITY LINE!



...AH, SAM KLINK, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THERE ISN'T MUCH THAT ESCAPES YOU, OLD BOY, NO SIREE!



MEANWHILE...

OOOH, MY BACK!
I CAN'T SEARCH ANOTHER
FOOT... LET'S QUIT! I'LL BUY
EBONY ANOTHER BALL.

HEY, FOLKS!
LOOKIT WHUT
AH FOUND!
A SATCHEL...

MONEY..
OODLES OF
IT!

LET ME SEE THOSE
SERIAL NUMBERS...
HMMM?

NOW
WHO WOULD
BURY
MONEY
OUT
HERE?

GOOD GRIEF!
GET IN THE CAR, EVERYBODY..
WE'RE GOING BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS... AND
I'LL DRIVE!

ER..THIS CAR
CAN'T DO MORE THAN
90 M.P.H., SPIRIT!

QUIET, DOLAN,
I'M THINKING.

HUH!.. AT
THIS SPEED AH
DON'T DARE THINK!

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

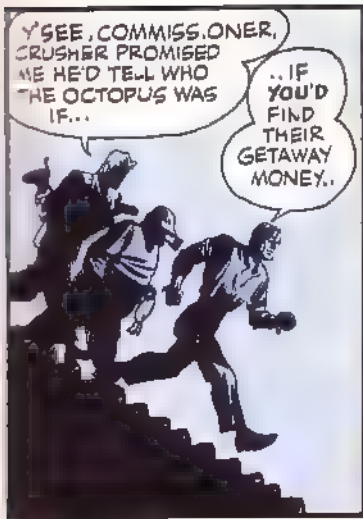
PATROLMAN
KLINK...

AH, GOOD EVENING,
FOLKS.. HAVE A NICE
DAY? I'VE GOT A
LITTLE SURPRISE FOR
YOU...

YEAH?

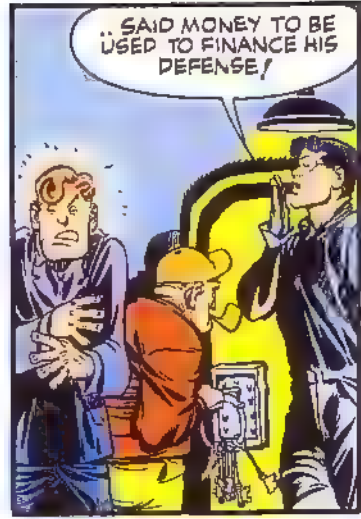
UH-HUH! IN ALL MODESTY
I MUST ADMIT THAT I DID
HAVE TO DO A CONSIDERABLE
AMOUNT OF *BRAIN* WORK..
BUT I SURE GOT THE
WHOLE THING WORKED
OUT CO-LD...

REALLY?
LET'S
GET TO
CRUSHER'S
CELL..
HURRY!



Y'SEE, COMMISS.ONER, CRUSHER PROMISED ME HE'D TELL WHO THE OCTOPUS WAS IF...

..IF YOU'D FIND THEIR GETAWAY MONEY..



.. SAID MONEY TO BE USED TO FINANCE HIS DEFENSE!



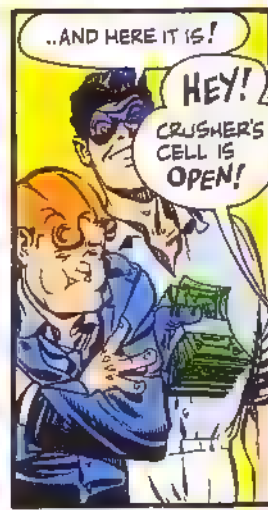
..YEAH..YEAH..AND SO I FIGURED...

..THE LOGICAL PLACE TO HIDE GETAWAY MONEY WOULD BE AT THE EDGE OF TOWN ... SAY THE PICNIC GROVE...



SURE, NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE MONEY IN THE GR...

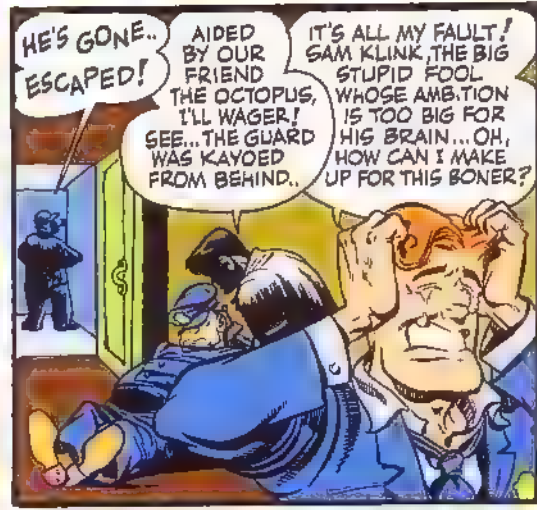
RIGHT..



..AND HERE IT IS!

HEY!

CRUSHER'S CELL IS OPEN!



HE'S GONE.. ESCAPED!

AIDED BY OUR FRIEND THE OCTOPUS, I'LL WAGER! SEE... THE GUARD WAS KAYOED FROM BEHIND..

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! SAM KLINK, THE BIG STUPID FOOL WHOSE AMBITION IS TOO BIG FOR HIS BRAIN... OH, HOW CAN I MAKE UP FOR THIS BONER?



I KNOW... I'LL GO AFTER CRUSHER MYSELF... YES... AND I DON'T CARE WHAT THE DANGER IS...



I'LL CLIMB MOUNTAINS... CROSS CANYONS TO CAPTURE HIM!



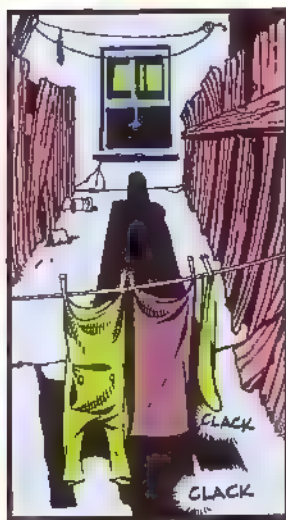
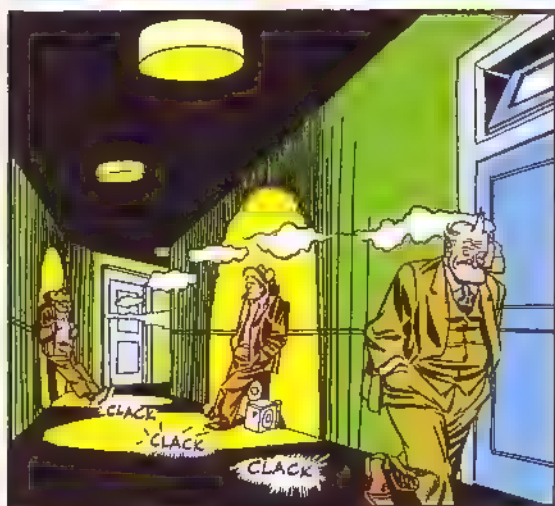
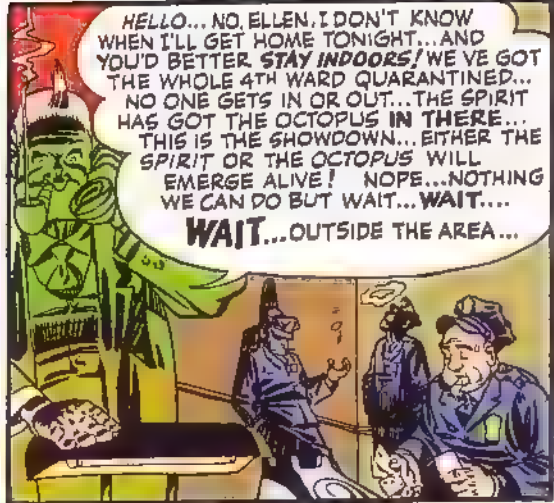
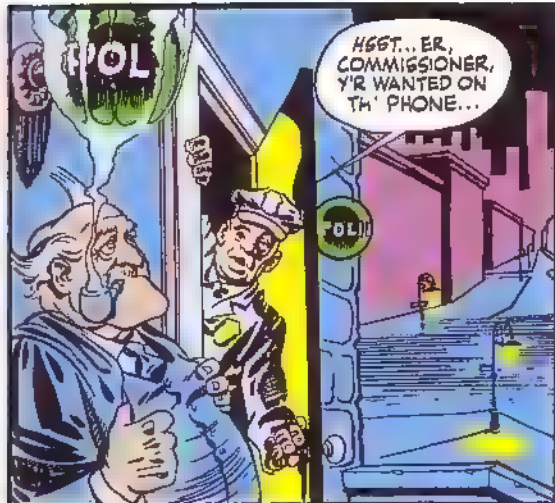
THUD

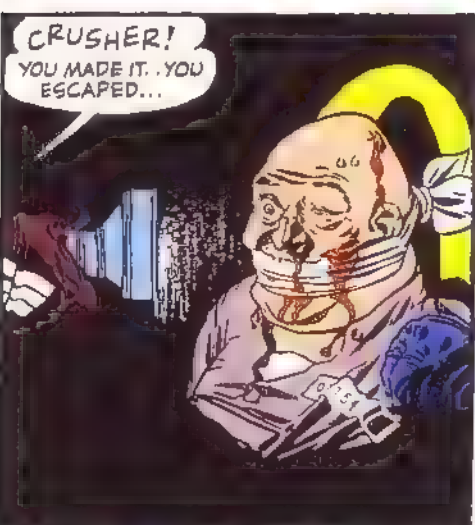
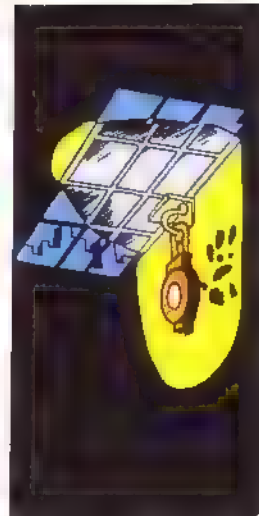


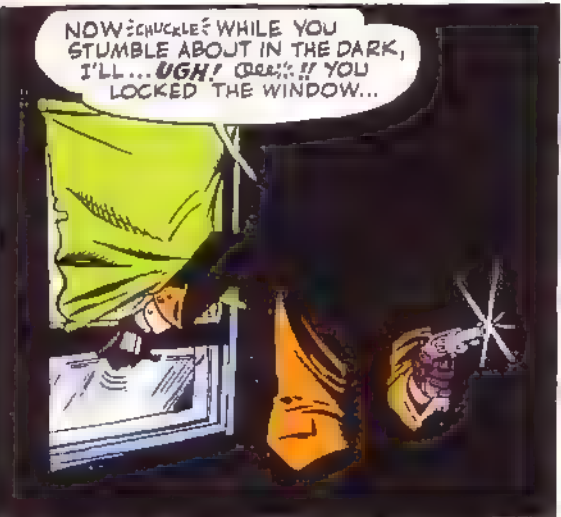
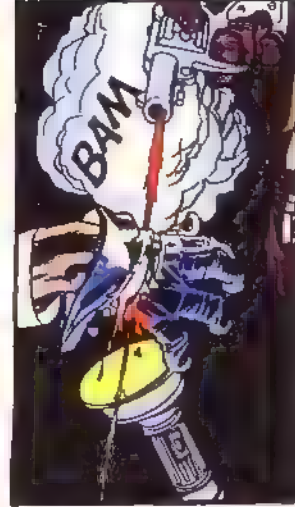
GASHER WAS HIDING UNDER THE BASEMENT STAIRS... BUT I'M AFRAID HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK FOR SOME TIME... ER... I BROKE HIS JAW

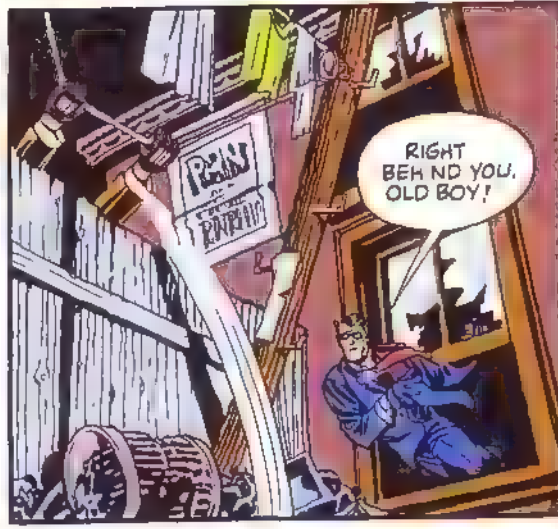
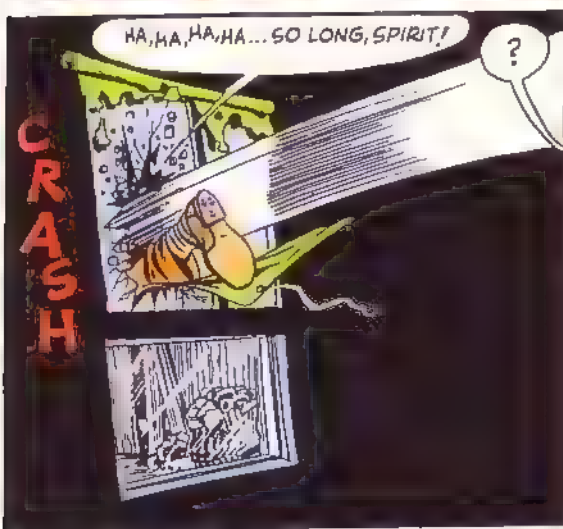
THAT'S ALL, BROTHER... THAT'S ALL!

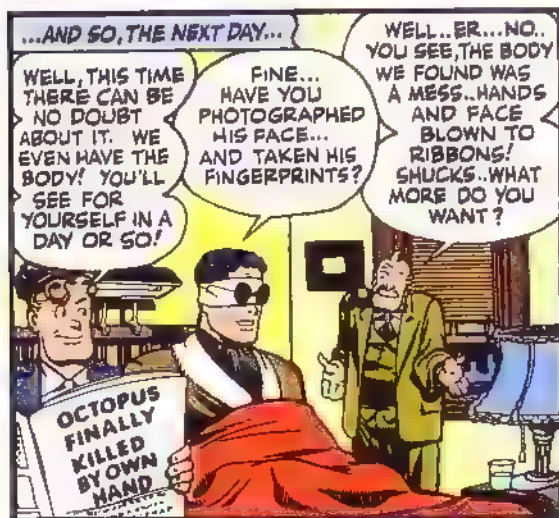
... YET, SURE AS
TAXES AND... D'DEATH
SOMETHING IS GOING
TO HAPPEN... *24*
... SOMETHING











AND SO... THAT IS THE END OF THE OCTOPUS...

THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. THE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE BEFORE OUR EYES... DIDN'T IT?... YOU SAW IT FOR YOURSELF...

OF COURSE, SOME SMART ALEC WILL SAY HE COULD HAVE LEFT ANOTHER BODY... SAY, A PASSER-BY! SURE, IT'S POSSIBLE TO SURVIVE A GRENADE BLOW... YEA... ER... GOSH... DO YOU SUPPOSE HE COULD HAVE... **AW...** THAT'S TOO MUCH TO EXPECT OF A MAN...

sure, that's impossible

WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? DON'T YA THINK WE'D LIKE TO SEE HIS FACE, TOO?

DO YOU THINK IT'S EASY FOR ME... SORRY... SEEING THE CHARACTER I CREATED OUT OF MY OWN INK

BEATEN UP WEEK AFTER WEEK BY A FIEND WHO KEEPS ELUDING MY PEN? DO YOU THINK IT'S FUN? HANA **FUN?** SORRY

WELL **Next Week:** WE BRING YOU THE **SPIRIT** IN... "THE WELL OF DARKNESS"

...CAN YOU SEE
ANYTHING?

...TRY TO READ THIS
CHART...**TRY! TRY HARD...**

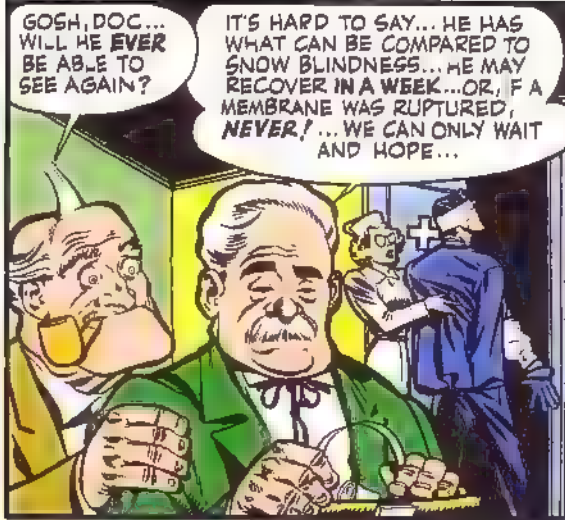
NO USE! I CAN'T
SEE A THING!

ALL RIGHT!
PUT THE
BANDAGES
BACK ON!

HE'S
BUNDED...SEVERE
BUT TEMPORARY..
I THINK, DOLAN,
YOU HAD BETTER
TELL ME HOW IT
HAPPENED!

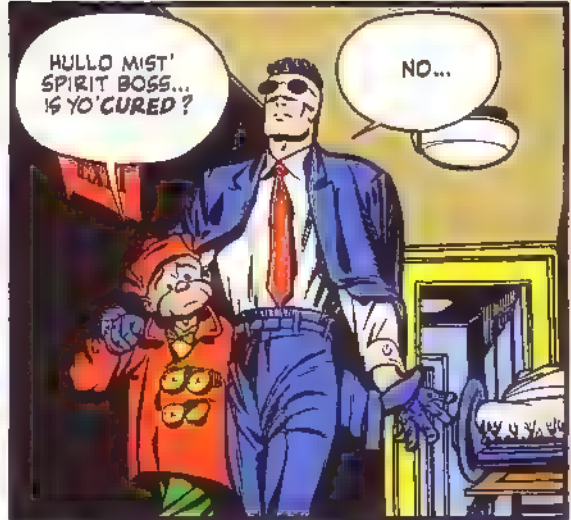
By WILL EISNER
SPIRIT
SPIRIT
SPIRIT
SPIRIT
SPIRIT
SPIRIT
SPIRIT

... ABOUT A
WEEK AGO,
IN A FIGHT
WITH THE
OCTOPUS, HE
GOT TOO CLOSE
TO A GUN
FLASH...



GOSH, DOC... WILL HE **EVER** BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN?

IT'S HARD TO SAY... HE HAS WHAT CAN BE COMPARED TO SNOW BLINDNESS... HE MAY RECOVER IN A WEEK...OR, IF A MEMBRANE WAS RUPTURED, **NEVER!**... WE CAN ONLY WAIT AND HOPE...



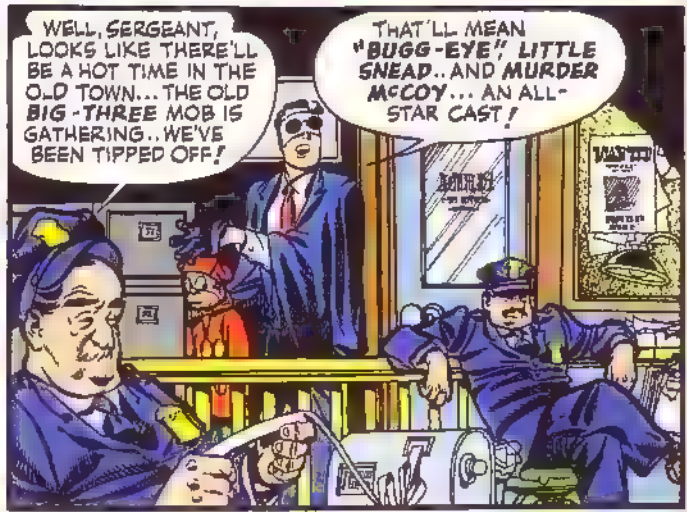
HULLO MIST' SPIRIT BOSS... IS YO' CURED?

NO...



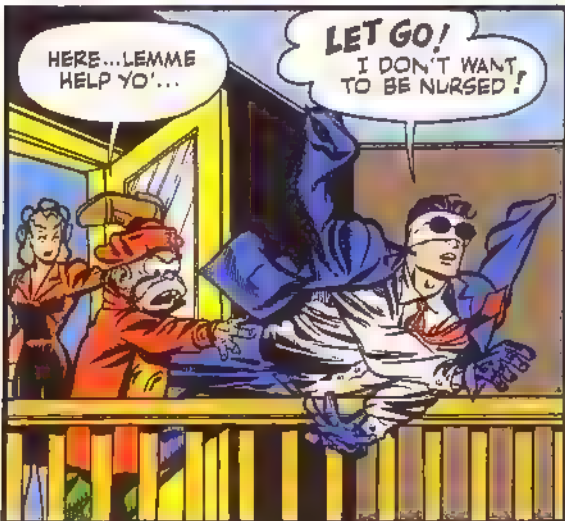
IS THERE ANY CHANCE YO'LL RE-COVER?

...PERHAPS!



WELL, SERGEANT, LOOKS LIKE THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN... THE OLD BIG-THREE MOB IS GATHERING.. WE'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF!

THAT'LL MEAN "BUGG-EYE", LITTLE SNEAD.. AND MURDER MCCOY... AN ALL-STAR CAST!



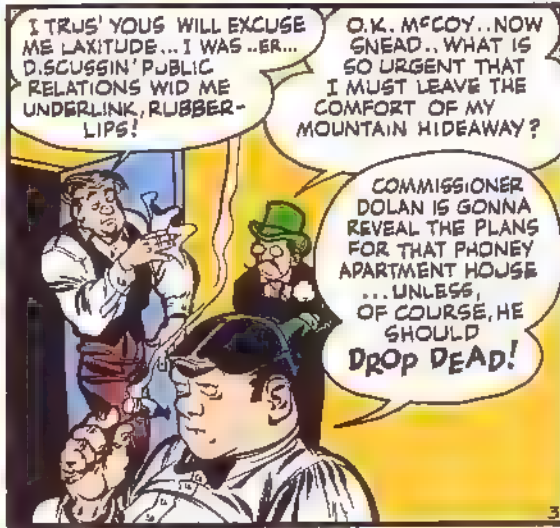
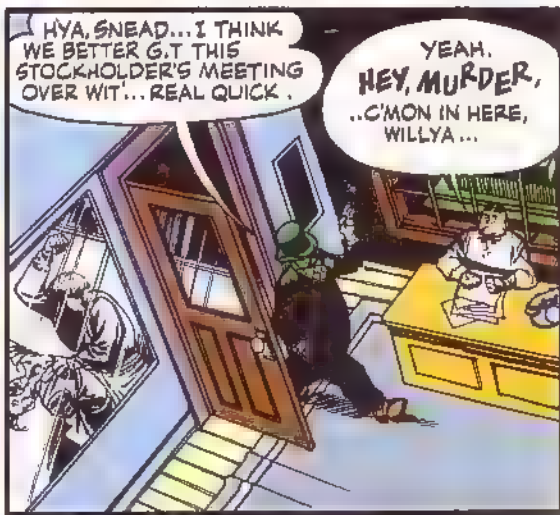
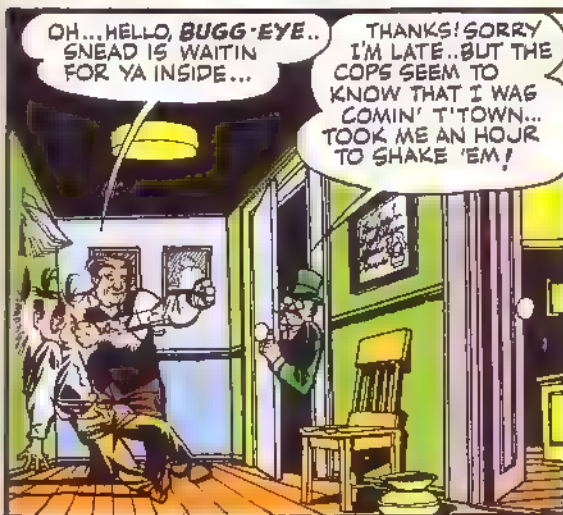
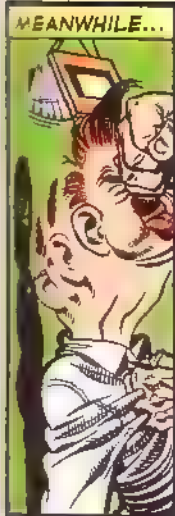
HERE...LEMMIE HELP YO'...

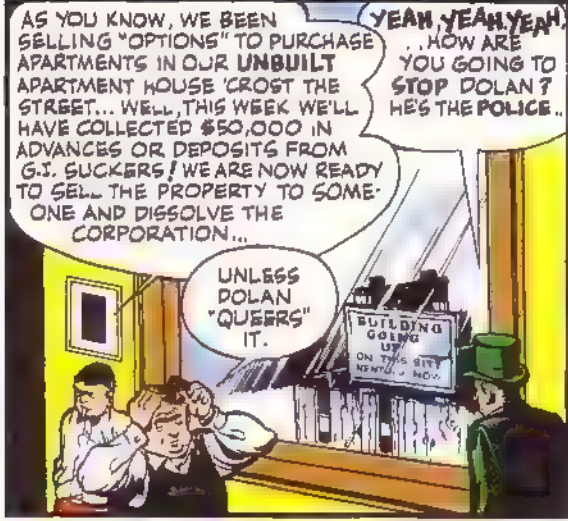
LET GO!
I DON'T WANT TO BE NURSED!



....BLIND...SHUT IN...IMPRISONED LIKE A RAT IN A BOX...A BIG CASE BREWING AND I STUMBLE ABOUT LIKE A FOOL! BLIND..BLIND..

BLIND!

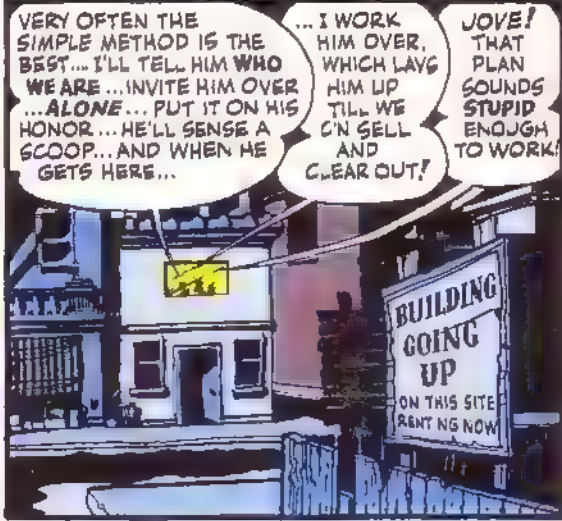




AS YOU KNOW, WE BEEN SELLING "OPTIONS" TO PURCHASE APARTMENTS IN OUR UNBUILT APARTMENT HOUSE 'CROST THE STREET... WELL, THIS WEEK WE'LL HAVE COLLECTED \$50,000 IN ADVANCES OR DEPOSITS FROM G.I. SUCKERS! WE ARE NOW READY TO SELL THE PROPERTY TO SOMEONE AND DISSOLVE THE CORPORATION...

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH... HOW ARE YOU GOING TO STOP DOLAN? HE'S THE POLICE...

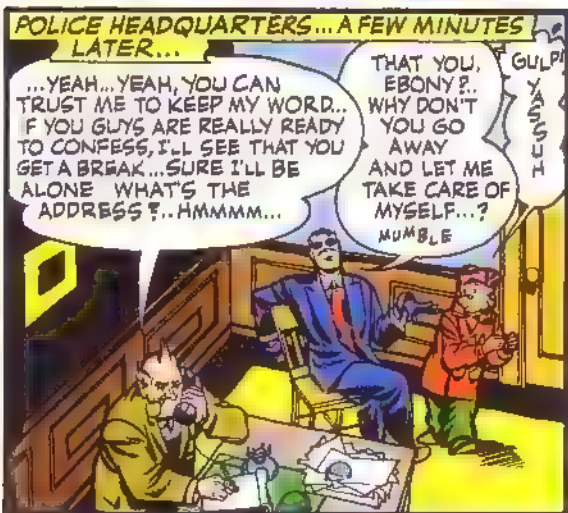
UNLESS DOLAN "QUEERS" IT.



VERY OFTEN THE SIMPLE METHOD IS THE BEST... I'LL TELL HIM WHO WE ARE... INVITE HIM OVER... ALONE... PUT IT ON HIS HONOR... HE'LL SENSE A SCOOP... AND WHEN HE GETS HERE...

... I WORK HIM OVER, WHICH LAYS HIM UP TILL WE C'N SELL AND CLEAR OUT!

JOVE! THAT PLAN SOUNDS STUPID ENOUGH TO WORK!

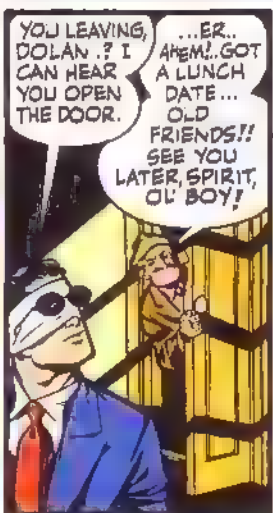


POLICE HEADQUARTERS... A FEW MINUTES LATER...

...YEAH... YEAH, YOU CAN TRUST ME TO KEEP MY WORD... IF YOU GUYS ARE REALLY READY TO CONFESS, I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A BREAK... SURE I'LL BE ALONE WHAT'S THE ADDRESS?... HMMMM...

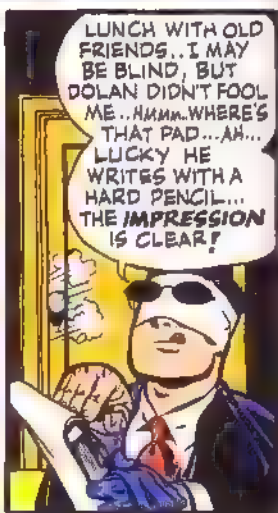
THAT YOU, EBONY?... WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY AND LET ME TAKE CARE OF MYSELF...? MUMBLE

GULP! YASSUH



YOU LEAVING, DOLAN? I CAN HEAR YOU OPEN THE DOOR.

...ER.. AHEM! GOT A LUNCH DATE... OLD FRIENDS!! SEE YOU LATER, SPIRIT, OL' BOY!



LUNCH WITH OLD FRIENDS... I MAY BE BLIND, BUT DOLAN DIDN'T FOOL ME... HMMM... WHERE'S THAT PAD... AH... LUCKY HE WRITES WITH A HARD PENCIL... THE IMPRESSION IS CLEAR!

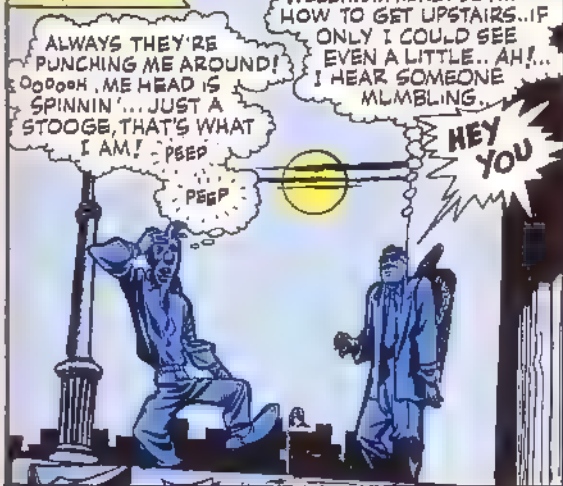


FUNNY... THE DOORS ARE ALL OPEN.. I'M GETTING ALONG FINE WITHOUT HELP...

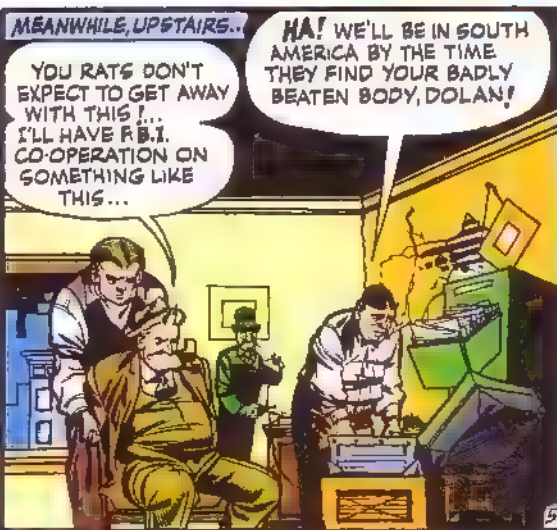
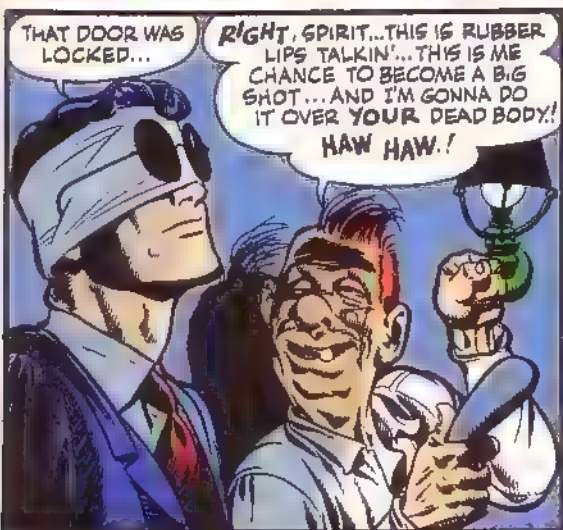
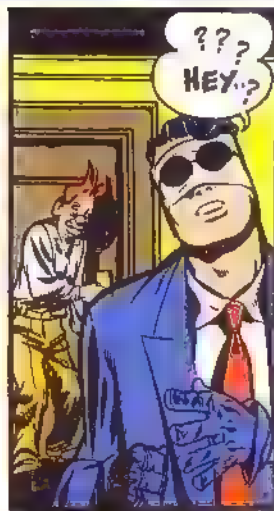
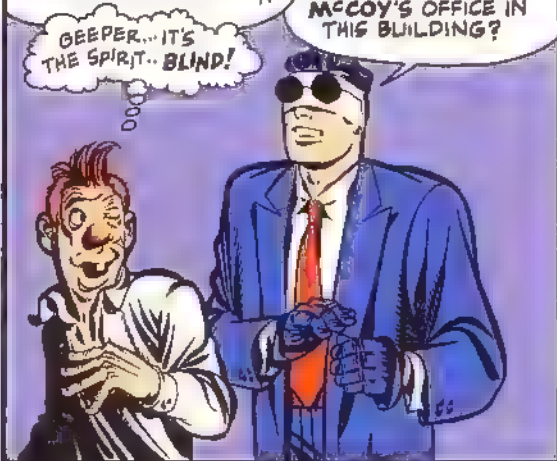


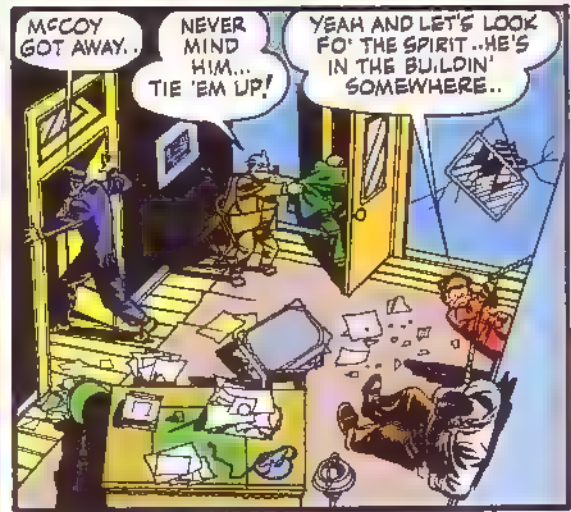
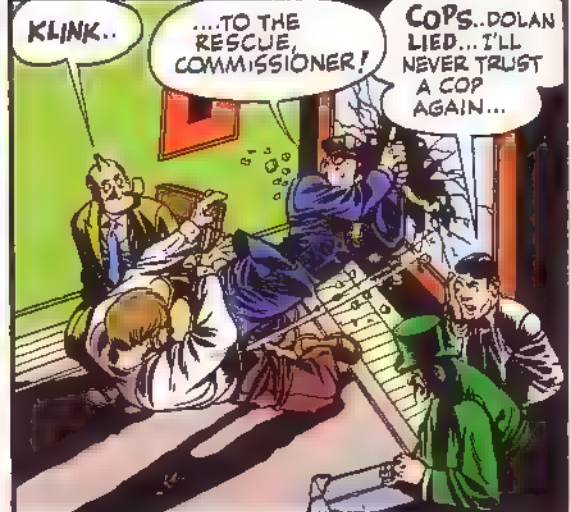
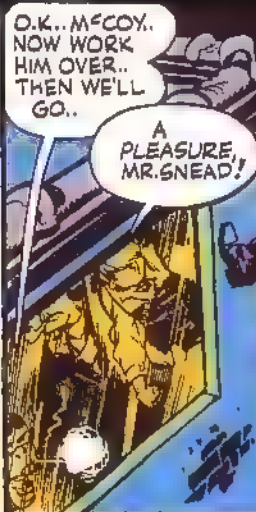
IS FINGO'S FLATS... AND HURRY!

MEANWHILE...



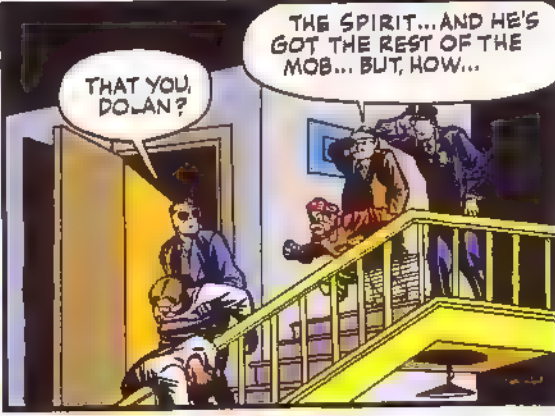
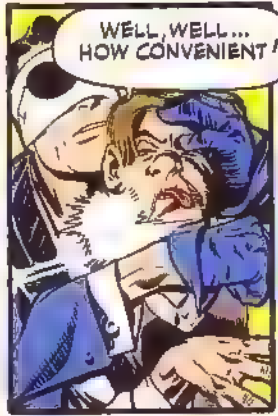
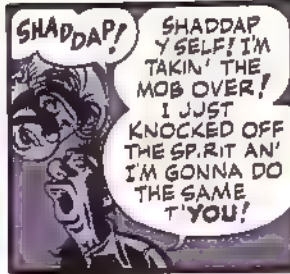
AAAH, BEAT IT, PEDDLER, I GOT ME OWN TROUB...





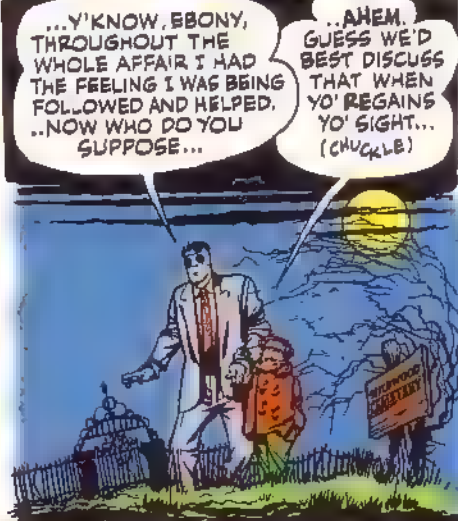


MCCOY. YOU'D BETTER NOT TALK T'ME THIS WAY!



AND DON'T FORGET TO TELL THEM I RESCUED DOLAN.... NAME IS SAM KLINK.. K-L-I-N-K!

YES SIR. HE LEFT A WHILE AGO..



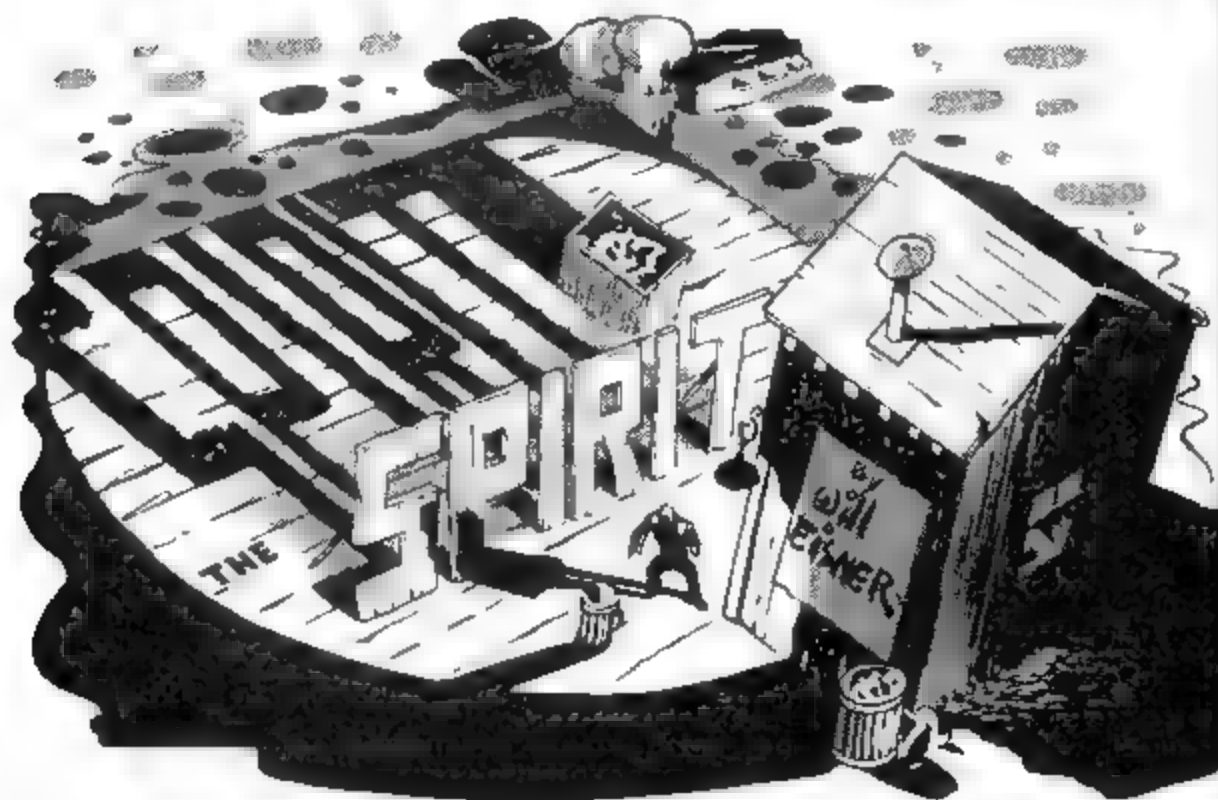
..AHM. GUESS WE'D BEST DISCUSS THAT WHEN YO' REGAINS YO' SIGHT... (CHUCKLE)

380. Originally published September 7, 1947

A KILLER AT LARGE

TO THOSE OF OUR READERS WHO HAVE FELT THE DEATH-COLD CLAMMINESS OF THE WATERFRONT... AND HEARD THE STIFLED SOUNDS THAT PRECEDE A CRIME...

WE NEED NOT EXPLAIN THE INTERNAL TERROR THAT FILLS THE COUNTLESS CRANNIES OF THE UNDERWORLD WHEN THERE'S A KILLER AT LARGE...



IT LASTS BUT A MOMENT... A DEATH-RATTLE SPASM OF A MOMENT..



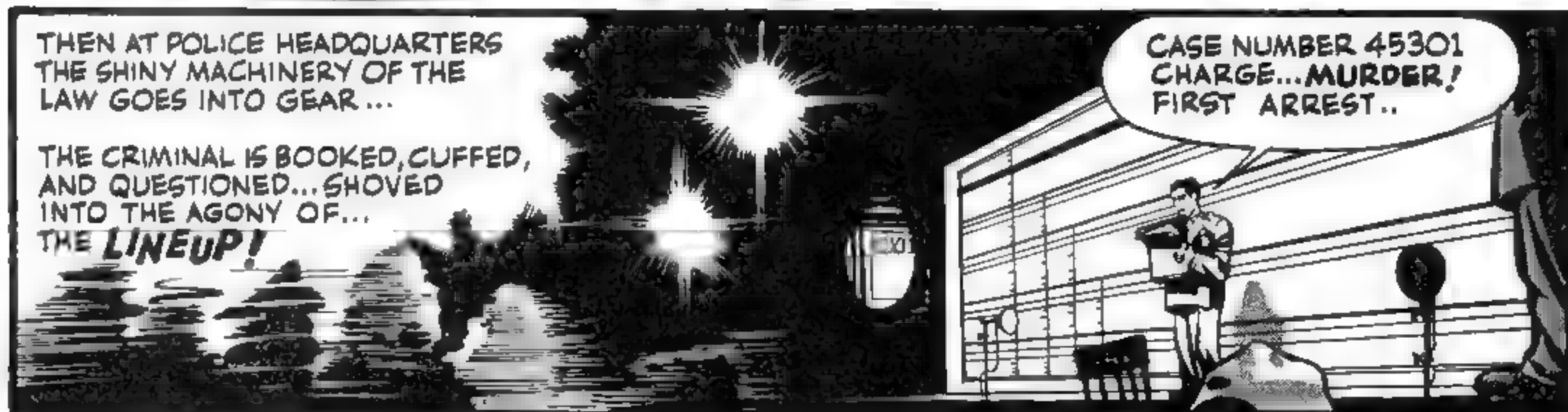
FOR A WHILE THERE IS SILENCE... THEN!... A FRANTIC POLICE WHISTLE... A FLURRY OF FLATFOOTED FEET... SOUND AND FURY... HARK! THE KILLER IS CAUGHT...

... AND SILENCE SEEPS BACK INTO THE AREA...

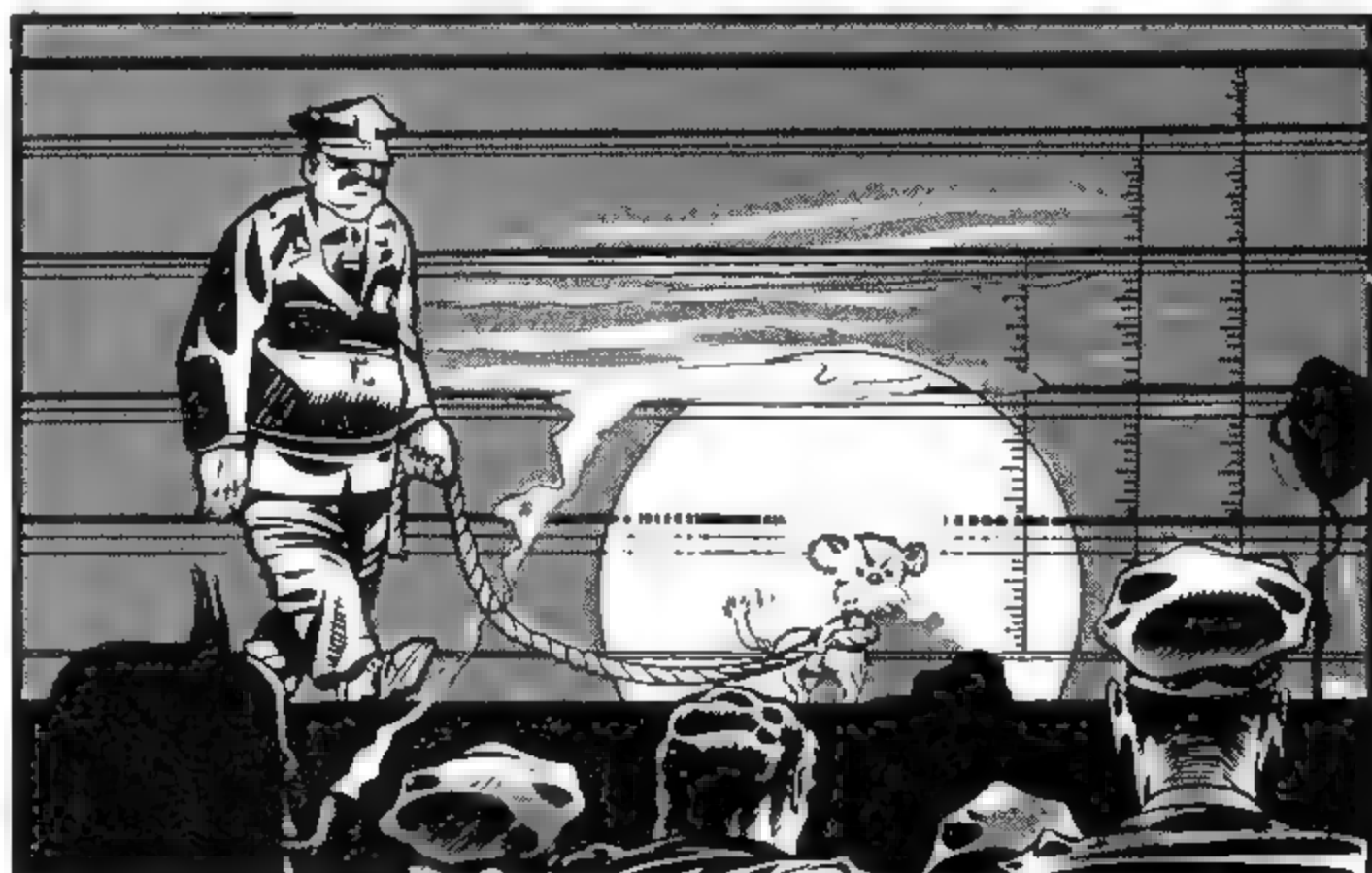


THEN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS THE SHINY MACHINERY OF THE LAW GOES INTO GEAR...

THE CRIMINAL IS BOOKED, CUFFED, AND QUESTIONED... SHOVED INTO THE AGONY OF... THE **LINEUP!**



O.K... BRING THE KILLER IN!!



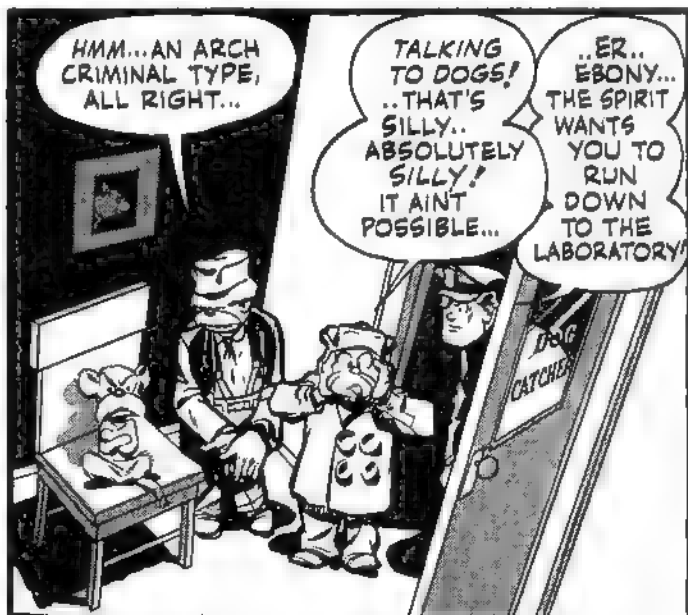
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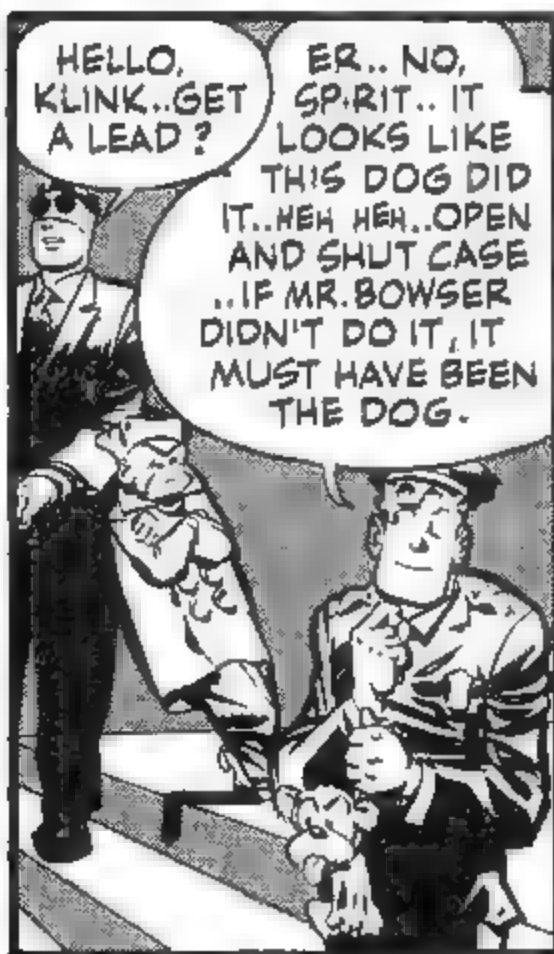
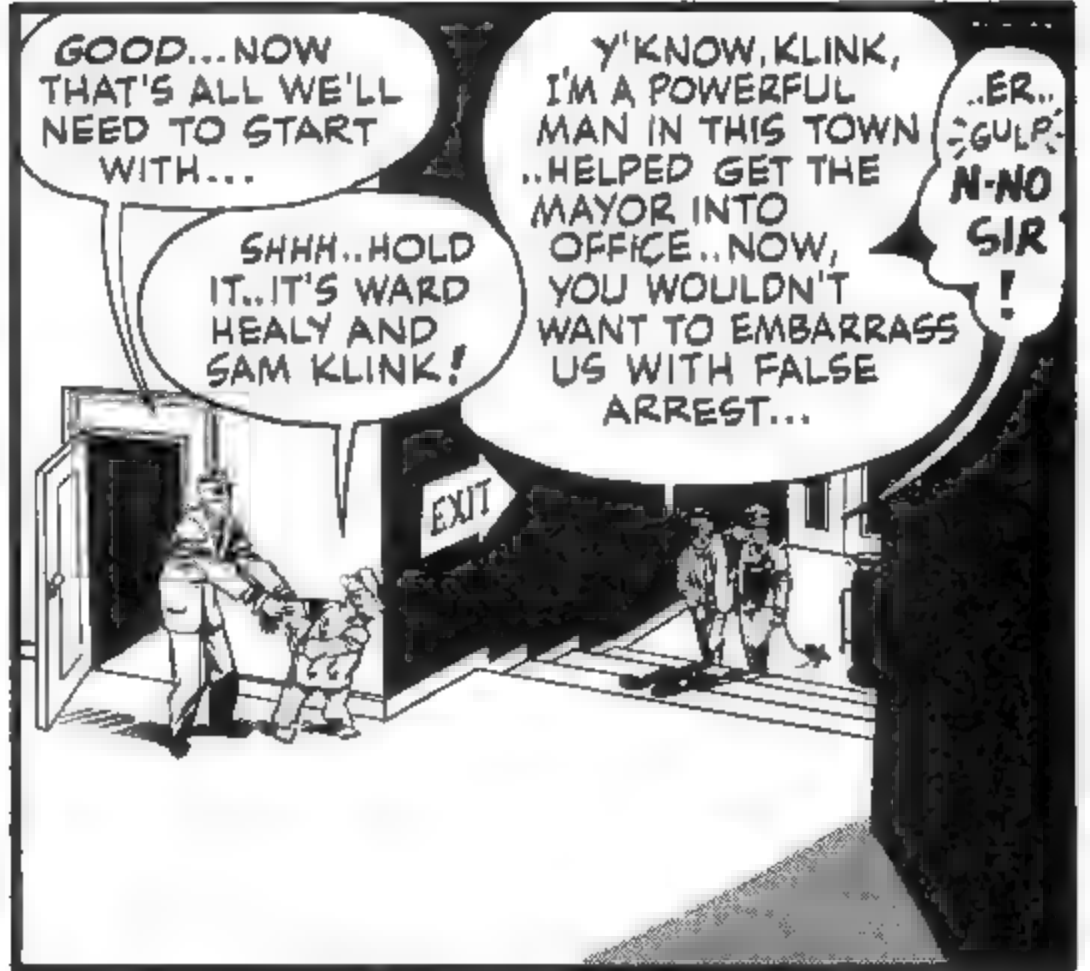


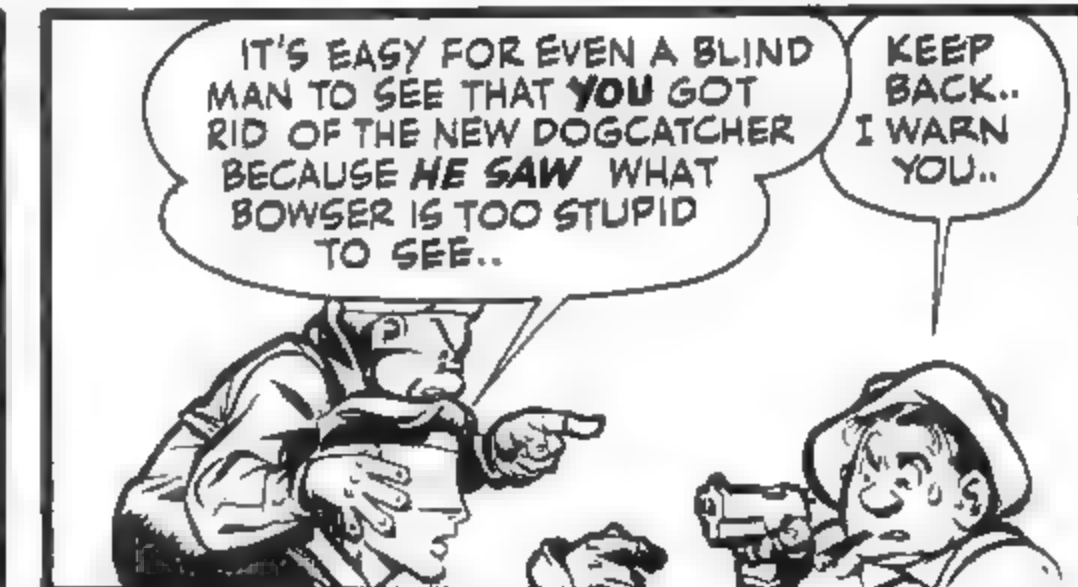
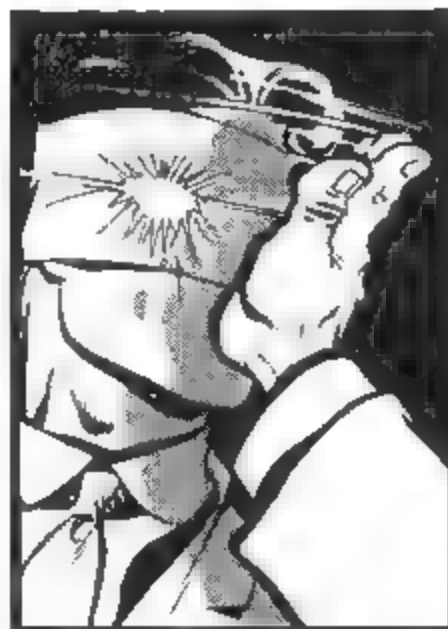
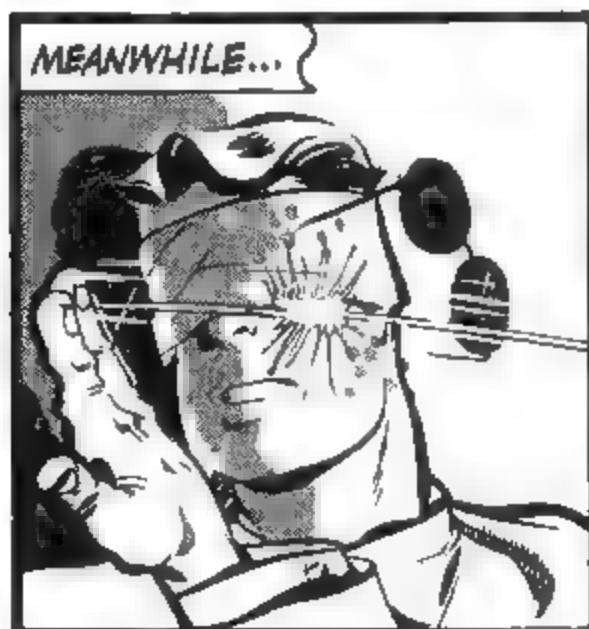
AND SO... THE CRIMINAL IS CAGED... FLUNG INTO A CELL TO AWAIT THE DOOM HE KNOWS MUST COME....

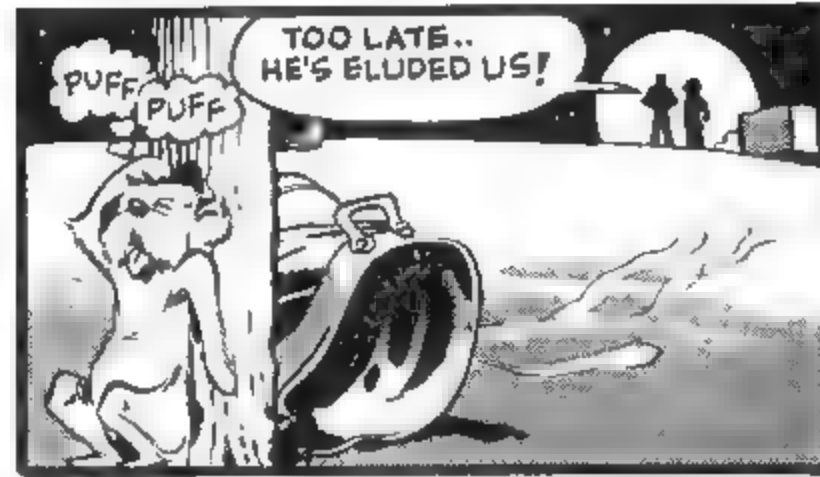
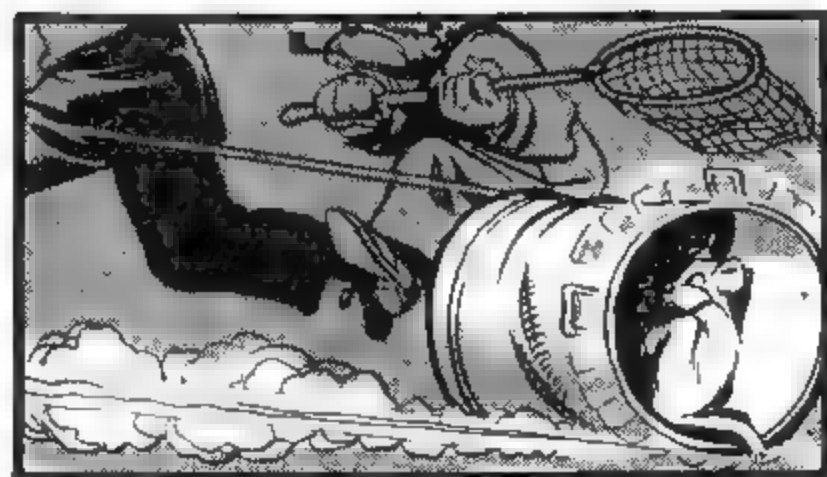
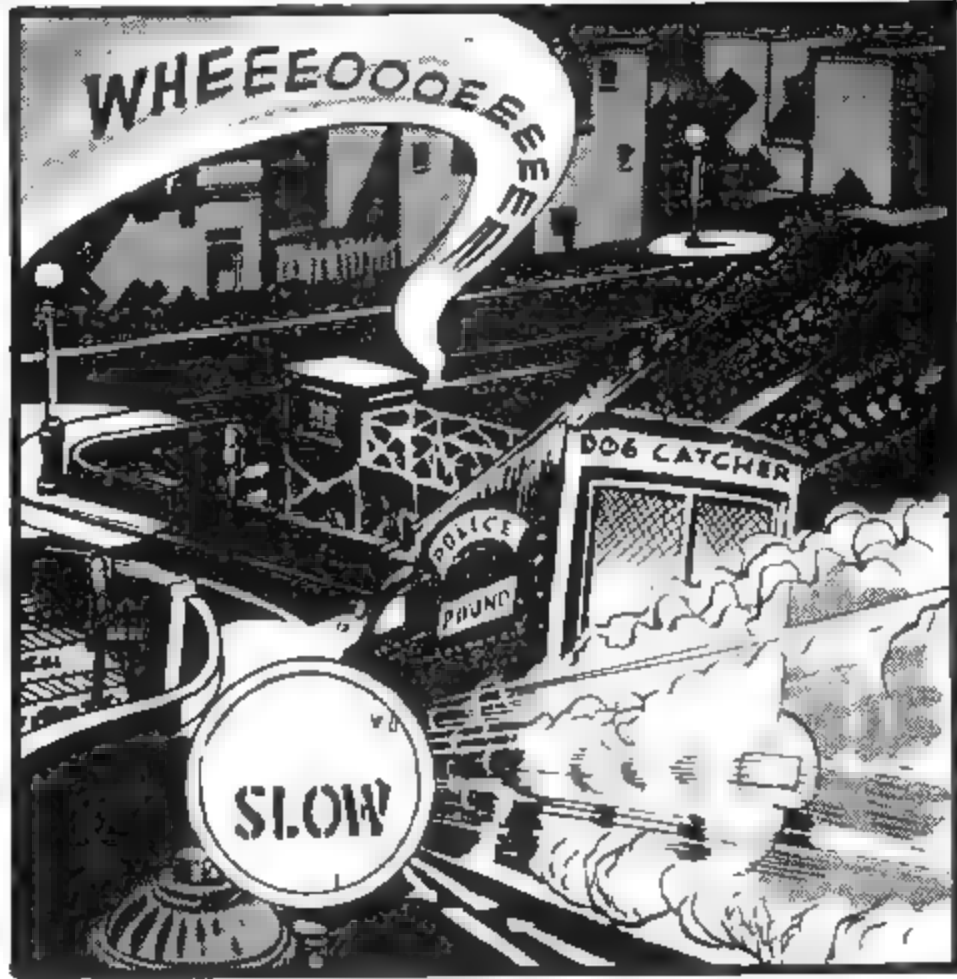
HE PACES THE FLOOR... IT IS AS THOUGH HE WERE HURLED INTO ANOTHER WORLD... A GRIM SOCIETY EAGER TO HAVE HIM SHARE IN THEIR MISERY...

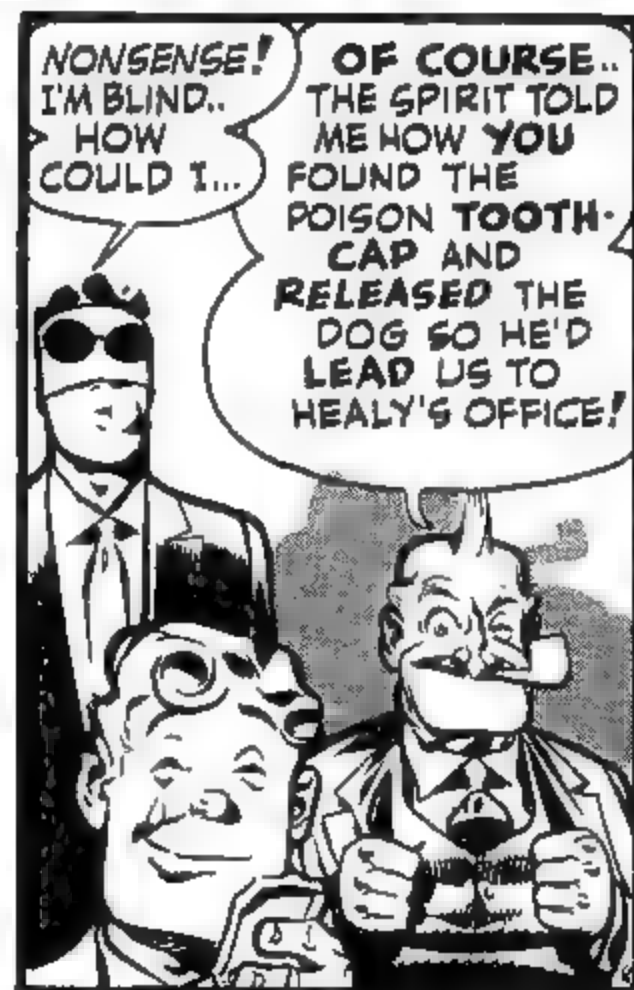
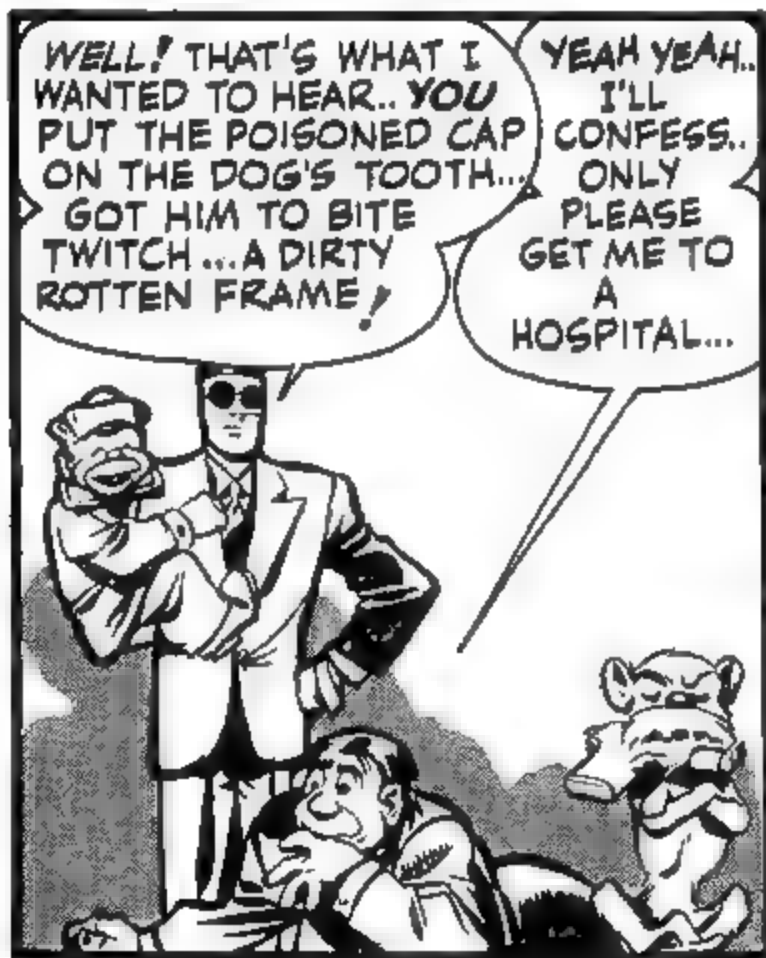








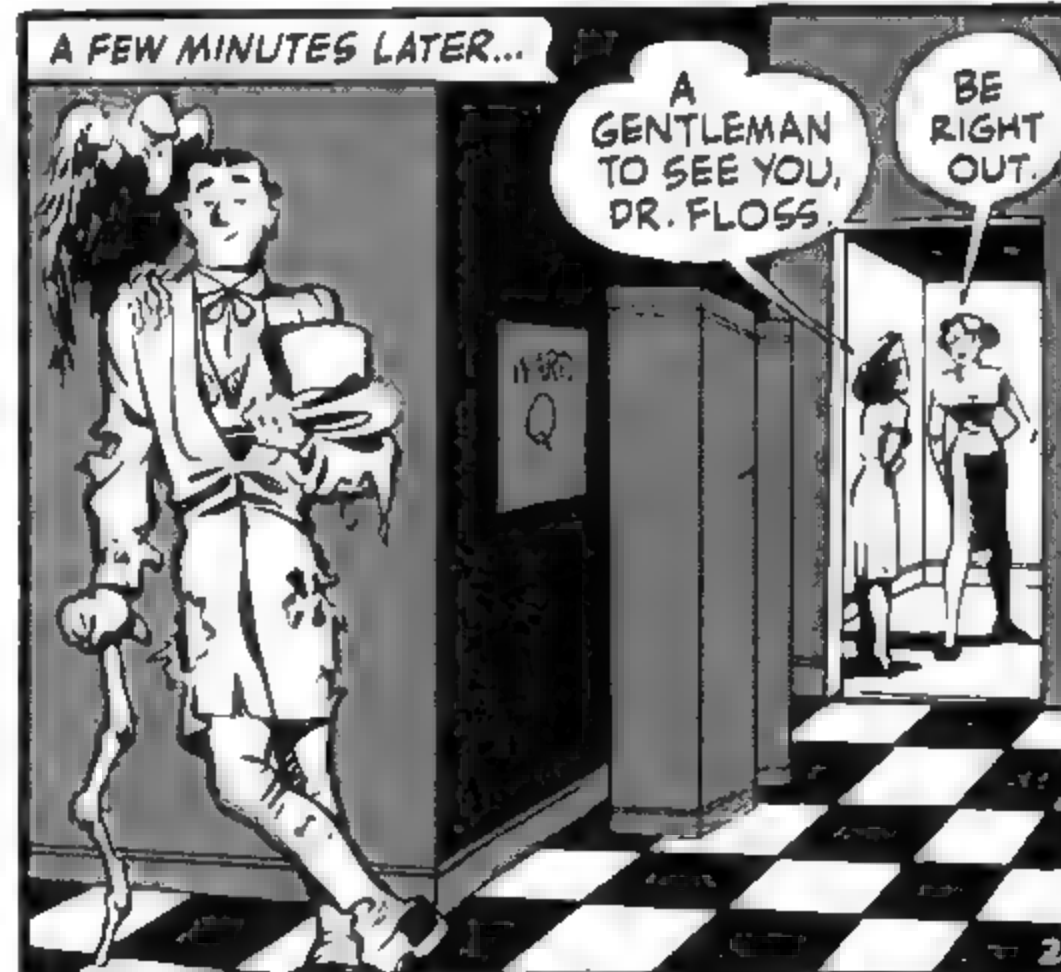
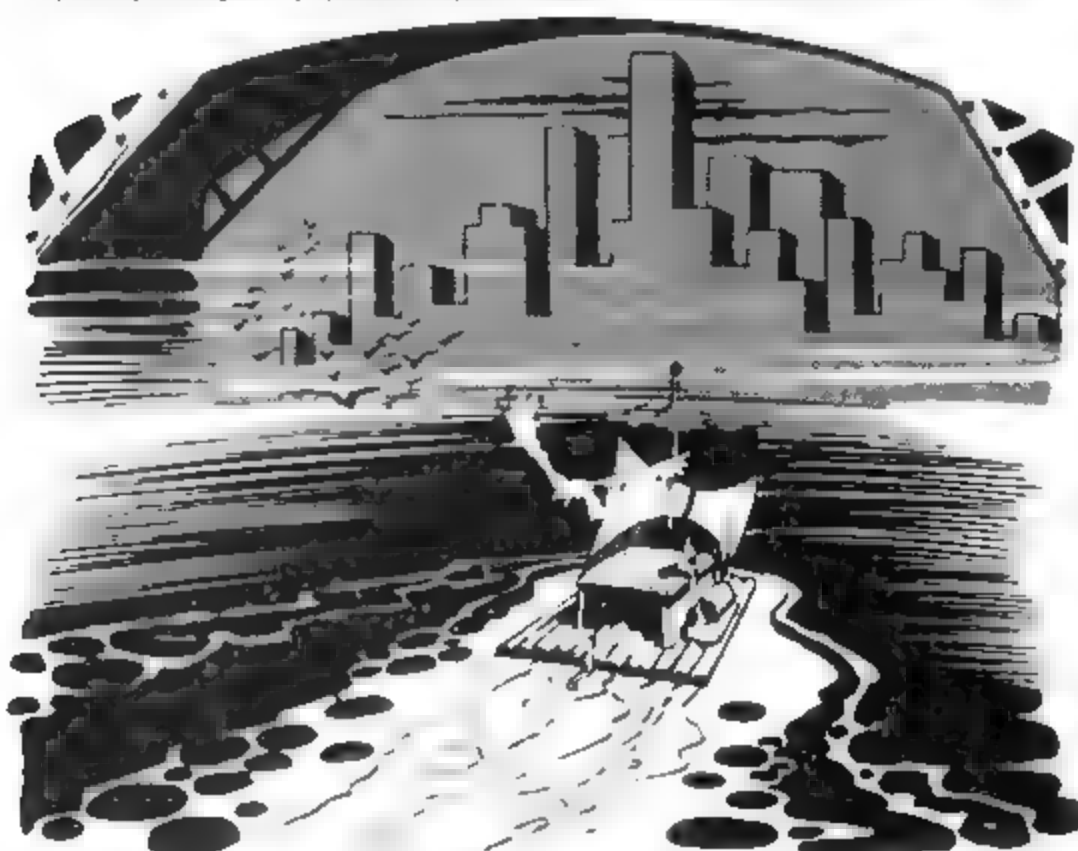


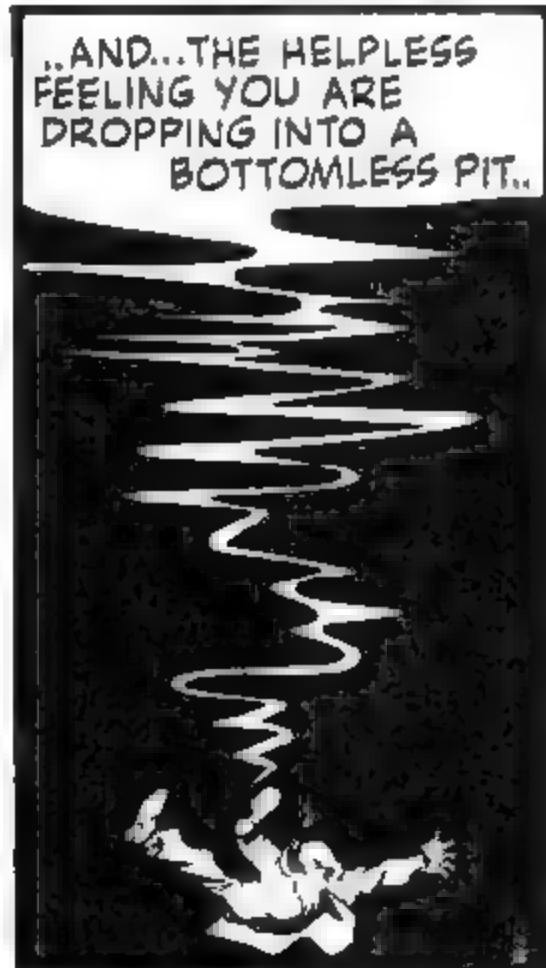
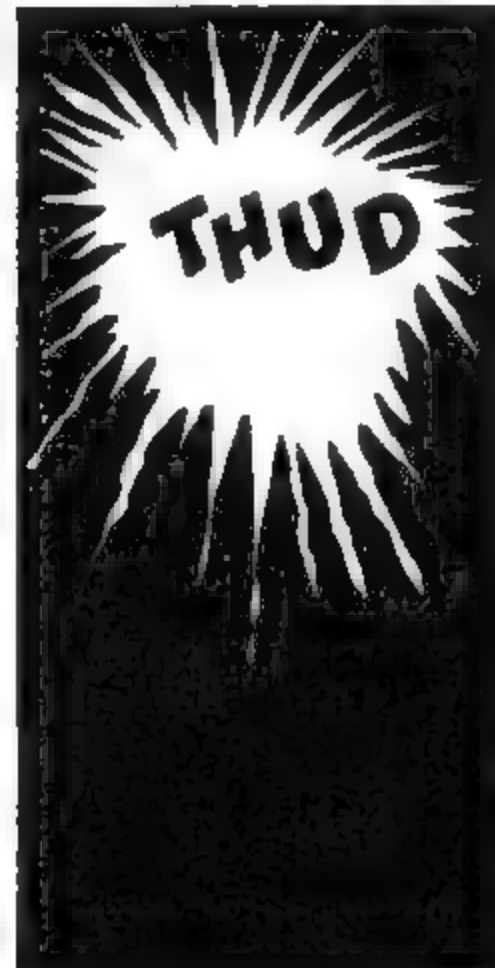
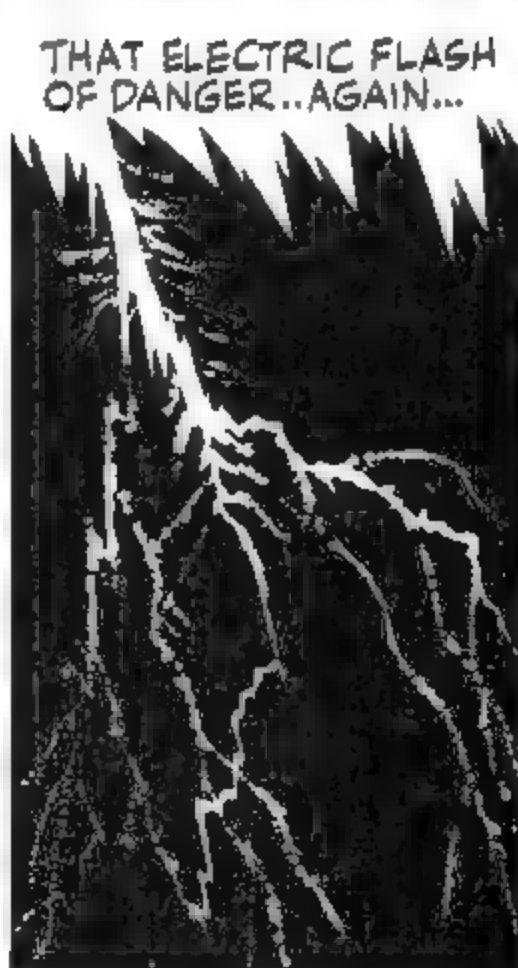
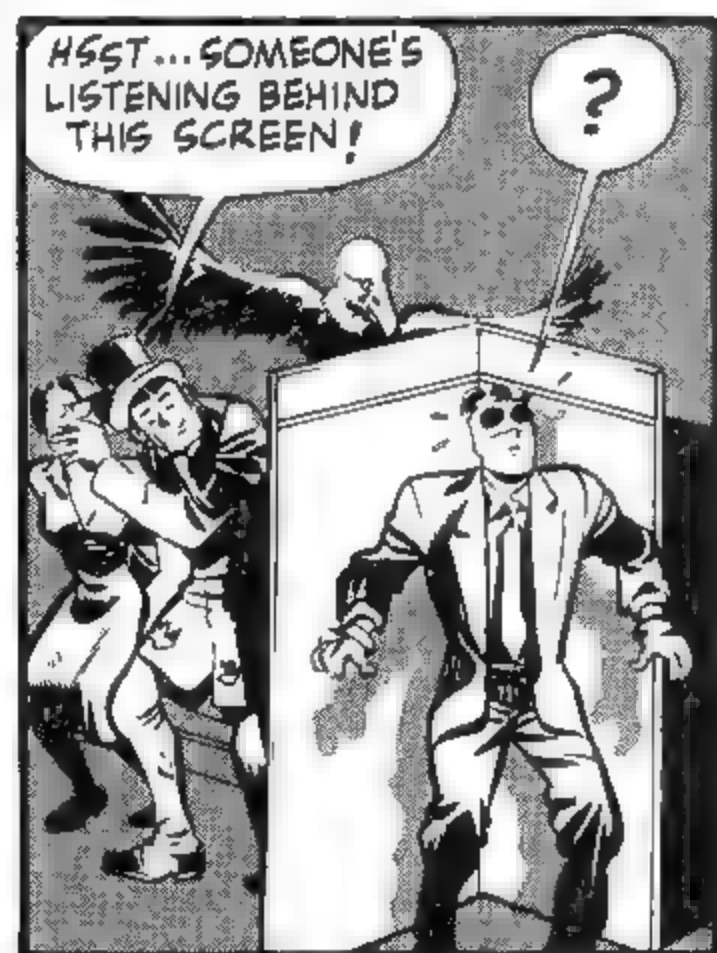


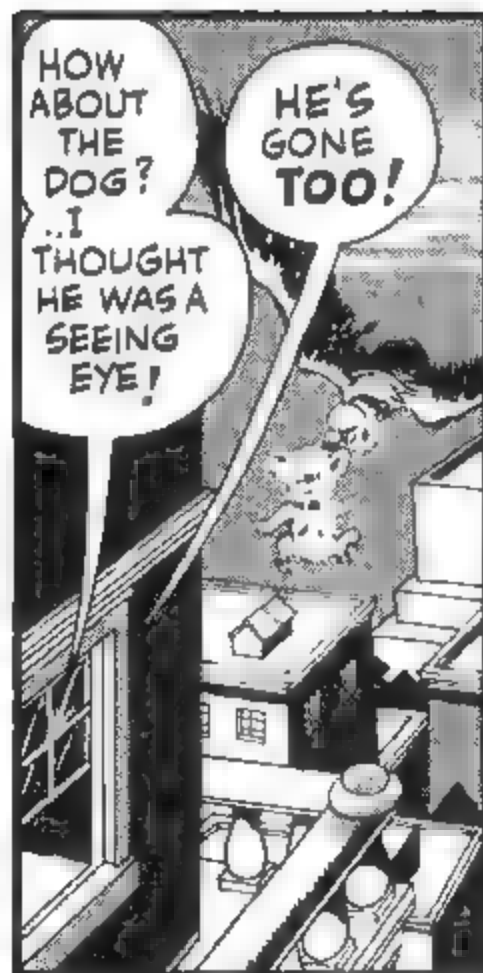




AND ON THE LAST BREATH OF DAY..THE MIRACLE
ARRIVES...IN CENTRAL CITY'S HARBOR...



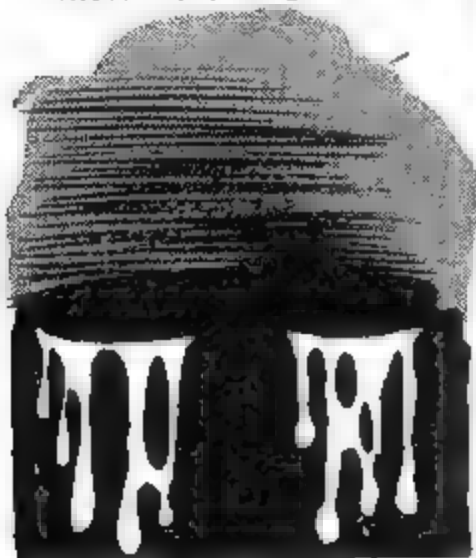




IT MUST BE THE
NEXT DAY... I WAS
SLUGGED... BUT BY
WHOM? ...

..I JUST WOKE UP..
..SOMEONE HAS
BEEN PUTTING DROPS
IN MY EYES...

..WHERE AM I??



SSH! SPIRIT..THIS IS
DR. FLOSS..WE'RE
PRISONERS ON MR.
CARRION'S RAFT..HOW
ARE YOUR EYES..CAN
YOU SEE? I'VE BEEN
USING THE "FLUID X"
ON YOU...



**CARRION! NOW
I REMEMBER ...**

OH, IF ONLY I COULD
SEE ... I MUST **DO**
SOMETHING..HE HAS
A BUZZARD..GOT TO
KNOCK IT OUT FIRST..



SPIRIT..
DON'T START
A STRUGGLE..
WAIT.

**LOOK OUT
...THE
BUZZARD!**



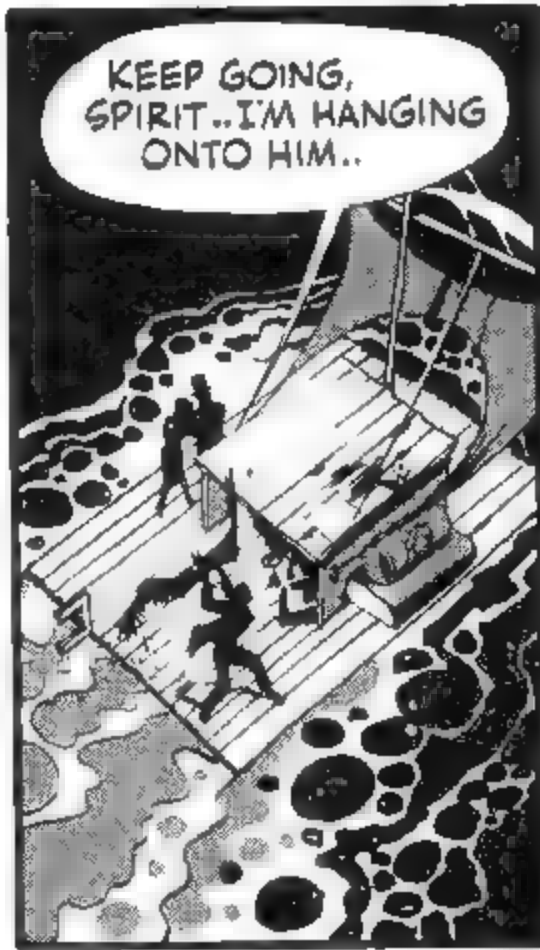
YAWK

JULIA!



NO YOU
DONT,
CARRION!

★Oo!
LET
GO.
FLOSS!



KEEP GOING,
SPIRIT..I'M HANGING
ONTO HIM..



AND NOW,
CARRION ... WE'LL
SETTLE OUR
OLD SCORE..

NOT QUITE, M'BOY..
I'LL **THROTTLE FLOSS**
IF YOU ADVANCE
ANOTHER STEP..NOW
BE GOOD ENOUGH TO
BACK UP TO THE
TILLER..

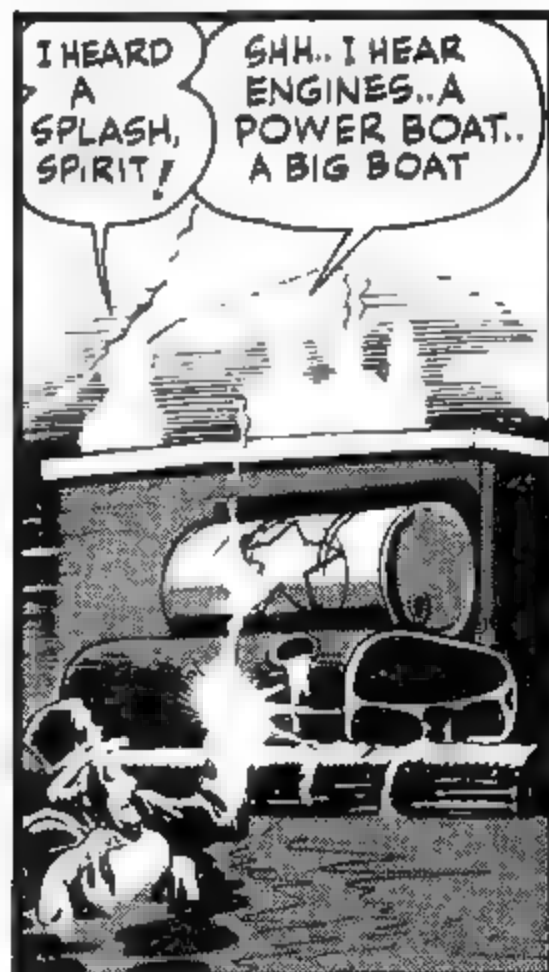
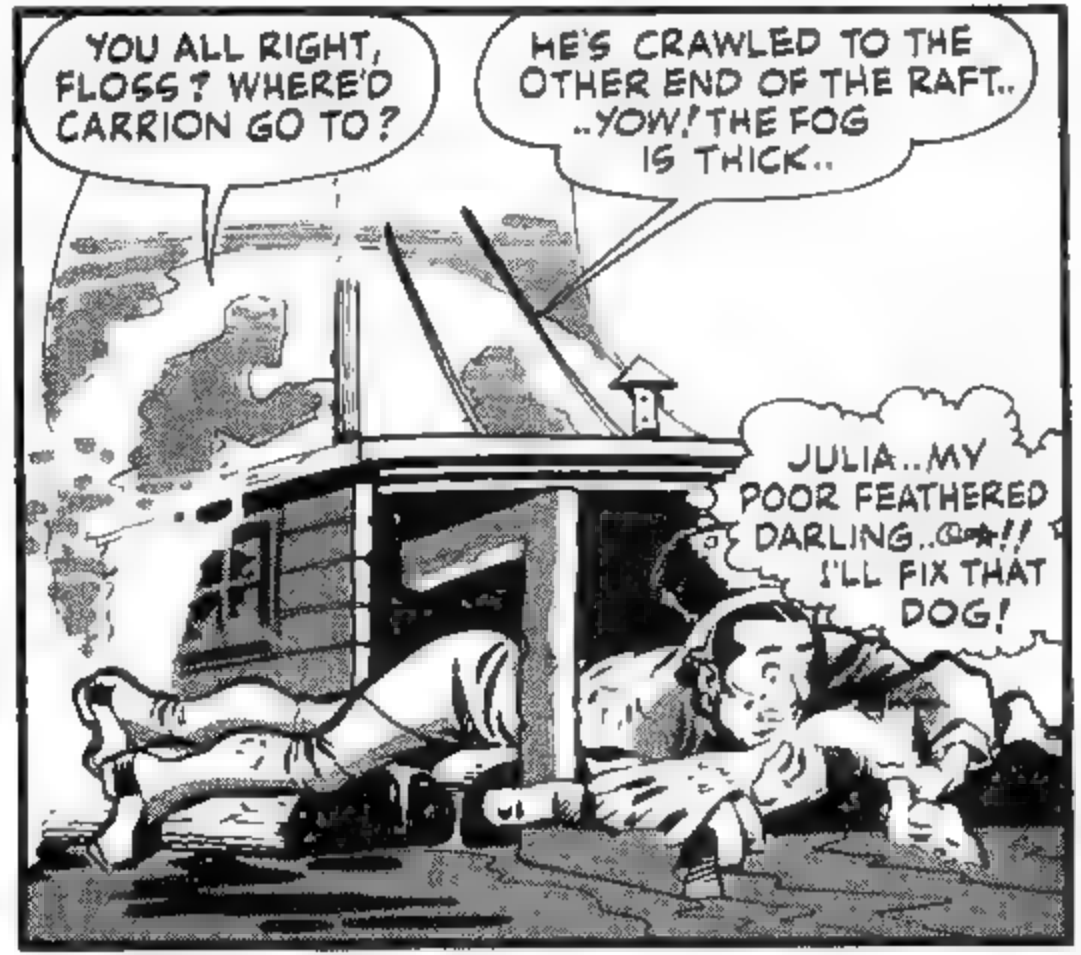
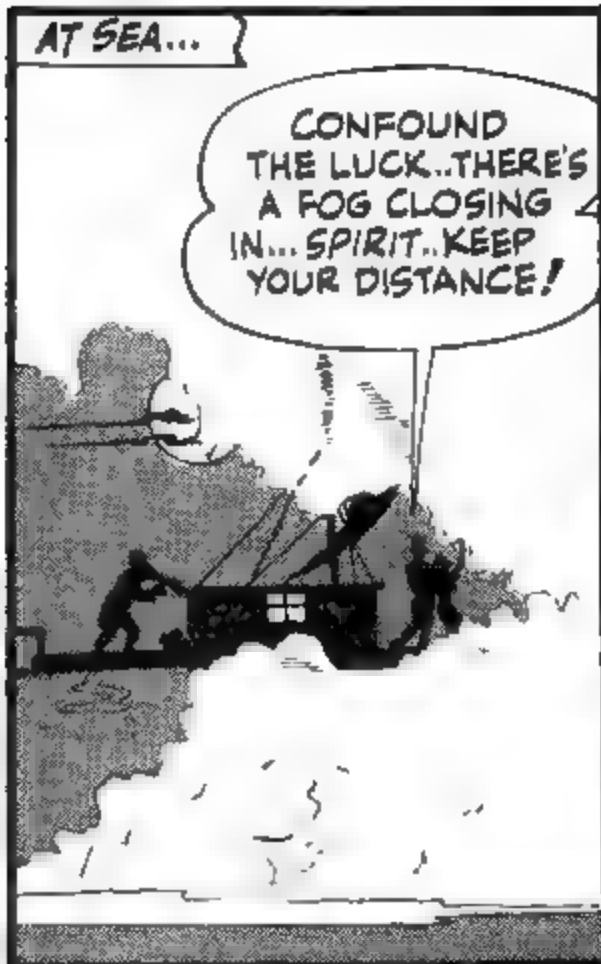
GASP..
BETTER DO
AS HE SAYS,
SPIRIT!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN CENTRAL CITY...

WE'VE PICKED UP
A HALF-DROWNED
WORKER ON THE DOCKS
..HE TELLS A
FANTASTIC STORY
OF A
BUZZARD..AND
A SEAGOING
RAFT..

BUZZARD..
RAFT..
CARRION!
MR. CARRION...
THAT'S WHO IT IS..
**GET A PATROL
BOAT!**





GOOD GRIEF.. NOT AGAIN... I MUST HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS ...DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF WHAT IT'S LIKE TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS? IT'S LIKE CLIMBING UP A STEEP CLIFF!



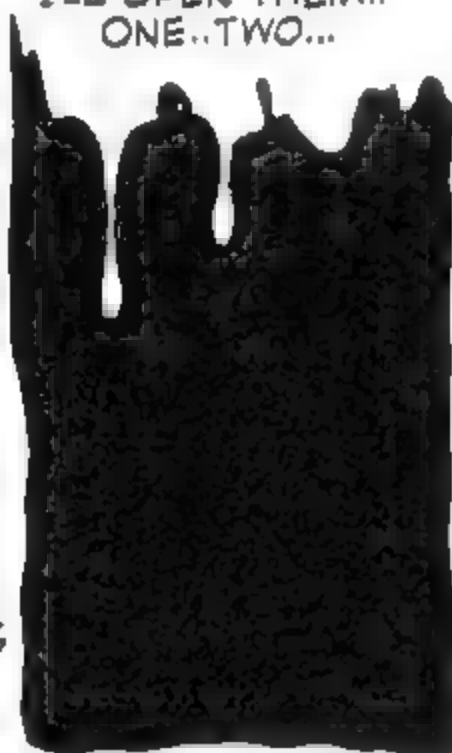
LOOK HE IS WAKING UP..

SPIRIT.. SPEAK TO US... YOU O.K.?

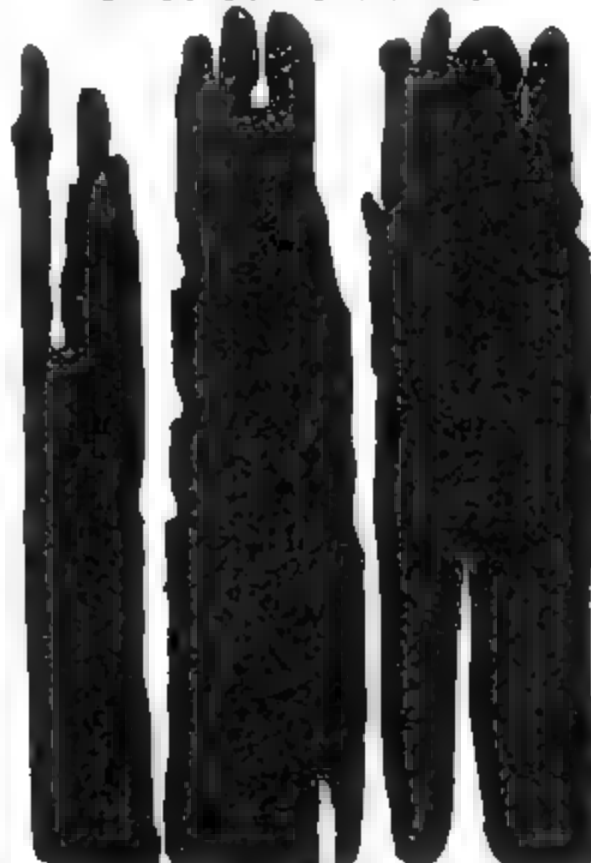
AH..EBONY.. AND THAT'S DOLAN'S VOICE..UGH! I DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING... I'M STILL BLIND..



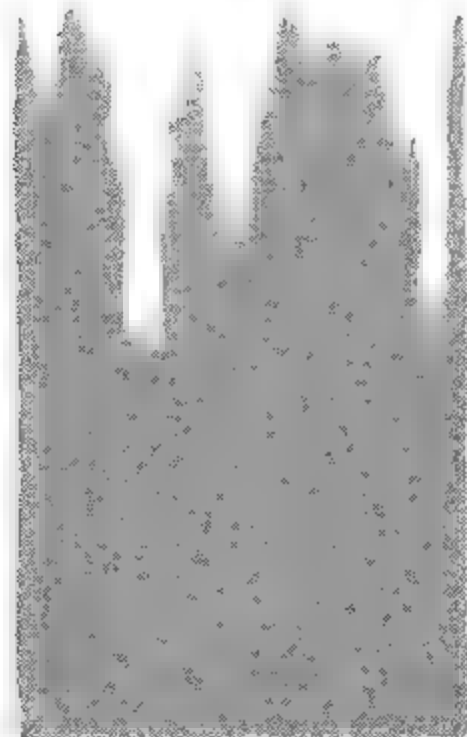
NO...MY EYES ARE CLOSED...BUT WHY KID MYSELF...YET MAYBE..OH..I..I.. I'LL OPEN THEM.. ONE..TWO...



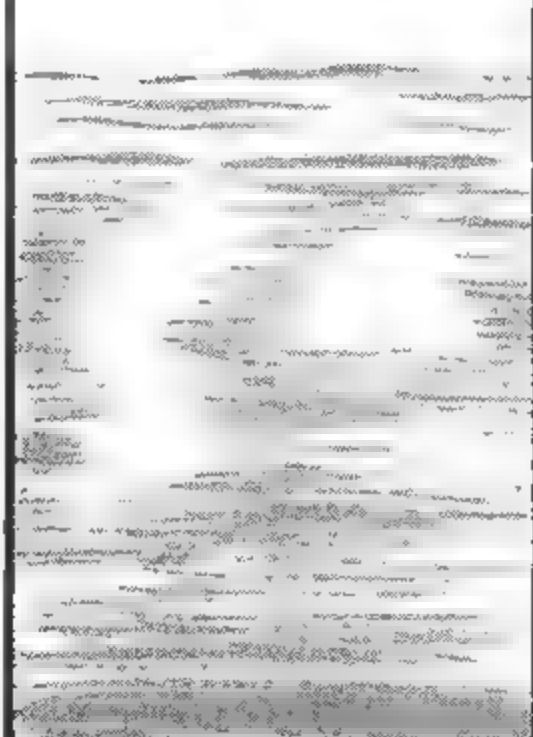
THREE... FOOEY.. STILL BLIND... STILL..



NO..WAIT! WAIT A MINUTE..



I CAN SEE AGAIN...



HE CAN SEE!



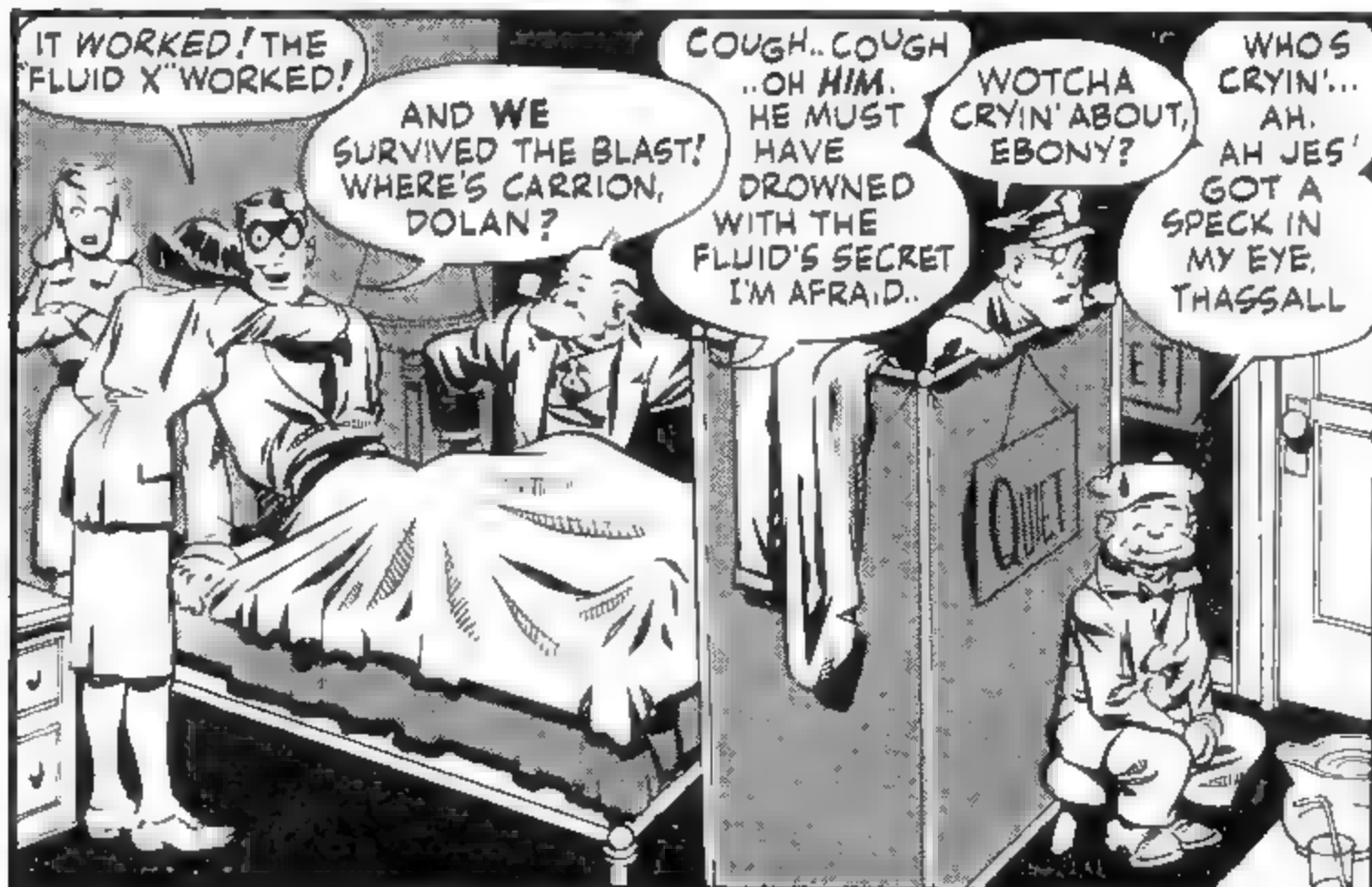
IT WORKED! THE "FLUID X" WORKED!

AND WE SURVIVED THE BLAST! WHERE'S CARRION, DOLAN?

COUGH..COUGH ..OH HIM. HE MUST HAVE DROWNED WITH THE FLUID'S SECRET I'M AFRAID..

WOTCHA CRYIN' ABOUT, EBONY?

WHO'S CRYIN'... AH. AH JES' GOT A SPECK IN MY EYE, THASSALL



AND FAR OUT AT SEA, ANOTHER JOYOUS REUNION IS CELEBRATED..

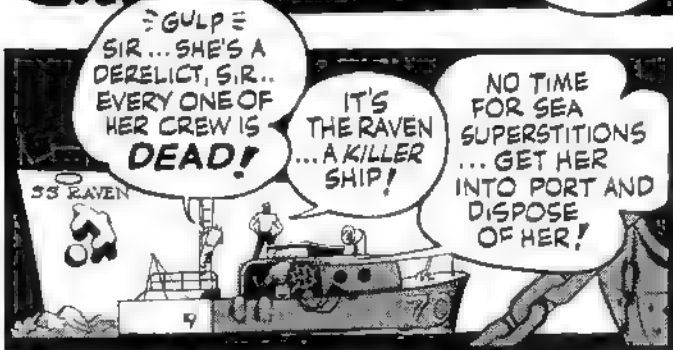
JULIA.. JULIA... YOU'RE ALIVE..OH, THANK GOODNESS..YOU'RE ALIVE ..MY LITTLE FEATHERED DARLING..

RAWK

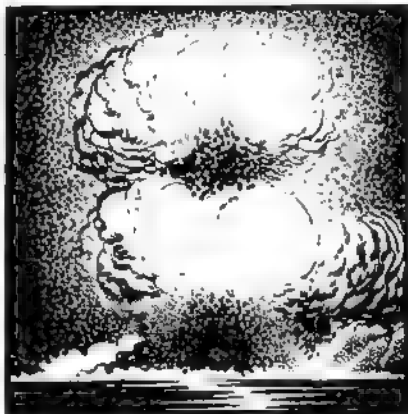


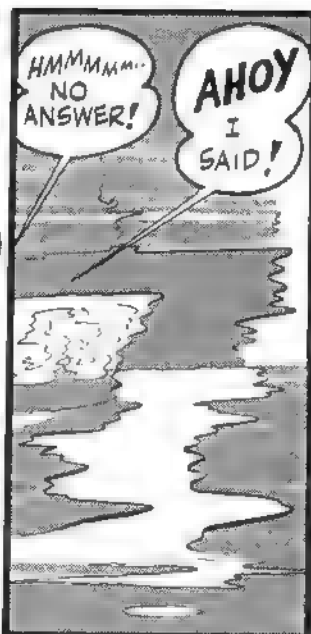
382. Originally published September 21, 1947

END OF THE S.S. RAVEN



FOUR YEARS LATER
HIROSHIMA
AUG. 6, 1945





From the log of the S.S. RAVEN...

SEPTEMBER 15, 1945

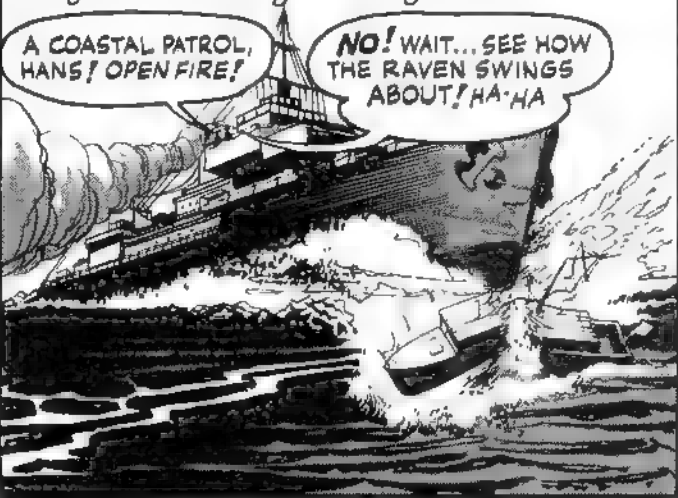
We are putting out from Osaka under cover of darkness. We have just bought this ship from some Jap fishermen who found it abandoned and unharmed after the bombing of Hiroshima (they bought it from the United States authorities) What fortune in finding the ship! It will afford Dr. Stumpf and myself a place to carry on our experiment, which was halted by the death of our Führer. We must work secretly until it is safe to resume contact with the underground leaders. Luckily, I have some knowledge of navigation, & we have picked up a makeshift crew at Singapore...



DEC. 12, 1945 - No difficulties. We are aboard the Raven 3 months now. We have set up a sort of floating laboratory. Only trouble with the crew is the rumor that this is a "Killer Ship"... what utter nonsense!... We disposed of the rumor nonger. We must have discipline. We cannot tolerate nonsense.



MARCH 9, 1946. The old seaman's tales have persisted in my mind. The ship at times seems controlled by some external power... but strangely enough, she is acting for our good...



HAW! WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! JUST AT THE RIGHT MOMENT THE SHIP RAMMED THEM... NOT A SPLINTER LEFT AFLOAT!

...THAT WAS TOO PERFECT FOR COINCIDENCE..THERE IS SOMETHING UNEARTHLY ABOUT THIS SHIP. BRRR!



JUNE 2, 1946. News has come over the wireless that von Strohmman and his lieutenants have been caught and executed in Frankfurt. Hugo and I are cut off from our last contact with humanity. We must carry on alone...

THE CAUSE IS KAPUT.. FINISHED, MÜLLER, AND YOU KNOW IT!

NEVER! IN A FEW MONTHS OUR EXPERIMENTS WILL BE FINISHED. WE WILL THEN BE OWNERS OF A NEW TYPE OF WARFARE!



AAH! PIPEDREAMS..THIS IS A MAD MISSION ON A KILLER SHIP..YES! DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW... THERE'S A CURSE ON THE RAVEN, AND THE MEN KNOW IT...

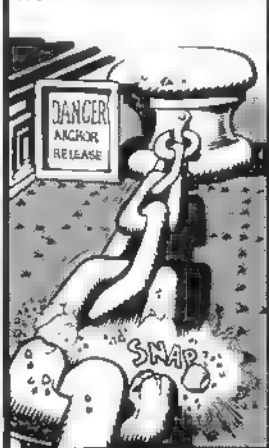
PLEASE CONTROL YOURSELF, HUGO.



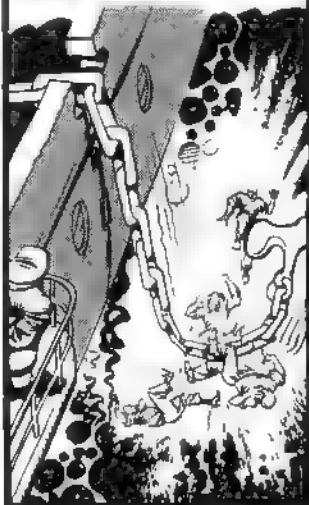
MEN! I CALL YOU TO JOIN ME IN MUTINY! LET US LEAVE THIS SEA-MONSTER THAT LOOKS LIKE A SHIP!



But the Raven acted... in a manner that made me realize he was right... the ship was almost human...



...and the end of the loose chain swung at Hugo, killing him and some others....



FEB. 1, 1947. We have sailed these many months short-handed. I have sent trustworthy seamen into port to secure crew-members.



FEB. 3, 1947. The seamen have returned with a most unlikely looking aggregation.



One of them, a young American, is of a distinctly higher type than the others. He is definitely not a seaman; from his dress I should judge him to be a young professional man... YET—he wears a mask! He interests me....



I have confined him to my quarters until he regains consciousness.



I have been spending some time questioning the young American, who is of remarkable intelligence, and have learned that he is an outlaw. This explains his mask, which, as I recall from the American magazines, is customary dress for American criminals, especially in the western states. I think he can be of some use to us.

DON'T BE A FOOL, HERR SPIRIT... I GIVE YOU A CHOICE... JOIN US OR DIE!

..IT IS YOUR THEORIES THAT HAVE DIED MÜLLER! THE DAY OF WORLD CONQUEST BY A FANATICAL FEW IS A DREAM THAT DIED IN BERLIN... I'M TAKING THIS SHIP BACK TO PORT!

YOU THINK SO, EH?



UH HUH, I DO!

UGH!



WELL, HAWSER—YOU TOO?

THE SPIRIT...



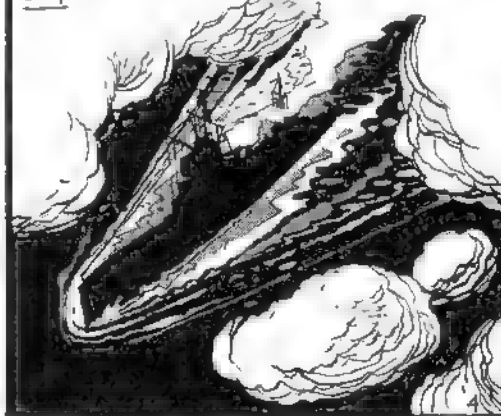
LOOK SPIRIT.. I'M LEGIT NOW... I'M TOO OLD TO GO FOR ANUDDER STRETCH.. KEEP THE COPS OFFA ME WHEN WE LAND, AND I PLAY BALL WID YOU NOW.

IT'S A DEAL... KEEP THE CREW ABOVE DECKS ..I'LL SKIPPER THIS TUB TO AN AMERICAN PORT... ALL I WANT IS MÜLLER!



The Spirit had won. But the instant he touched the wheel I knew he had another opponent to contend with...

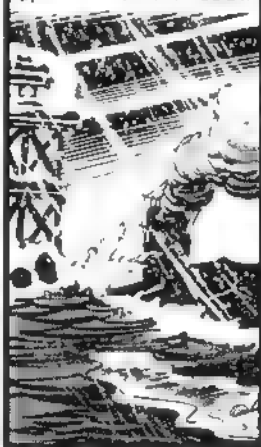
The RAVEN leapt and swerved like a wild horse! ...Yes, this is now a struggle between the Spirit and the ship...



FEB. 4, 1947... This is the weirdest, most incredible struggle I have ever seen... the RAVEN strikes blow after blow at the Spirit.



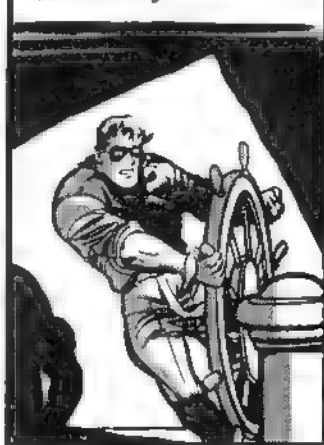
FEB. 5, 1947.. Asad week Four more men killed when the Raven struck again at the Spirit — and missed.



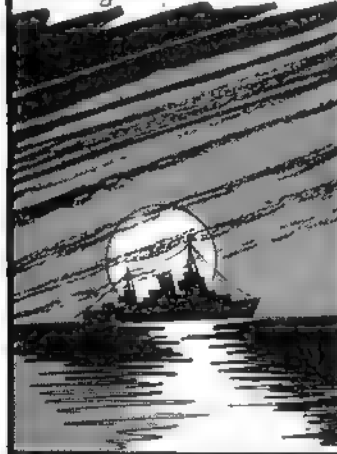
FEB. 6, 1947.. The Raven is growing desperate. Nearing the American coast, she kicked loose her rudder and ran aground...



FEB. 8, 1947: The Spirit is clever with a ship, and he had her off again in no time... the Raven is responding again... reluctantly...



FEB. 15, 1947: Quiet...but something is brewing... There is a deathly silence aboard ship... the Raven is behaving too well....



FEB. 16, 1947.. She has done it!!.. at high noon yesterday she blew her boiler, killing the whole crew and maiming the Spirit and myself....



.... I am confined to my cabin with serious burns ...but the chance I have waited for has come! I have found a scalpel....
...now it's the Raven and I against the Spirit....



FEB. 18, 1947 Today I struck the blow...The Spirit hadn't slept for two days...I crept into the cabin, waiting for the Raven to give me the opportunity.



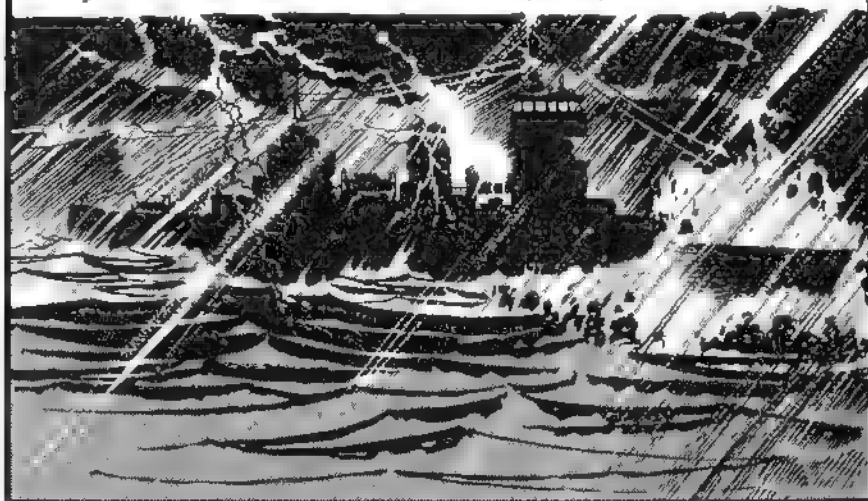
Then suddenly she lurched, threw him off balance...and I struck!



He went down . I am master once more...just the Raven and I...



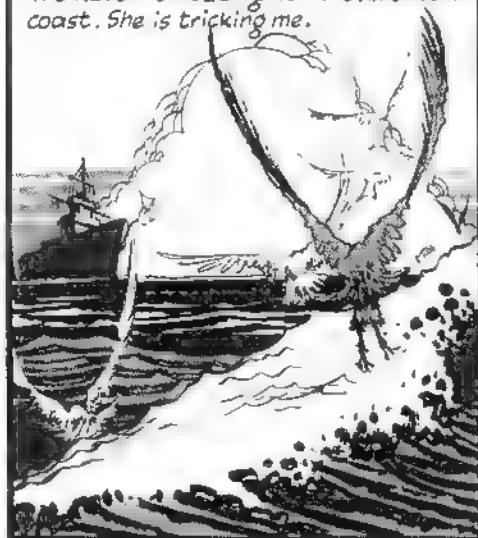
FEB.20.1947: ...The Raven may be a JINX SHIP for others.. but not for me... she is an outlaw, just as I am... and now that I have the Spirit in chains, she has been running by herself... it is a miracle! I only have to touch the wheel, and she responds!



FEB.25,1947: My burns do not heal... my arm causes me agony... I cannot control the ship... the Raven picks her own course....



FEB.27,1947: Something is wrong. The Raven is heading for the American coast. She is tricking me.



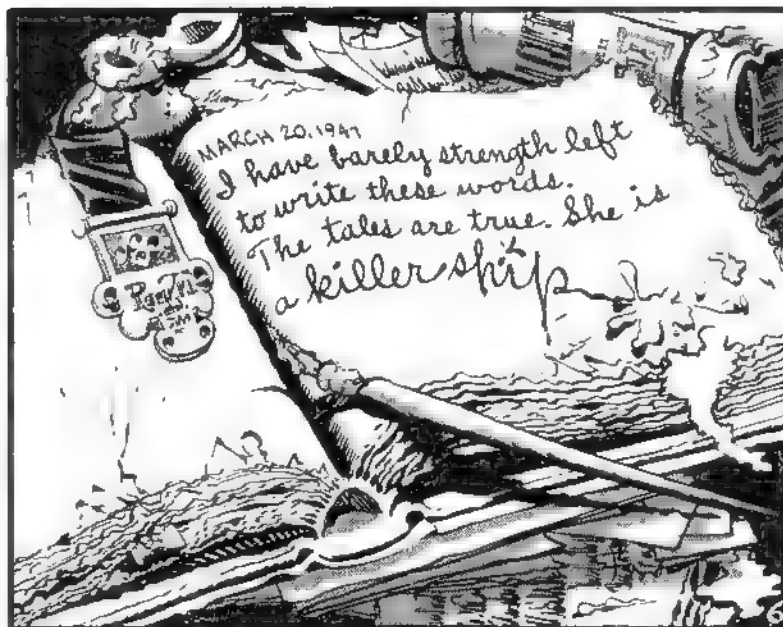
FEB.28,1947: I have tried to revive the Spirit.. He is alive but unconscious. He must help me .. I will give my research to the Americans if only he will help me... my arm is rotting away...

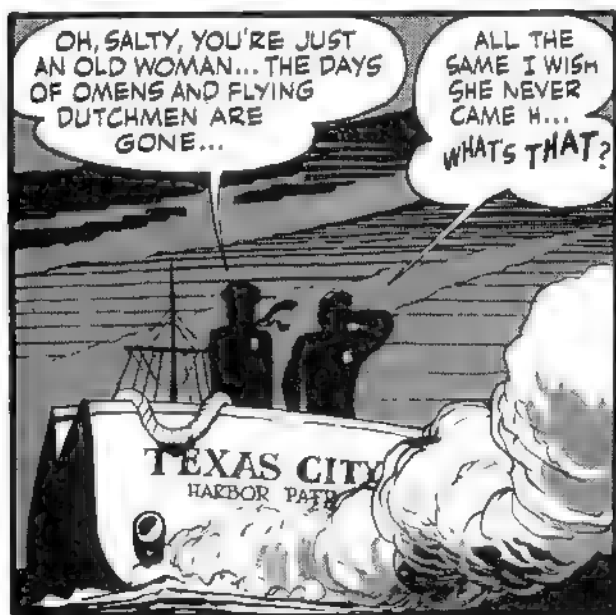


FEB.29,1947: The Spirit is unconscious again... the Raven struck him down to keep him from amputating my gangrenous arm...

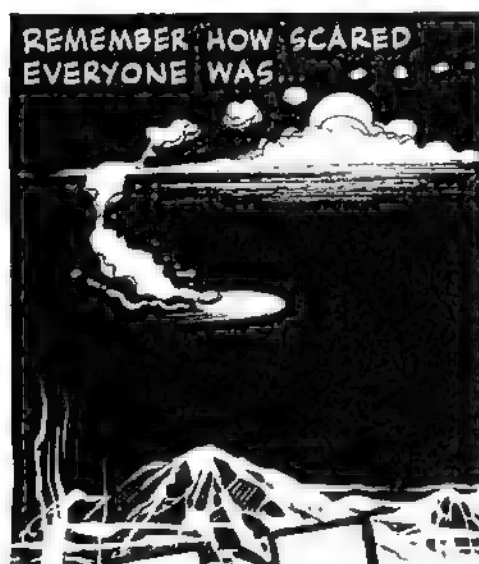
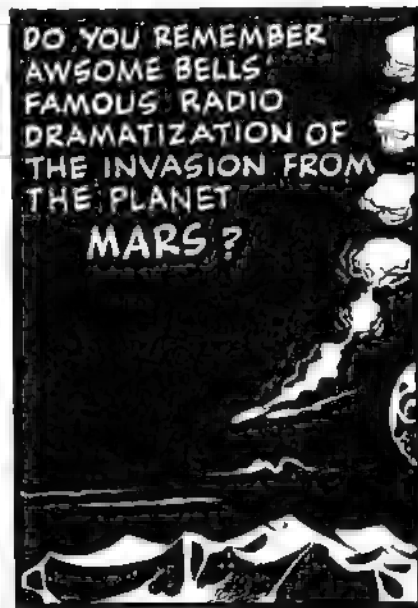
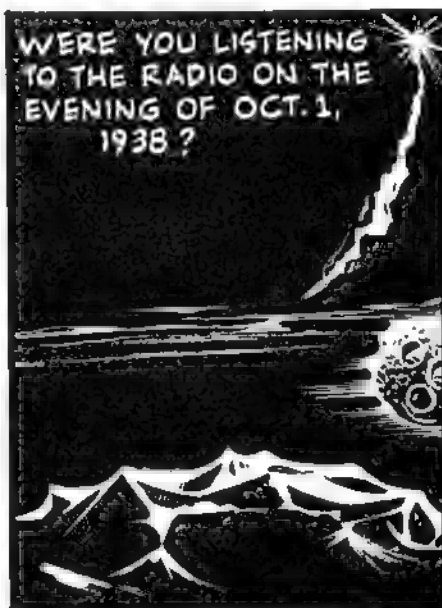
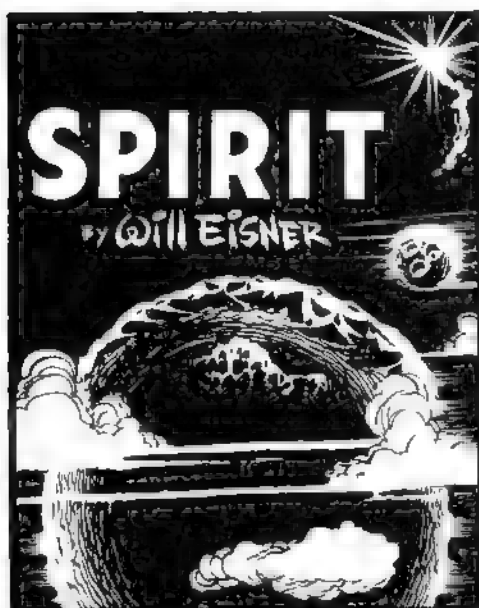


MARCH 1, 1947: I think the Spirit is dead. I am too weak to investigate. The ship has killed him, and she is waiting for me to die.





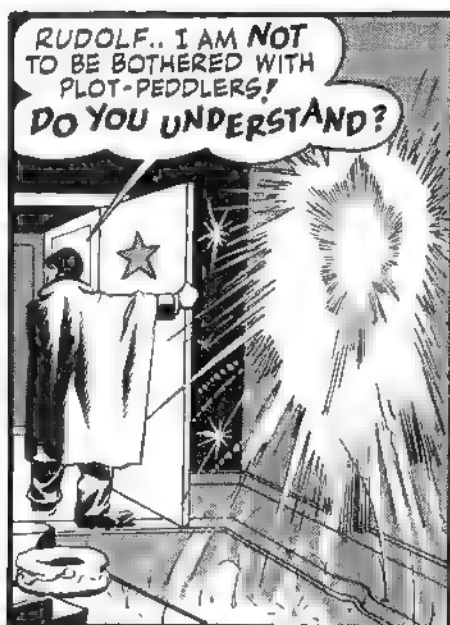
383. Originally published September 28, 1947

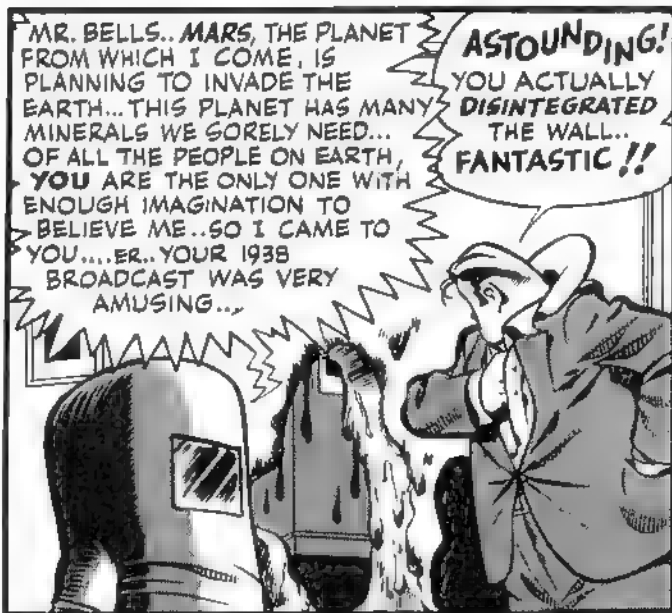


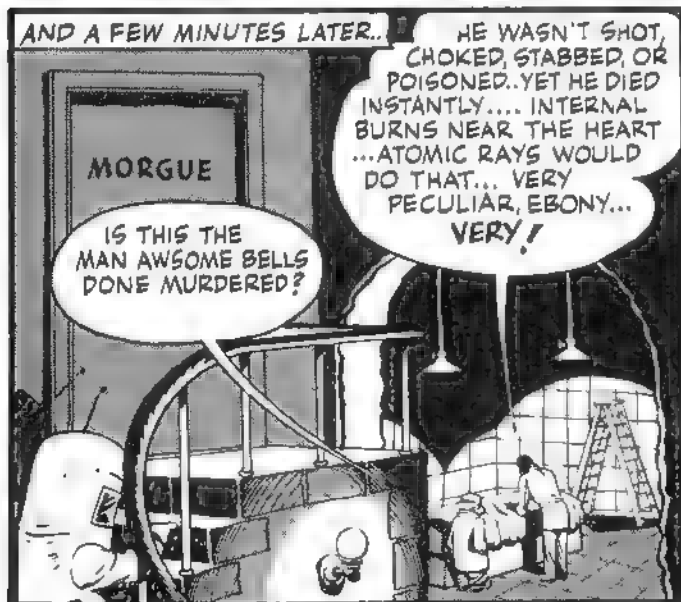
HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT BECAME OF THAT YOUNG GENIUS, AWSOME BELLS?

WELL..
HE WENT TO HOLLYWOOD, WHERE HE GREW TO MANHOOD... A GREAT STAR OF HIS OWN STUDIO...

NOW IN PRODUCTION
"TRIP TO MARS"
SEQUEL OF "RETURN FROM MARS"
FROM THE BOOK "MARTIAN MADNESS"
PRODUCED BY AWSOME BELLS
DIRECTED BY AWSOME BELLS
WRITTEN BY AWSOME BELLS
STARRING MR. AWSOME BELLS
CENTRAL CITY STUDIOS







I THINK WE'LL ASK FOR MORE THAN TWO GRAND. THIS WAS A TOUGH JOB... 5,000 BUCKS OR I PUT THE SLUG ON YA...

ONE THOUSAND IS ALL YOU GET.. NOW GO ALONG.. I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME..UNLESS I GET MR. BELLS TO AGREE, MY PLANET WILL SEND A FORCE OF DISCS DOWN ON THIS PLANET...

HMM..ME, AWSOME BELLS, LEADER OF THE GLOBE AGAINST MARS..HMM SUCH A ROLE MIGHT BE INTERESTING!

O.K. WISE GUY ..YOU ASKED FOR IT..

HO HUM ..YOU FOOLS BORE ME

REALLY YOUNG MAN... MUST I DO TH.S TO YOU TOO..?

HE'S.. HE WENT UP IN SMOKE BEFORE ME EYES..GASP, I'M GOIN' NUTS..EEEEEEK

I'M GOING CRAZY!

EEEEEEK

HEE HEE

YAHH

HA HA

HEE

HEE HEE

HEE HEE

HEE HEE

TSK TSK..POOR LAD. THE SHOCK OF SEEING A MAN DISINTEGRATED DROVE HIM INSANE..S.GH.. I SUPPOSE IT IS A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE...

...AND NOW, MR. BELLS, YOU'LL ACT AS OUR AGENT? ...WE LL SEE THAT YOU'RE AMPLY REWARDED WHEN OUR INVASION OF EARTH IS COMPLETED...

A MERE AGENT? NEVER!

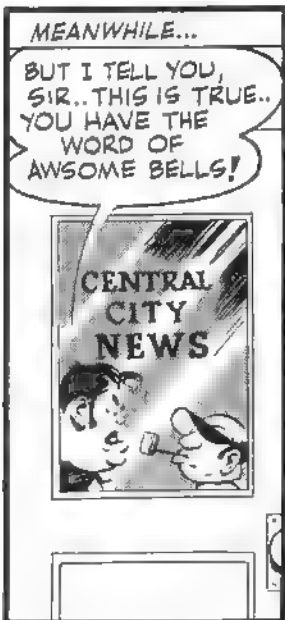
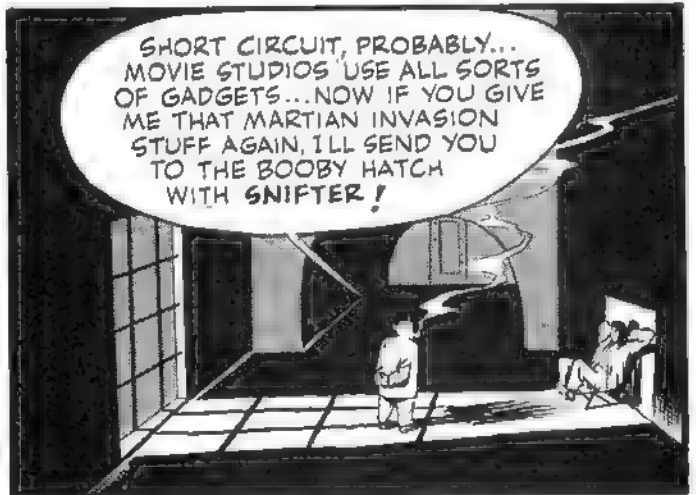
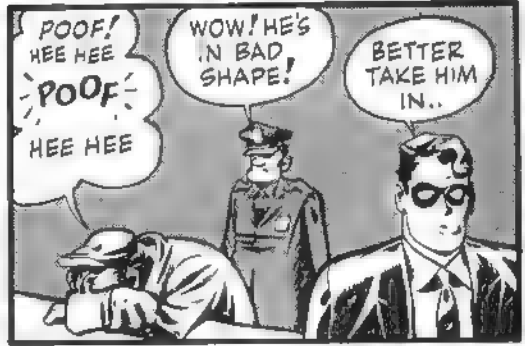
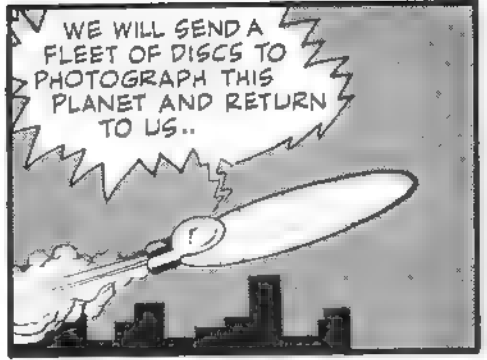
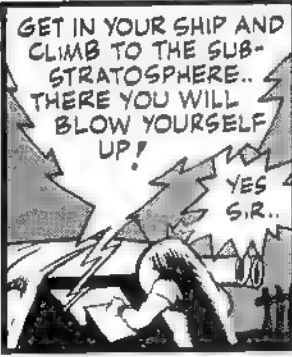
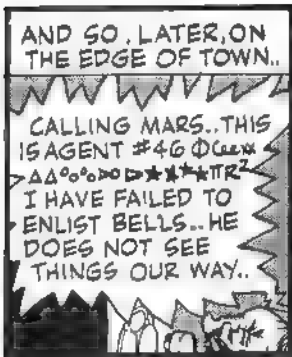
I, AWSOME BELLS, WILL NEVER ACCEPT A WALK-ON PART...NO..I CAN SEE MYSELF NOW... A SPOTLIGHT ON ME...

TWO AMBER KLIEGS ON EITHER SIDE... ONE MILLION PEOPLE GATHERED IN THE VALLEY .. AND THERE ATOP PIKE'S PEAK I STAND..A PAUSE.. I SPEAK...(I'LL WRITE MY OWN SCRIPT, OF COURSE!)

BUT...

I'LL MAKE CECIL B. CEMEEL LOOK LIKE A PIKER...

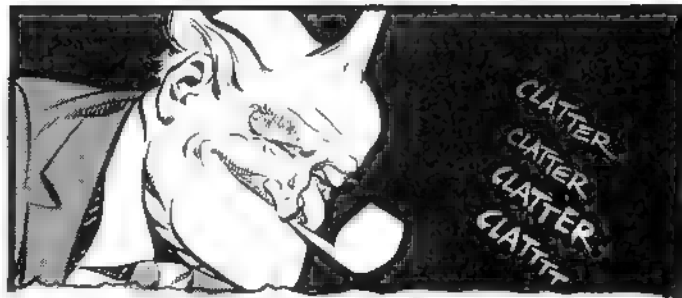
AW, I GIVE UP..HE'S HOPELESS!



NOW, ONE WOULD THINK OUR STORY SHOULD END RIGHT THERE..

... BUT...

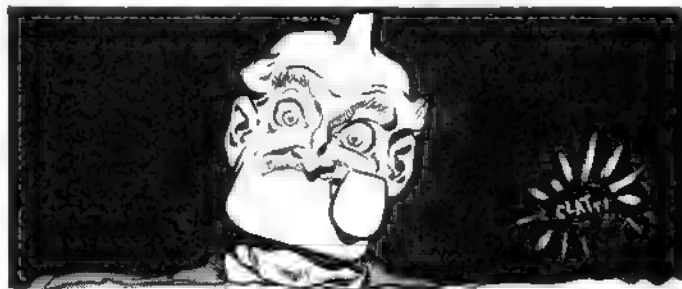
ON JUNE 25, 1947...THE NEWS TICKER IN POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE CAME ALIVE...



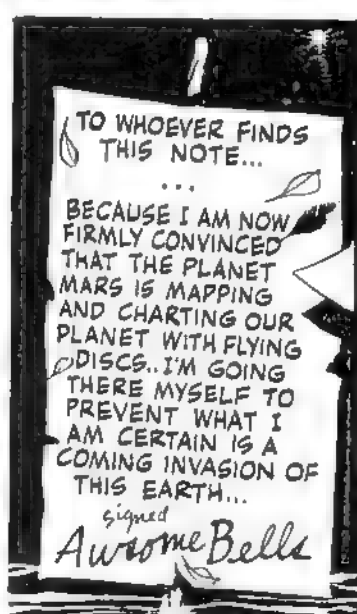
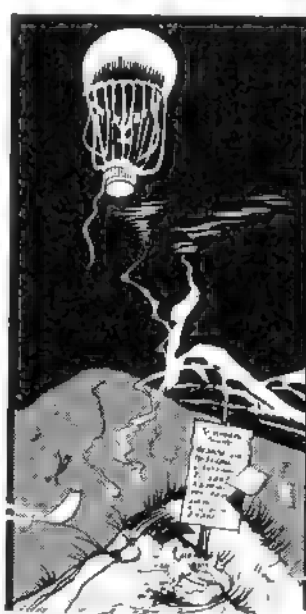
June 25-- Boise Idaho pilot reports seeing nine metallic disk-like objects flying in formation over Cascade Mountains in Washington at an estimated speed of 1,200 miles per hour-- authorities are skeptical-- a



June 30-- More reports on flying saucers--Bert Monk, Winnetka Ill. postman describes disk with ribbed framework, motor, and propellor in center flying slowly at altitude of 400 feet---- Trenton NJ housewife claims metal



July 6 -- Military authorities investigating discs-- P-51's cruising over Cascade Mountains with photographic equipment-- early results negative----- --Frederick L Simpson Topeka Kan. reports six circular objects, each the size of a five room



ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED SINCE THEN..

BY 1973 THE NUMBER OF AMERICANS WHO REPORTED "SIGHTINGS" OF UFOS REACHED AN ALL TIME HIGH . . . TWICE AS MANY AS IN 1966. A NATIONALLY RESPECTED POLLING GROUP REPORTED THAT 51% OF AMERICANS SURVEYED IN 1973 BELIEVED THAT EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL VEHICLES HAVE VISITED EARTH.



CHICAGO SUNDAY
SUN *and* **TIMES**

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1947

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



"CINDERELLA"



ONCE UPON A TIME IN CENTRAL CITY THERE LIVED AN EX-SHOPLIFTER NAMED MA HARRIDAN AND HER THREE DAUGHTERS.

NOW MA (WHO WAS OUT ON PAROLE) HAD JUST FINISHED A TWO YEAR RAP..SHE WAS REALLY INNOCENT OF EVERYTHING.. SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO CHANGE THEM NYLONS FOR A LARGER SIZE...

ANYHOW, MA DECIDED THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY, AND IN AN EFFORT TO BRING HER GIRLS UP STRAIGHT, SHE OPENED A RESPECTABLE EATERY....



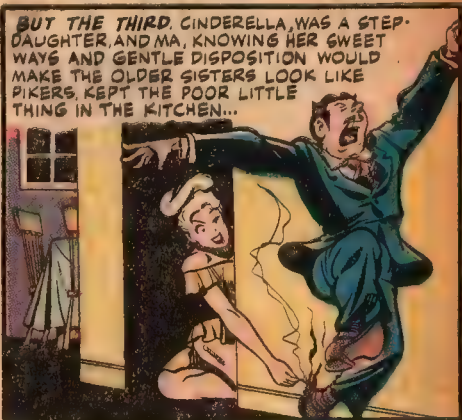
NOW HER TWO ELDEST DAUGHTERS, PRUDENCE AND DESIRE, WERE PERFECT LADIES. SO MA KEPT THEM AT THE TABLES, SERVING THE SITTING GUESTS (HOPING OF COURSE THEY WOULD MARRY RICH HUSBANDS.)



THERE, SHE HAD TO GET ALONG ON "LEAVINGS"...



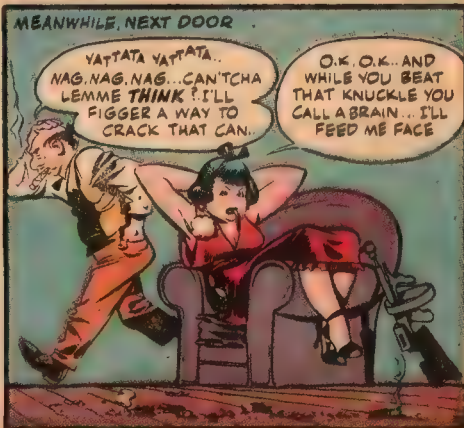
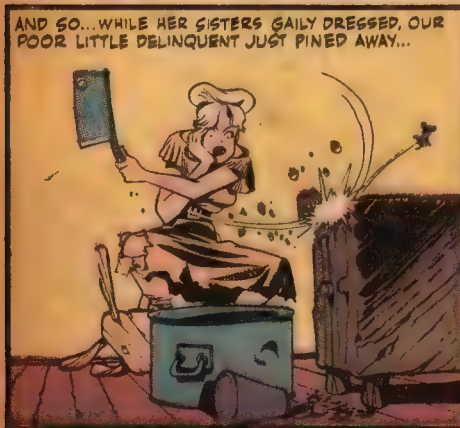
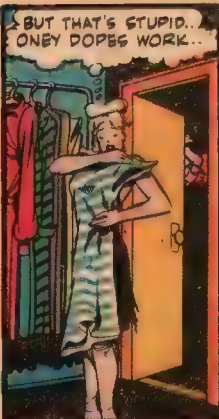
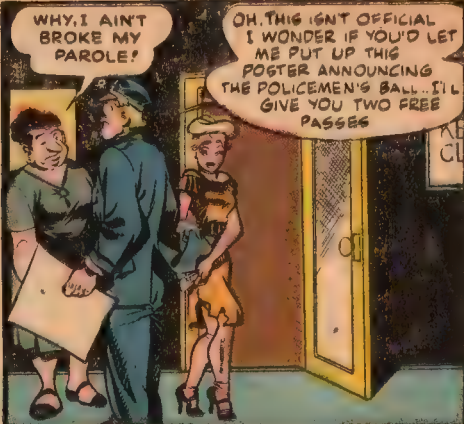
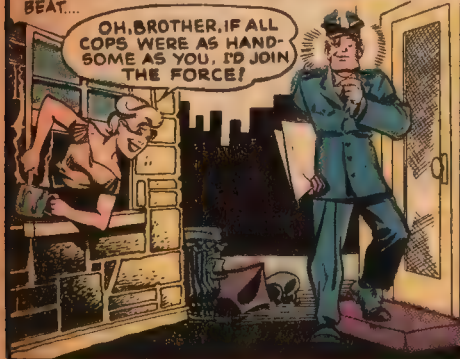
BUT THE THIRD, CINDERELLA, WAS A STEP-DAUGHTER, AND MA, KNOWING HER SWEET WAYS AND GENTLE DISPOSITION WOULD MAKE THE OLDER SISTERS LOOK LIKE PIKERS, KEPT THE POOR LITTLE THING IN THE KITCHEN...



...FOR THE CRUEL STEPMOTHER ALLOWED NO ONE NEAR HER, AND THE SWEET LITTLE THING SPENT A LONELY LIFE AMID THE POTS AND PANS...



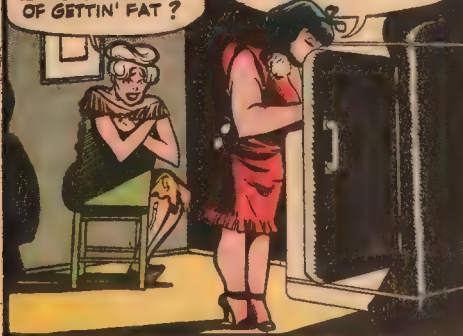
BUT CINDERELLA WASN'T BUYING ANY OF THAT KITCHEN ROUTINE.. NAAAH.. SHE WAS BUSY MAKING TIME WITH A HANDSOME YOUNG OFFICER ON THE BEAT....



AND SO...

HULLO, MRS. SNAKY..
AT IT AGAIN, EH?
AIN'TCHA AFRAID
OF GETTIN' FAT?

A PERSIN
COULD STARVE
T'DEATH ON THE SLOPS
Y'R OL' LADY SOIVES!



Y'KNOW, DEARIE,
YOU'RE A REAL GOOD-
LOOKIN' KID.. I DON'T
KNOW WHY YOU STAY
COOPED UP IN THE
KITCHEN ALL THE TIME..

SHE KEEPS ME HERE..
SHE BEATS ME.. SHE
STARVES ME.. SHE
WONT LET ME DO
NUTHIN'... I'LL GROW
UP TO BE A
JUVENILE
DELINQUINT!



DEARIE, IF SHE
WAS MY OL' LADY,
I'D...

SHE AINT ME OLD LADY!
SHE'S ME WICKED STEP-
MOTHER, I DONTCH'
KNOW NUTHIN'? DIN'TCH'
EVER READ CINDERELLA?



SHE'S SO MEAN T'ME
I CAN'T EVEN GO TO
THE POLICEMEN'S BALL
BECAUSE I AINT GOT NO
DRESS TO WEAR...

WHAT A
DIRTY, CRYIN'
SHAME.. NOW, NOW,
DON'T CRY, DEARIE...
I'LL GIT MR. SNAKY
TO FIX IT SO'S
YOU CAN GO
TOO!



...HEY SNAKY..
LET'S DO SOMETHIN'
TO HELP POOR LITTLE
CINDERELLA GO TO THE
COPPERS' RATRACE...

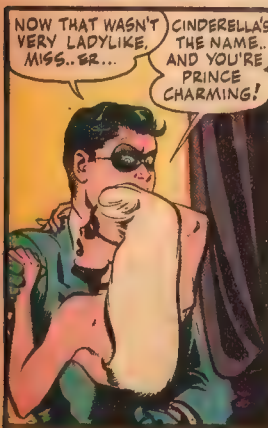
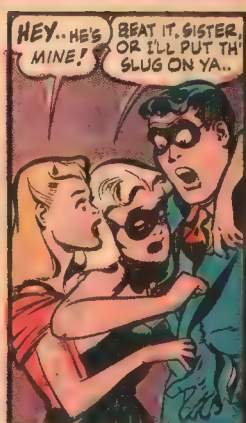
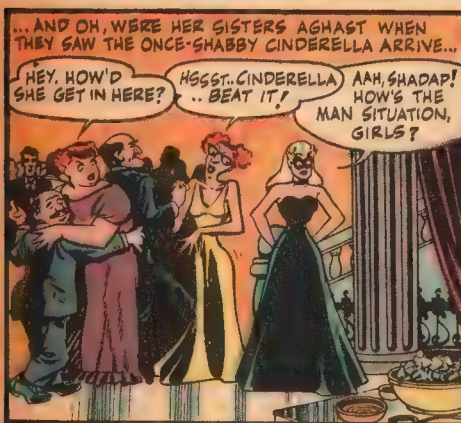
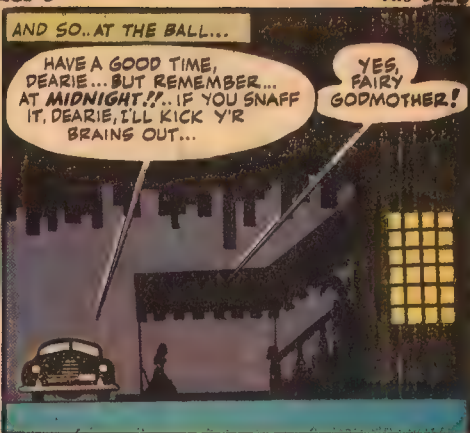
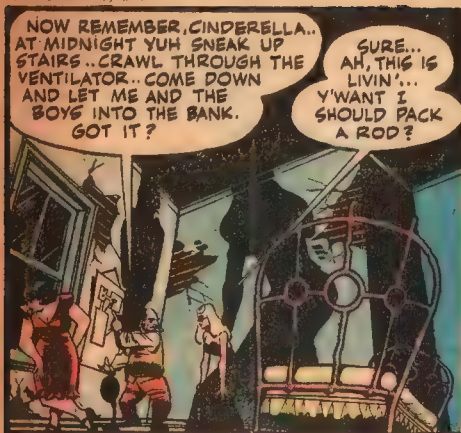
WHADDYA MEAN,
HELP HER.. SHE CAN
HELP US.. DID IT EVER
OCCUR TO YOUSE
THAT THE POLICEMEN'S
BALL IS HELD IN EAGLE
HALL... WHICH IS
RIGHT NEXT DOOR
TO THE EAGLE
NATIONAL
BANK?

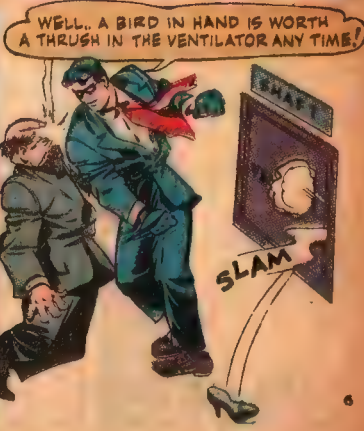
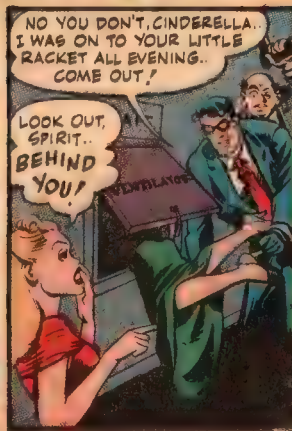
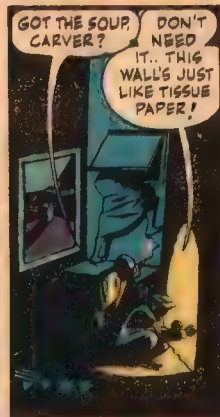
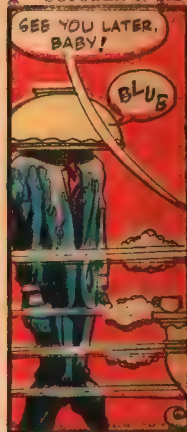
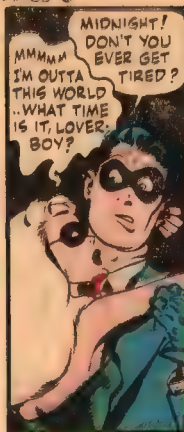


AND SO.. CHEE, MRS. SNAKY..
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.. YOUSE
MUST BE ME FAIRY
GODMOTHER!

YEAH, YEAH...
NOW ALL
Y'GOTTA DO
IS A LITTLE
FAVOR FOR US
AND WE'LL FIX IT
SO'S YOU CAN GO IN
STYLE.. CHAUFFEUR..
LIMOUSINE..







AND SO AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT... CINDERELLA WAS CHANGED BACK INTO A SCULLERY MAID..



AND THE NEXT DAY IN SPITE OF HER OLD RAGS SHE STILL DREAMED OF THE GLAMOROUS BALL AND HER HEART THROBBED AT THE THRILL OF IT...



SHE EVEN FORGOT THE TINY GLASS (REALLY PLASTIC) SLIPPER SHE LOST IN HER HASTE... BUT NOT THE HANDSOME YOUNG MAN... HE VOWED HE WOULD SEARCH THE LAND UNTIL HE FOUND HER...

BUT SPIRIT..THAT GAL WAS SEEN UPSTAIRS ..NO COURT WILL ADMIT SUCH DOUBTFUL EVIDENCE..Y GOTTA PROVE SHE WAS DOWN IN THE SHAFT!

EXACTLY. AND THIS SLIPPER SHE LEFT WILL STICK THE RAP ON HER LIKE A POROUS PLASTER!



AND SO THE NEXT DAY HER PRINCE CHARMING CAME TO CALL... HER SISTERS FOUGHT FOR A CHANCE TO TRY IT ON...

SEE..THIS DON'T FIT.. IT PROVES IT WASN'T ME!



BUT HE PATIENTLY KEPT ON...

NOR ME! I WEAR SIZE 9.



UNTIL AT LAST HE CAME TO CINDERELLA



AT LAST HE HAD FOUND HER...



AND BEFORE MANY DAYS HE INSTALLED HER IN A GREAT CASTLE OF THE LAND...



AND THAT, LITTLE ONES, IS THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.

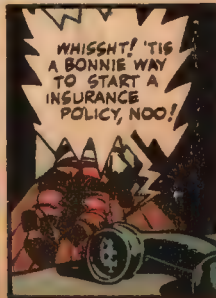
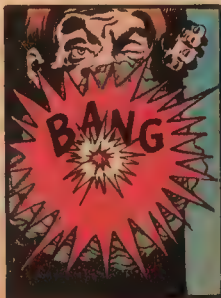
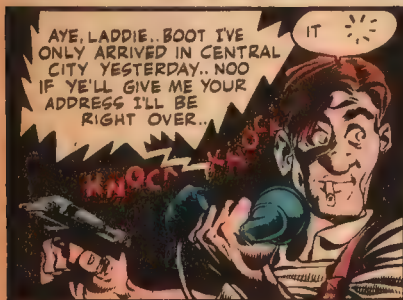
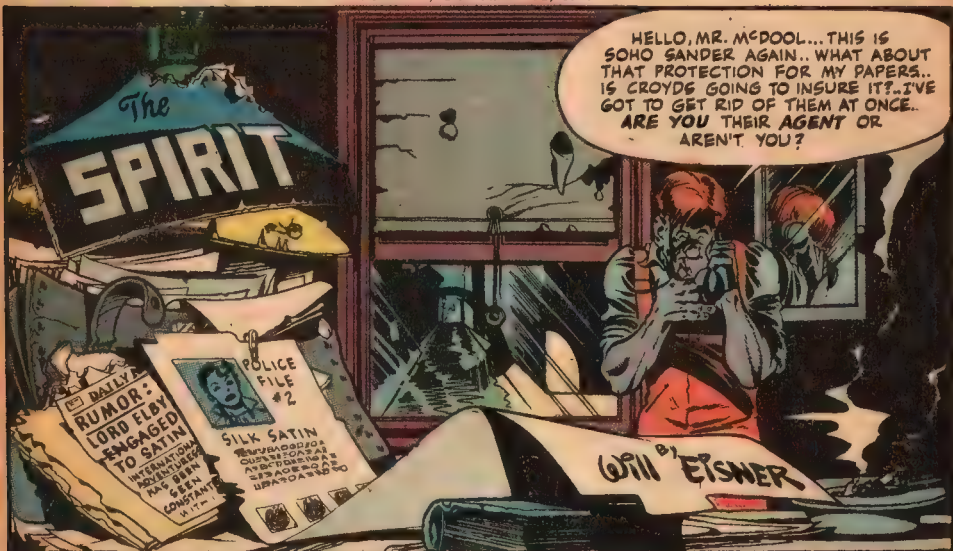




CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN and TIMES

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1947



POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

I'VE TRACED THAT CALL, MCDPOOL...NOW WHILE WE'RE ON OUR WAY YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

WAL NOO, AZ Y'KNOW, CROYDS O' GLASGOW IS WILLIN' TO INSURE ANYTHING..LAST MONTH WE HAD A REQUEST TO INSURE A FILE O' PAPERS..

WHAT WAS IN THE PAPERS ..AND WHO WANTED TO INSURE THEM?

A FORMER THIEF NAMED GOHO SANDER. HE'S THE MON WE'RE GOIN' TO SEE... AZ FURR THE PAPERS, THEY CONTAIN AN EXPOSE OF SOMEONE IMPORTANT, I'LL WAGER.

WOULD CROYDS OF GLASGOW INSURE BLACKMAIL PAPERS, MCDPOOL?

AYE. AYE. WE

INSURE EVERYTHING FROM FALSE EYELASHES TO.

WHISSET.. HOLD IT NOO?

?

WHO WAS THAT?

SATIN'S DAUGHTER HILDIE!

SATIN! IS SHE HERE?

AYE..COULD BE..SHE IS EMPLOYED BY CROYDS TOO, Y'KNOW!

SHE RAN IN HERE. WHISSET...TIS DARK IN HERE.

IT'S SOHO SANDER'S ADDRESS.. I'LL KICK THE DOOR OPEN..

... LOOKS SUSPICIOUS, DOESN'T IT, MCDPOOL. THROW YOUR AUTOMATIC ON THE FLOOR, DOLAN!

AYE, LASSIE, TIS QUITE CLEAR NOO ...Y'DISCOVERED THAT THE PAPERS HE HELD WERE ABOUT YOU.. AND WITH THE FORTHCOMIN' WEDDIN' TWIXT YOU AN' LORD ELBY.

...YOU TRACKED HIM HERE, AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, SWIPED THE STUFF.. THIS IS MURDER. SATIN... MURDER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I SAY, MOTHER, WILL THEY FOLLOW US?

SHH...
HURRY, HILDIE DEAR, HURRY...

BUT...

THEY WON'T FOLLOW US FOR A BIT... THEY KNOW I'LL USE THIS PISTOL IF I HAVE TO!

THE SPIRIT!
HOW'D YOU KNOW?

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING SOHO FOR WEEKS... WHEN YOU ARRIVED I KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN... SO I TRAILED YOU HERE...

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE SMART OL' SATIN WHO USED TO RUN RINGS AROUND ME... WHY DIDN'T YOU LET GANDER INSURE THOSE PAPERS, AND SWIPE 'EM LATER?

DON'T BE STUPID. THAT IDEA WOULD REALLY BRAND ME A CROOK... ANYWAY, I DIDN'T MURDER SOHO. IT WAS SELF DEFENSE... NOW IF YOU'LL STAND ASIDE, I'LL TRY TO MAKE THE BOAT FOR ENGLAND...

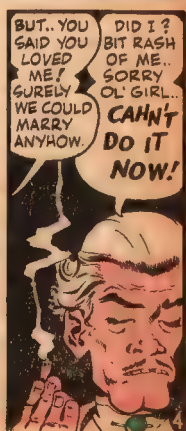
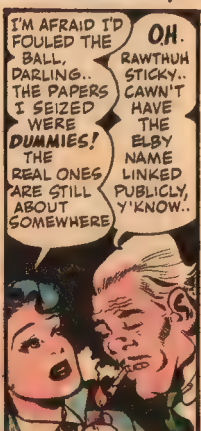
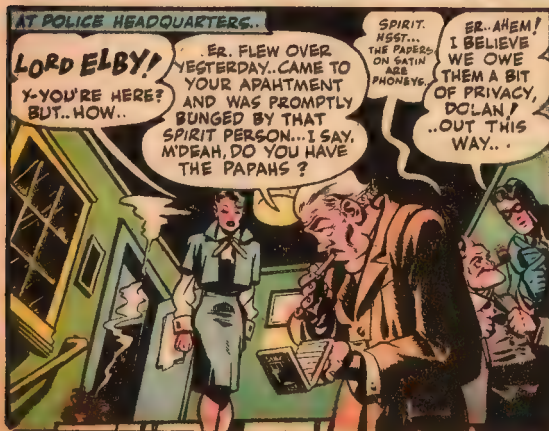
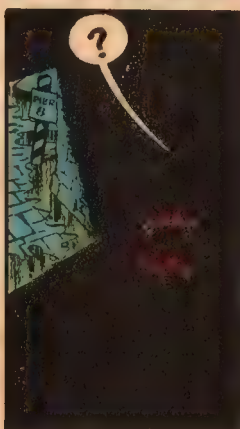
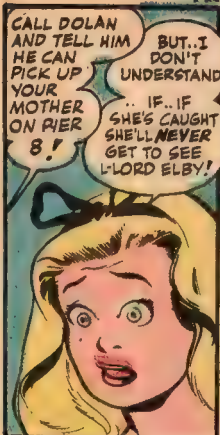
ONE THING YOU CAN DO. TAKE CARE OF HILDIE UNTIL I CALL FOR HER AGAIN...

SURE... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GO!

STOP!

LISTEN TO ME... LORD ELBY WILL MARRY ME ONLY ON CONDITION I RETURN THESE PAPERS TO HIM. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THIS IS MY ONE LAST CHANCE FOR THE KIND OF LIFE I MUST GIVE HILDIE. I'M HER MOTHER... I WILL DIE FOR HER... OR EVEN KILL... NOW STEP ASIDE!

SLAM



A FEW MINUTES LATER



I'M AFRAID
IT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE
NOW... QUITE!

WHAT?
YOU MEAN
HE'S NOT
GOING TO
MARRY
YOU AFTER
ALL?

I'M GLAD!
...GLAD FOR
YOU, MOTHER..
I NEVER DID
WANT HIM
FOR A FATHER!

HMPH..
IN-
DEED!

WELL, UNLESS YOU
HAVE SOMETHING MORE
TO SAY, LORD ELBY, I'M
HOLDING SATIN ON
MANSLAUGHTER
CHARGES..

DO
WHAT
YOU
WISH..

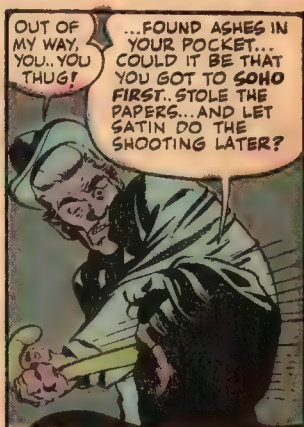


EH??



YOU AGAIN, EH?
THIS TIME, MISTER
SPIRIT, I'LL GIVE
YOU WHAT-FOR
IF YOU GET
ROUGH.

THAT
WAS A
DIRTY
TRICK
YOU
PLAYED
ON
SATIN.



OUT OF
MY WAY,
YOU.. YOU
THUG!

...FOUND ASHES IN
YOUR POCKET..
COULD IT BE THAT
YOU GOT TO SOHO
FIRST.. STOLE THE
PAPERS... AND LET
SATIN DO THE
SHOOTING LATER?



SUPPOSE I
DID.. NOTHING
ILLEGAL IN
THAT.. SHE SHOT
HIM IN SELF-
DEFENSE, SO
SHE'LL
PROBABLY
GET OFF.
**KEEP
BACK!**

NEAT!
GETS
RID OF
HER
NOW
THAT
SHE'S NO
LONGER
USEFUL...



IT'S MY WORD
AGAINST YAWS..
WHO'D BELIEVE
AN OUTLAW?

OH... BUT
IT'S YOU
WHO'S
GOING TO
TELL
REPORTERS
THE TRUTH!

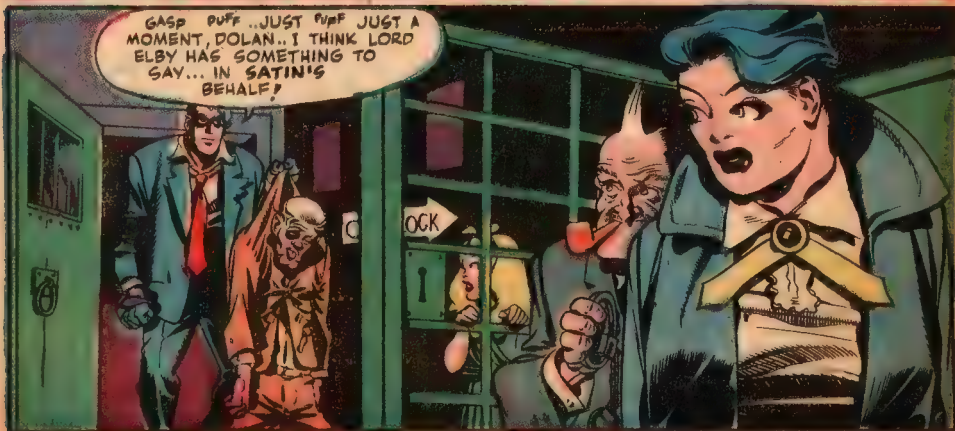


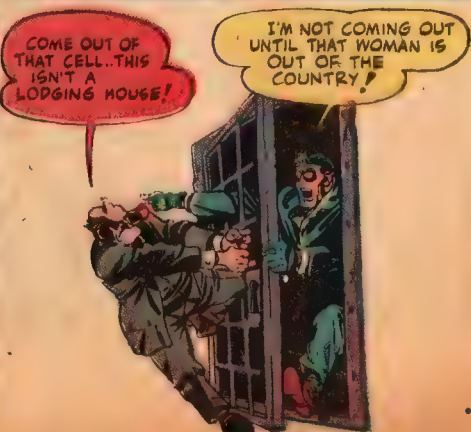
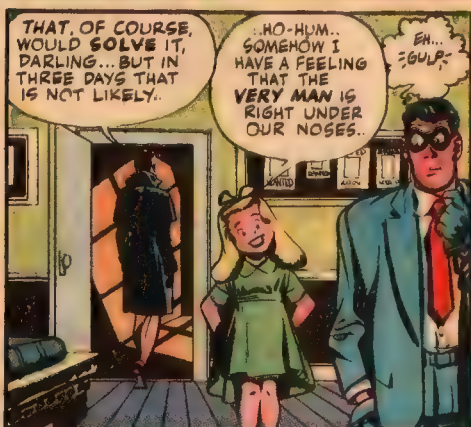
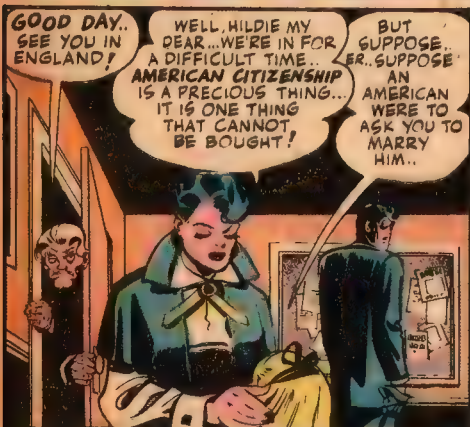
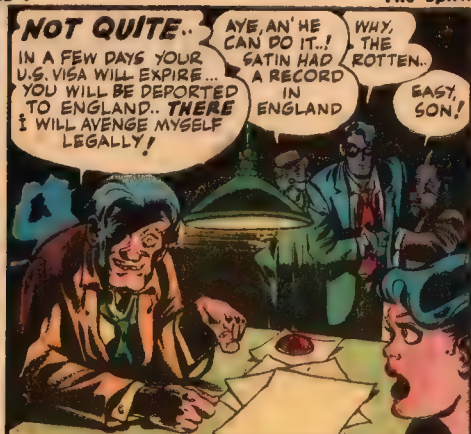
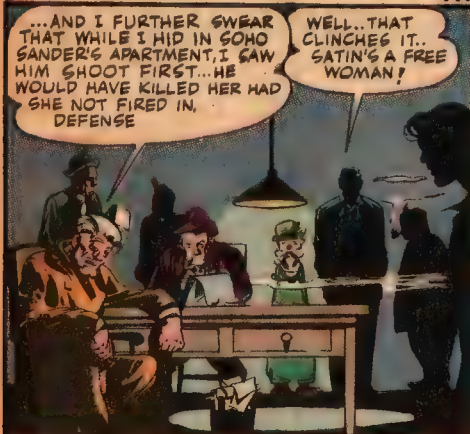
YOU CAN'T
MAKE ME DO
ANYTHING..
IT'S.. IT'S
ILLEGAL!

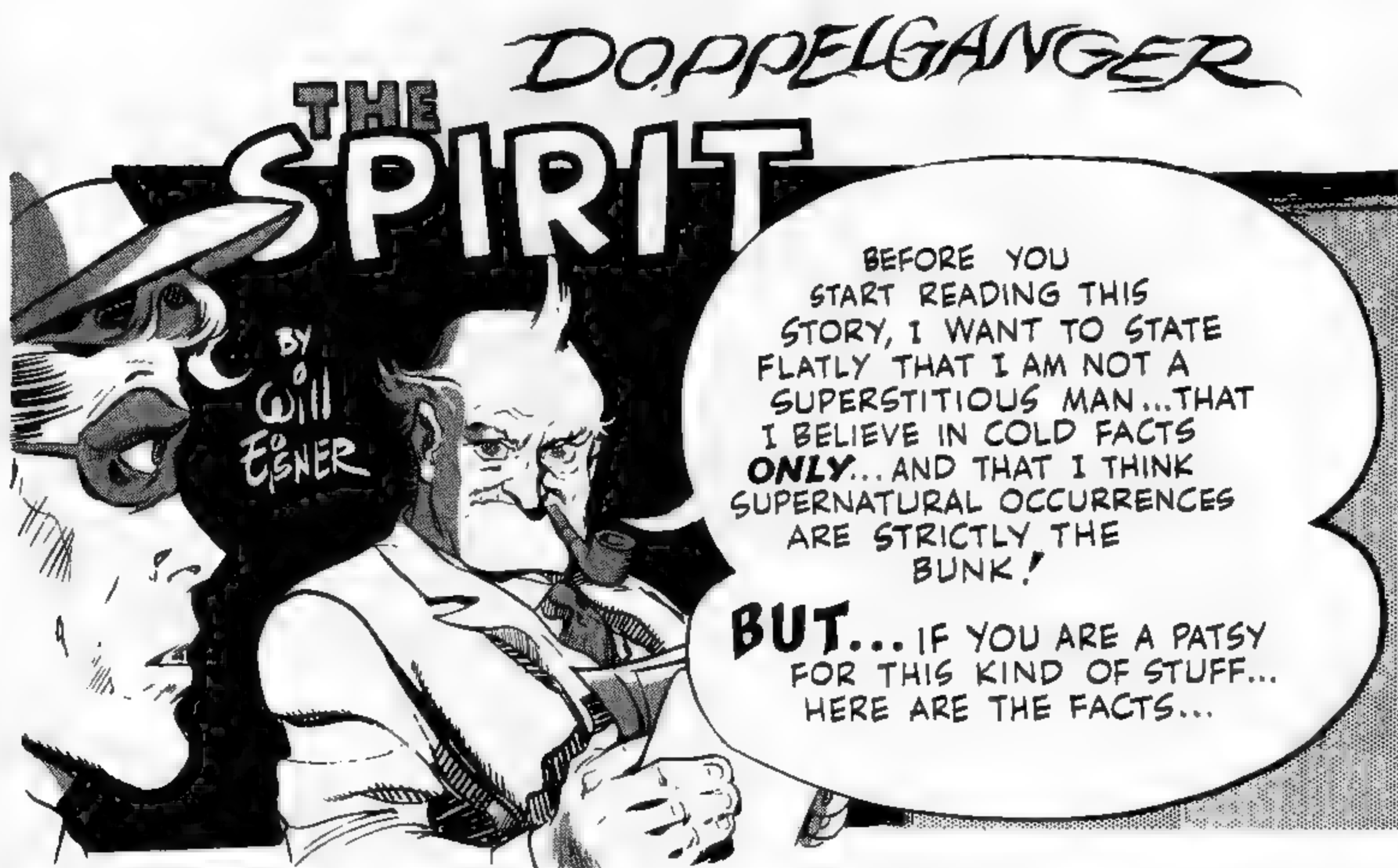
BUT YOU
FORGET
I'M AN
OUTLAW!



I HOPE YOU DON'T
WEAKEN TOO SOON..
BECAUSE I AM GOING TO
BEAT YOU TO WITHIN AN
INCH OF YOUR ROTTEN
LIFE.. AND I'LL ENJOY
IT!







In the winter of 1905 Joe Jones and his partner prospector found a gold mine near Yusek, Alaska....

Now Joe Jones was an ordinary guy... not much different from you or me....

But... the sudden strike threw him off balance and he... "liquidated" the partnership on the spot....



UNITED STATES CLAIMS OFFICE

Yes, Joe Jones got there, all right...
But watch what happens...
 ..carefully...

HURRY UP WITH THOSE PAPERS... I'M GOING OUT ON A SPREE!

O.K. O.K...

SIGN HERE... IT'S AN AFFIDAVIT OF SOLE DISCOVERY..

SURE.. **YIKE**

YOU ARE THE VERY DUPLICATE OF ME! LOOK...

SO WHAT.. FR.. HAPPENS EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.. HERE'S YOUR RECEIPT FOR THE CLAIM!

YOUR NAME...EXACTLY LIKE MINE!!

WHAT'S SO **EXCLUSIVE** ABOUT "JOE JONES"...? YAWWWN... SEE YA'AROUN' SOMETIME..

RECEIPT
 LAND CLAIM NO. 1235...
 DECEDED TO Joe Jones
 APPROVED BY AGENTS OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT
 RECORDED BY Joe Jones

Remember that, please!

Read it again... burn it into your memory...

it is **important!!** because from here on in things move awfully fast...
AWFULLY FAST!

By 1920 Joe Jones the miner had used the revenue to purchase a joint...but things went bad and he began to fix the wheels...

AND NOW, YOU RAT, WHILE MY BOYS BREAK UP Y'R JOINT I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A PERMANENT LESSON...

NO, NO.. **HELP.. HELP!**

HOLD IT, AJAX!

WHAT.. **AHK**

?

BANG

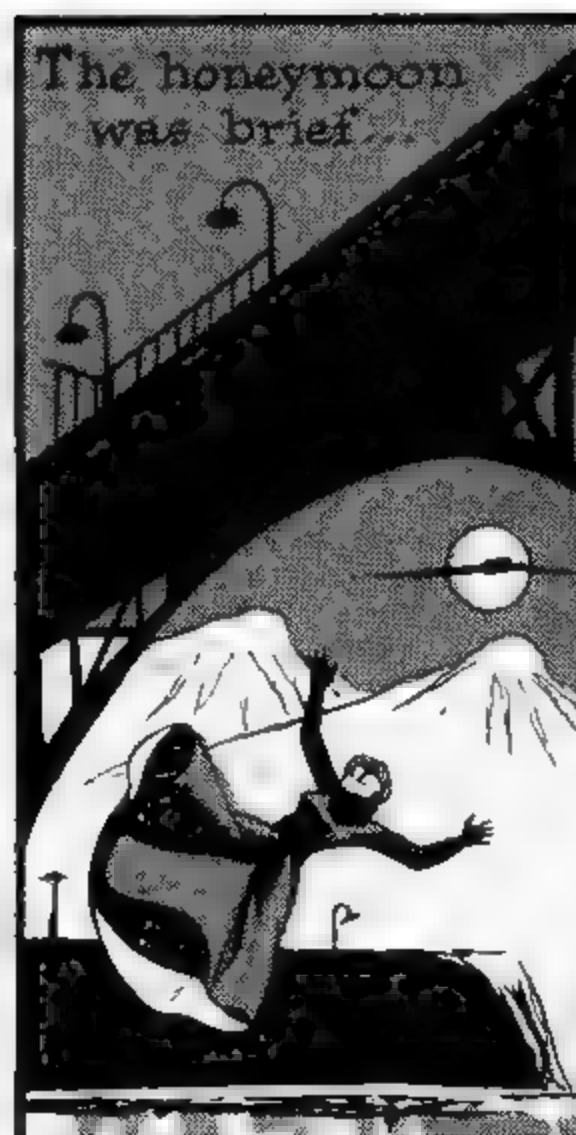
YOU!? TH..THE CLAIMS AGENT...

JOE JONES IS THE NAME.. SAME'S YOURS.. ANY TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP!

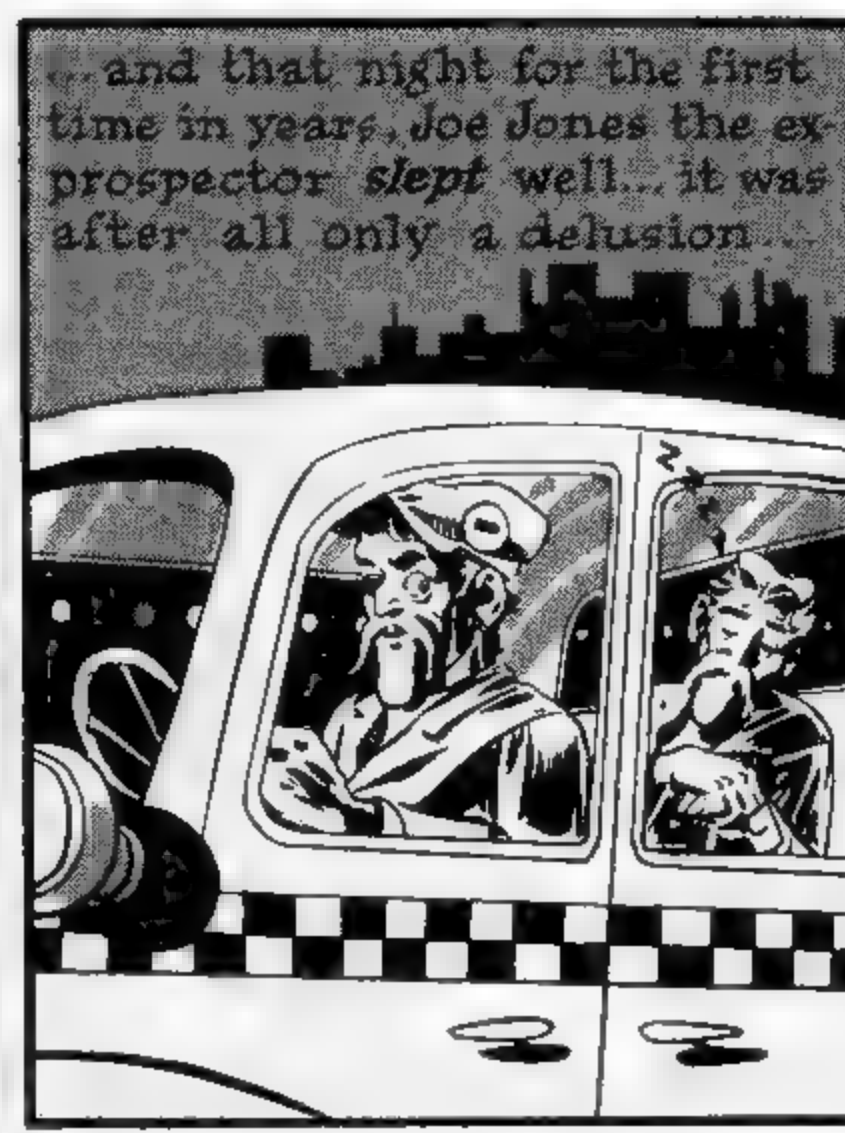
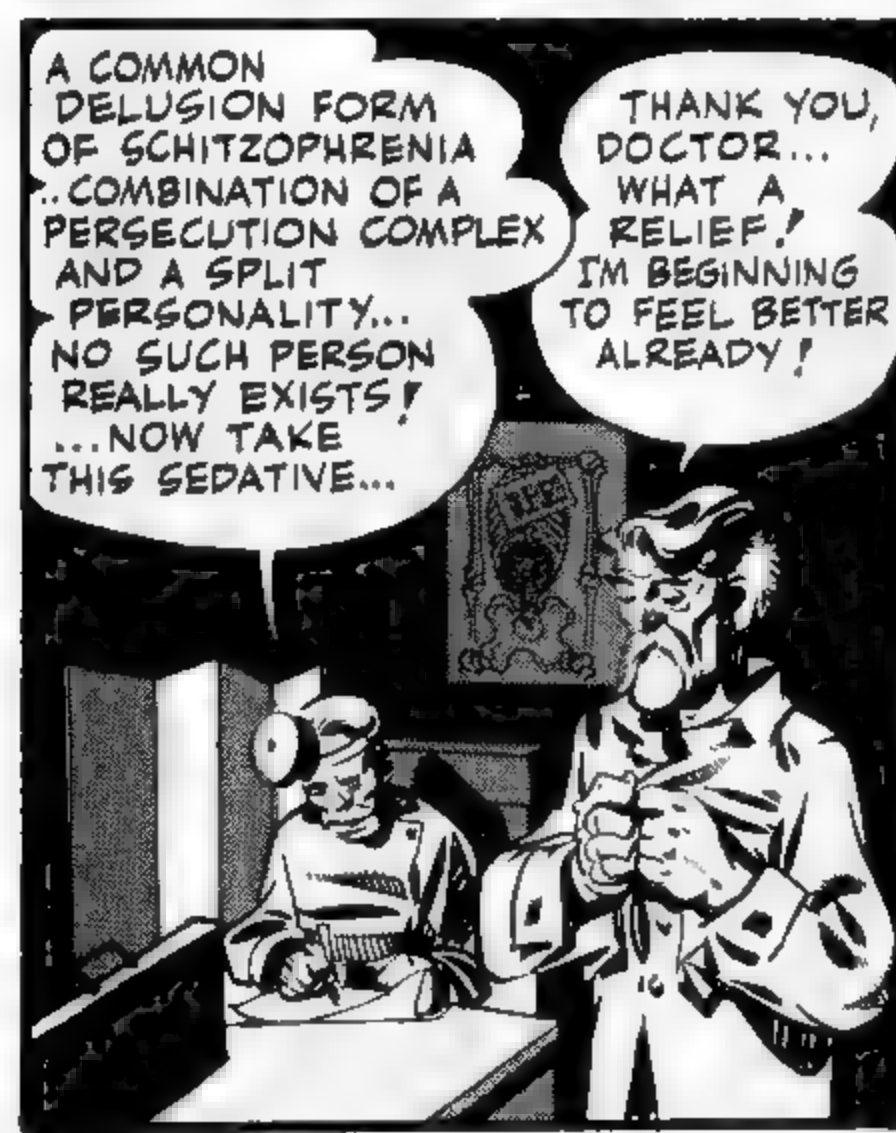
WAIT! WHY DID YOU HELP ME...??

HEY... OH..HE'S GONE..

Joe cashed in his chips and tried a new field of enterprise... Chicago... where he married a meat-packer's orphaned daughter....



there was only one thing to do... travel!... elude this double who was black-mailing him... yes, TRAVEL!



and so... October of 1947 found Joe Jones in Central City, the owner of a business...



...the business went along but Jones couldn't play it straight.. ..one night, upon checking his books...

BAH!

TOMORROW THE BANK AUDITORS COME AND I STILL CAN'T MAKE UP THAT SHORTAGE..

JUST \$100,000.. ..JUST A MEASLY \$100,000 IS ALL I NEED TO COVER ME...

HERE!

J...JONES .. YOU AGAIN!

UH-HUH..

...THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!

I--I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MIRAGE.. BUT NOW I SEE YOU ARE REAL... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS...

THERE ARE MANY MYSTERIES ON EARTH WE DON'T UNDERSTAND... WE ARE LINKED BY SOME BIG INVISIBLE FORCE..

BUT DON'T WORRY... TONIGHT YOU WILL BE RID OF ME... **FOREVER!**

F--FOREVER? H--HE'S GOING TO KILL ME.. GOT TO GET TO THE POLICE...

POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

NOW STOP BLUBBERING, MR. JONES, AND TELL DR. EIKYEW ABOUT IT!

GULP: A MAN.. AN EXACT DOUBLE OF ME.. BEEN FOLLOWING ME.. SHOWS UP WHEN I'M IN TROUBLE.. GOING TO KILL ME...

HMM

A DOPPELGÄNGER COMPLEX.. HE'S SUFFERING FROM HALLUCINATIONS .. HE MERELY THINKS THAT...

HMM.. OH.. EXCUSE ME DOC.. THE PHONE..

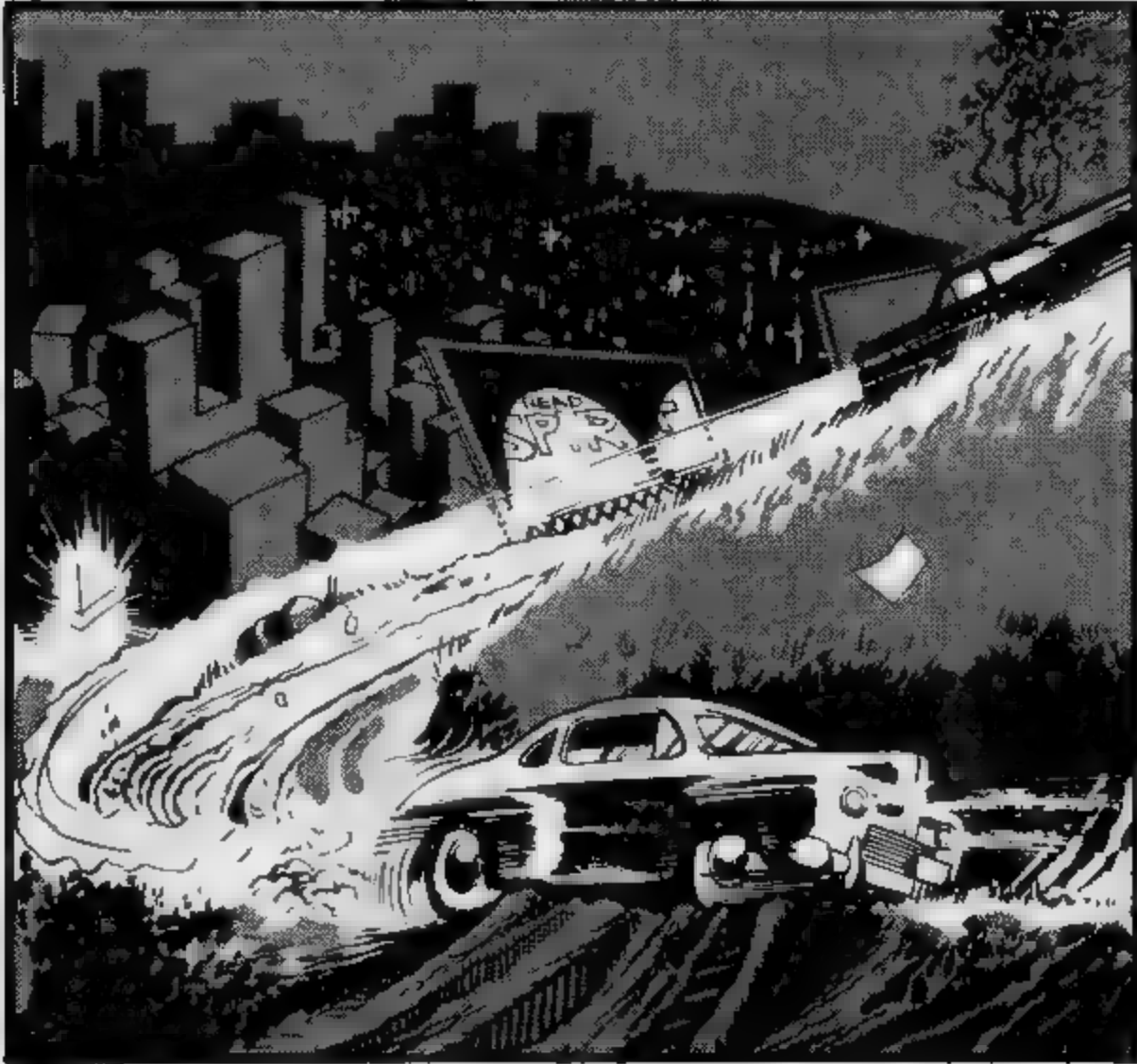
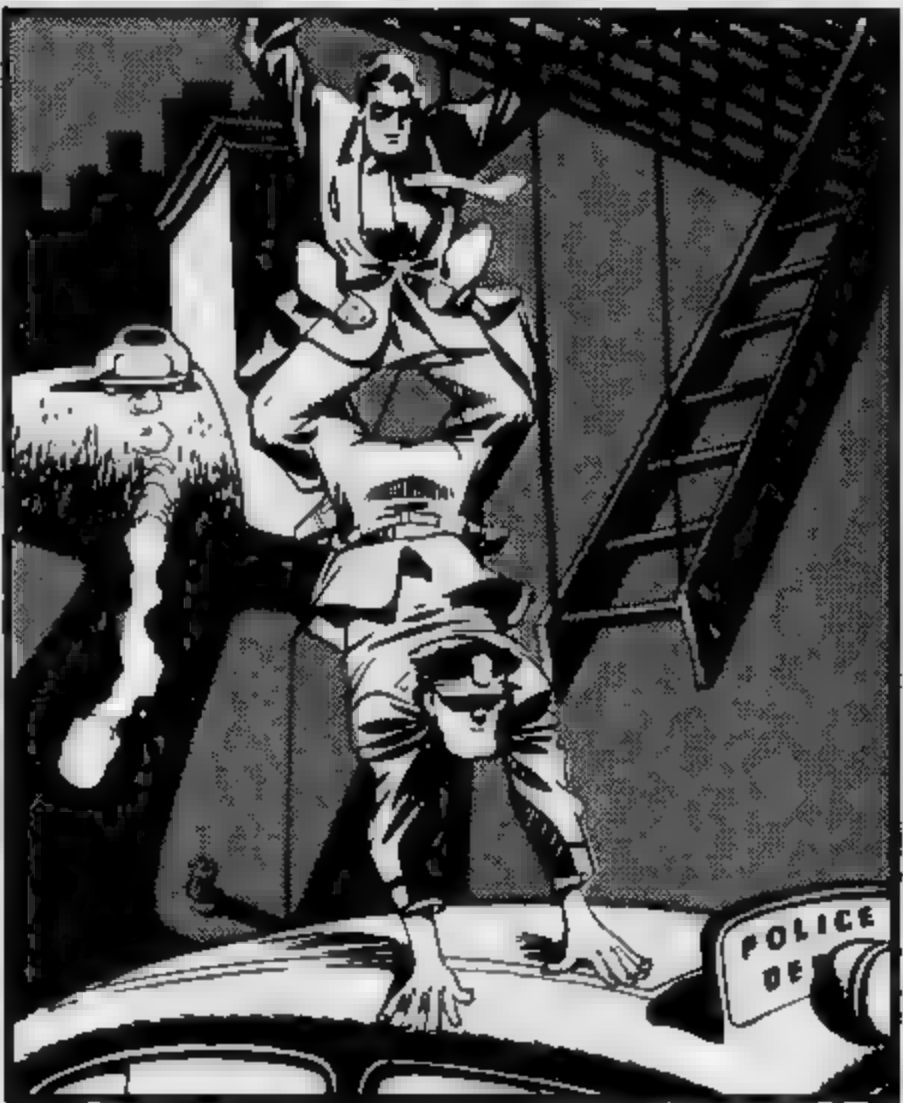
RING RING

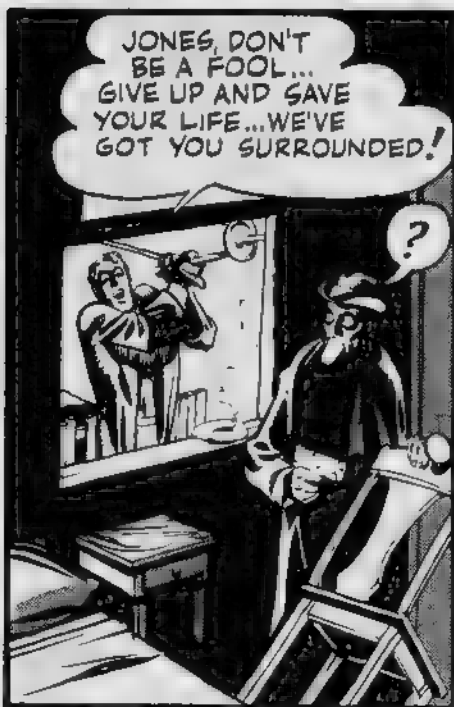
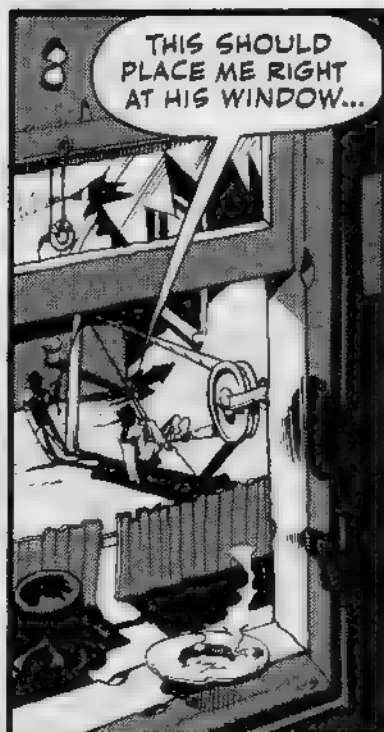
DOLAN.. THIS IS THE SPIRIT.. SAM KLINK AND I HAVE JUST TRAILED THE BANKROBBER TO 81 VISTA ROAD... GUY NAMED JOE JONES... EXPECT HIM TO SHOW UP ANY MINUTE..

GOOD! KEEP ME POSTED!

JONES.. I THINK YOU HAD BETTER STAY RIGHT HERE!

and so, at that very moment...







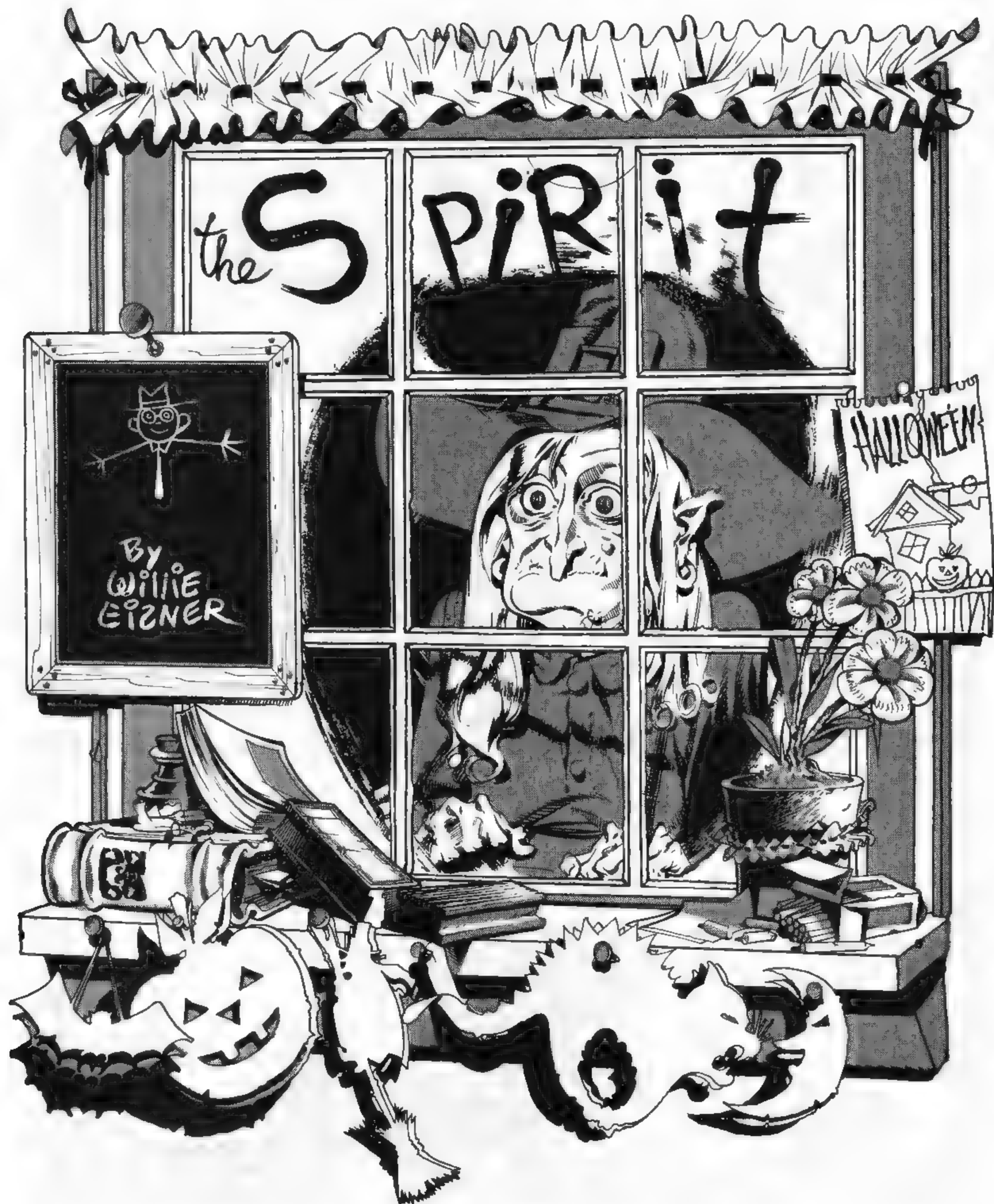
If you care to check...

There's an old legend in German folklore which tells of the "Doppelgänger", who was supposed to be a man's second-self, or an exact physical duplicate who pursues him relentlessly... some laugh and say this shadowy counterpart is a man's evil nature.... some figure it's his conscience... and some say it's just a lot of eyewash....

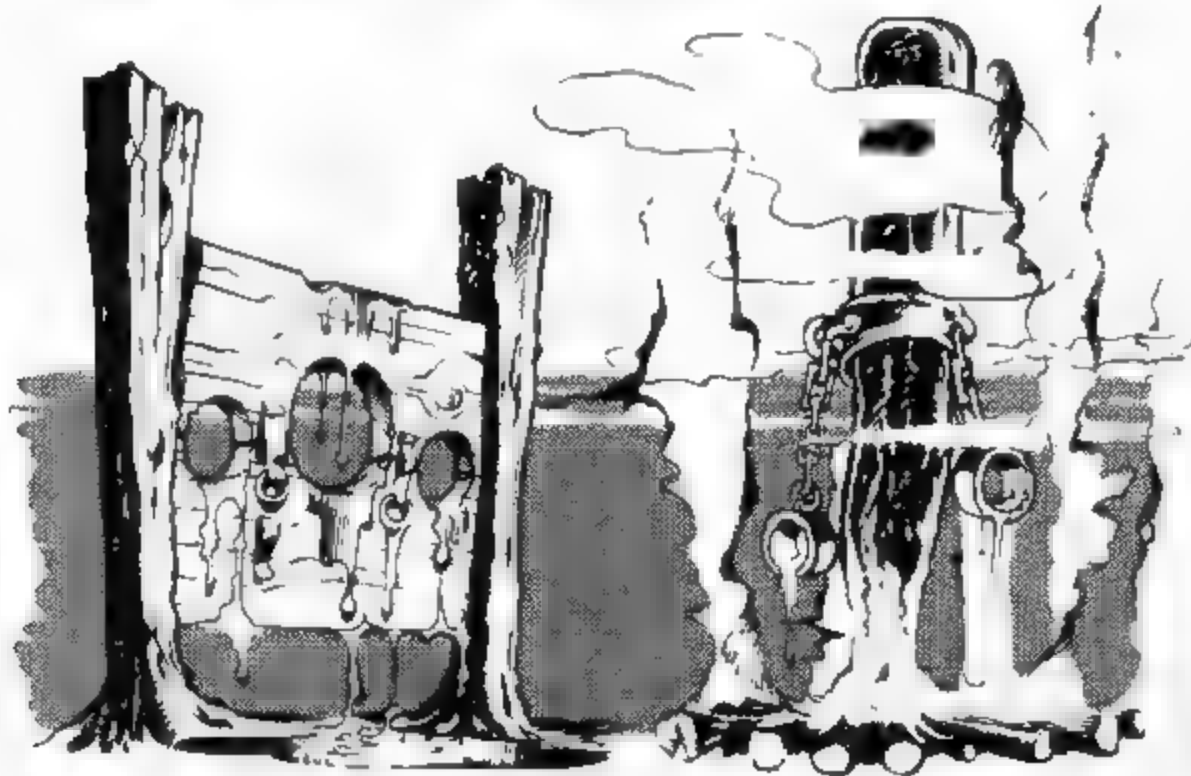
**BUT WE KNOW BETTER...
DON'T WE?**

387. Originally published October 26, 1947

THE BURNING OF P.S. 43



IN THE YEAR 1672 THE COLONY WHERE CENTRAL CITY NOW STANDS WAS THE SCENE OF A BLOODY TRIAL....
A LAW HAD BEEN PASSED FORBIDDING THE PRACTICE OF WITCHCRAFT... SO EXACTLY 35 LOYAL CITIZENS WERE ACCUSED AND PUT TO DEATH FOR THE CRIME...



IT WAS A FAIRLY SUCCESSFUL PURGE...
FOR BY 1947 THE ONLY WITCH LEFT IN CENTRAL CITY LIVED IN SOLITUDE ON CAULDRON HILL, RIGHT NEAR PUBLIC SCHOOL 43... AND EVEN SHE HAD TO DEPEND UPON RAG-PICKING FOR A LIVING...



BUT
OCT. 30
HALLOWEEN

ONCE A YEAR AT THE END OF DAY, ALL THE KIDS WOULD LISTEN WHILE SHE SCARED THE HECK OUT OF THEM WITH THE GRISLIEST HALLOWEEN STORIES YOU HAVE EVER HEARD.

...AND SO.. HEH HEH HEH
WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE
EVIL KING I PLACED IN
A HOLLOW OF A ROTTEN
OAK TREE! CACKLE
CACKLE CACKLE



GOSH!

OOOOH..

YAAAH... WHAT A LOTTA
SOUP... WHY, THAT'S THE
VERY REACTIONARY
LITERATURE ADULTS
WOULD HAVE US READ
TO KEEP US KIDS
FROM GROWING UP TO
USURP THEIR
POSITION IN
SOCIETY!

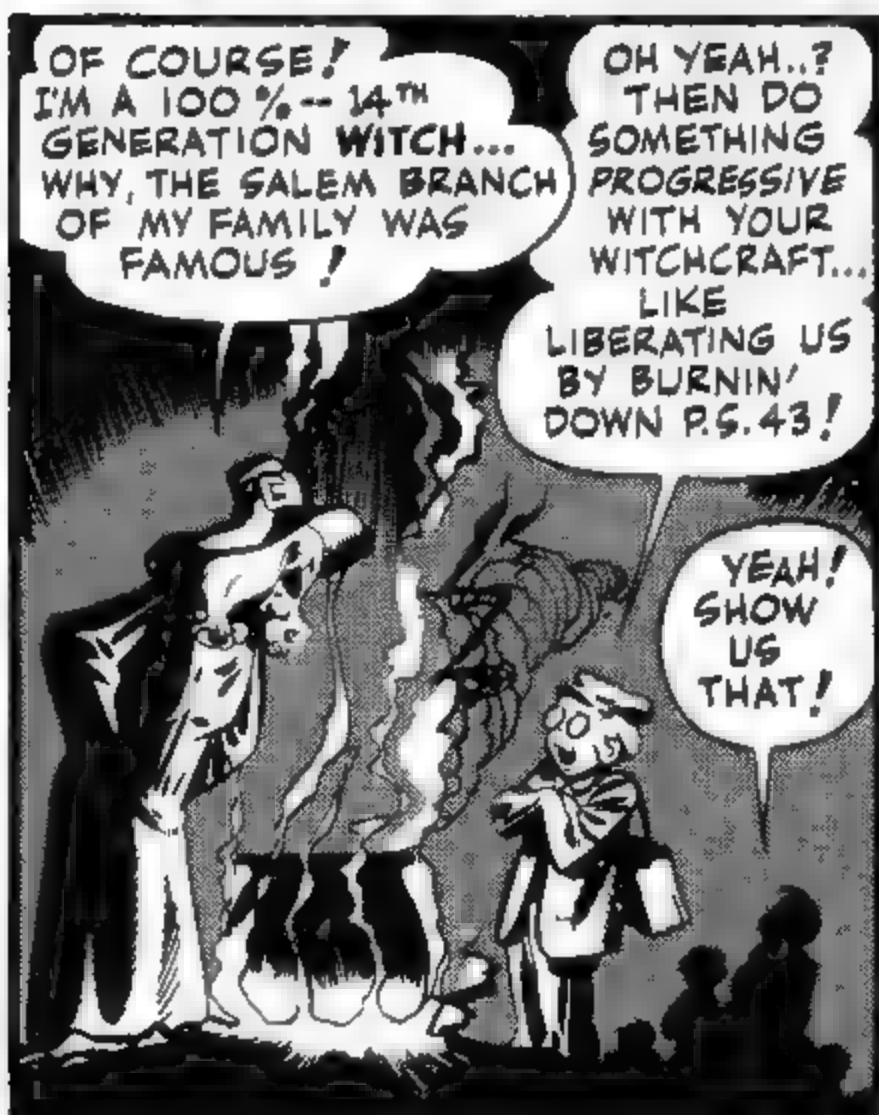
OH, QUIET!
HAZEL IS
A REAL
WITCH...
AINTCHA,
WITCH
HAZEL?



OF COURSE!
I'M A 100% -- 14TH
GENERATION WITCH...
WHY, THE SALEM BRANCH
OF MY FAMILY WAS
FAMOUS!

OH YEAH..?
THEN DO
SOMETHING
PROGRESSIVE
WITH YOUR
WITCHCRAFT...
LIKE
LIBERATING US
BY BURNIN'
DOWN P.S. 43!

YEAH!
SHOW
US
THAT!



ER... WELL... GULP.. AHEM.. NOW
I DON'T GUARANTEE THIS
CURSE'LL WORK... HEH HEH..
THIS HORSEHAIR MAY BE
OLD... **STAND BACK!**



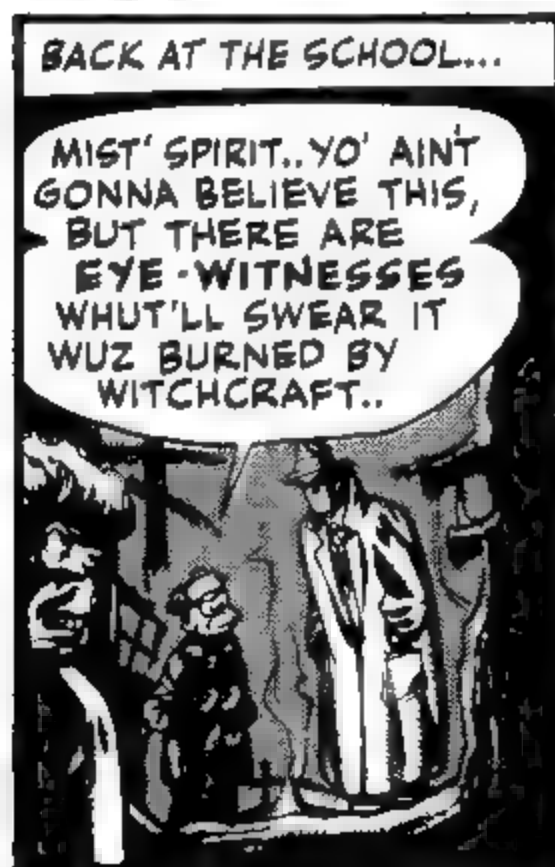
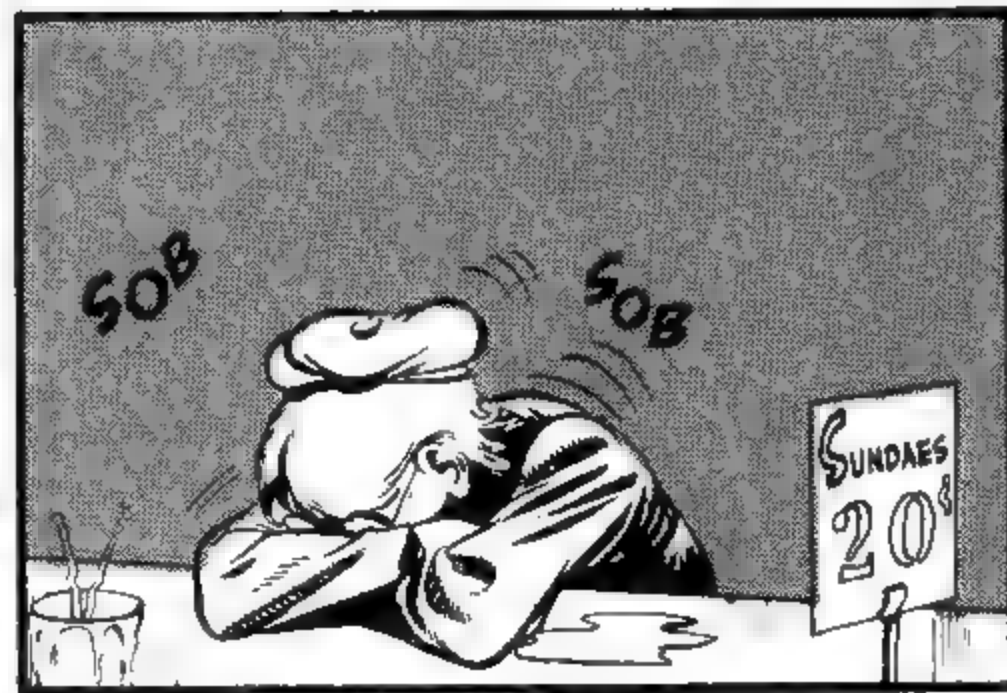
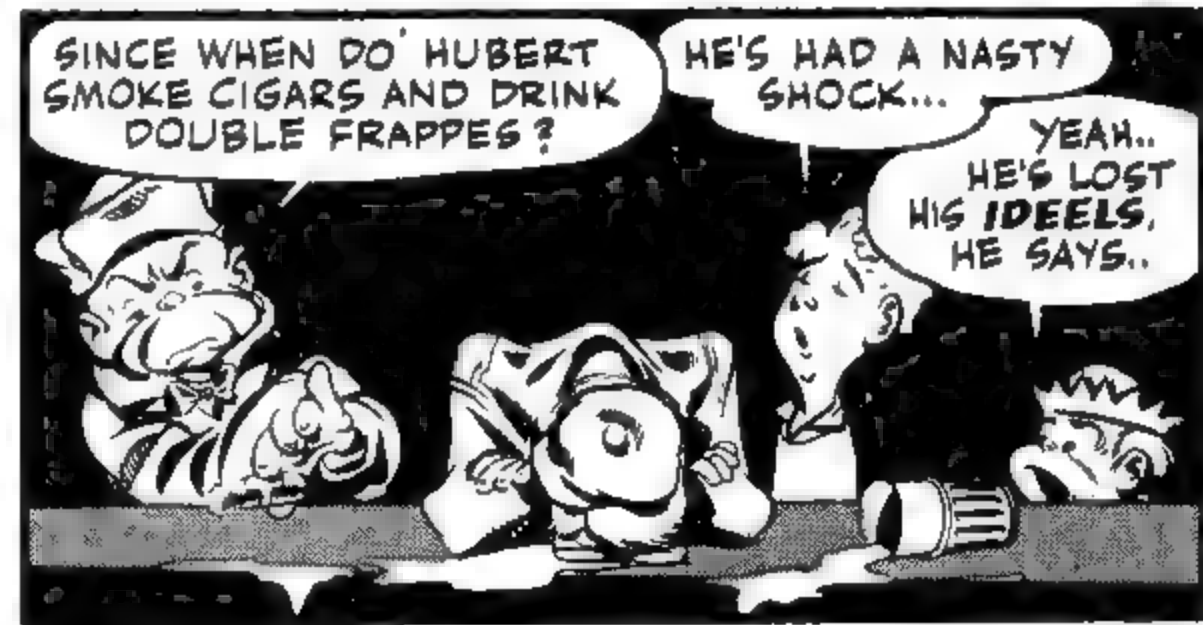
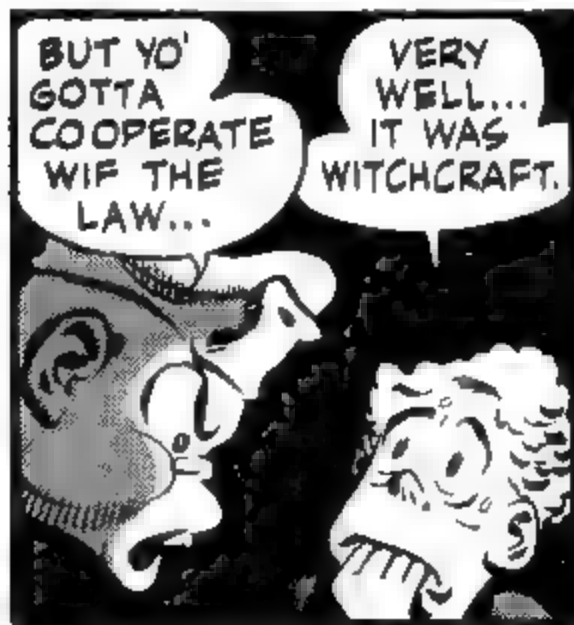
SHARDEBAH!!

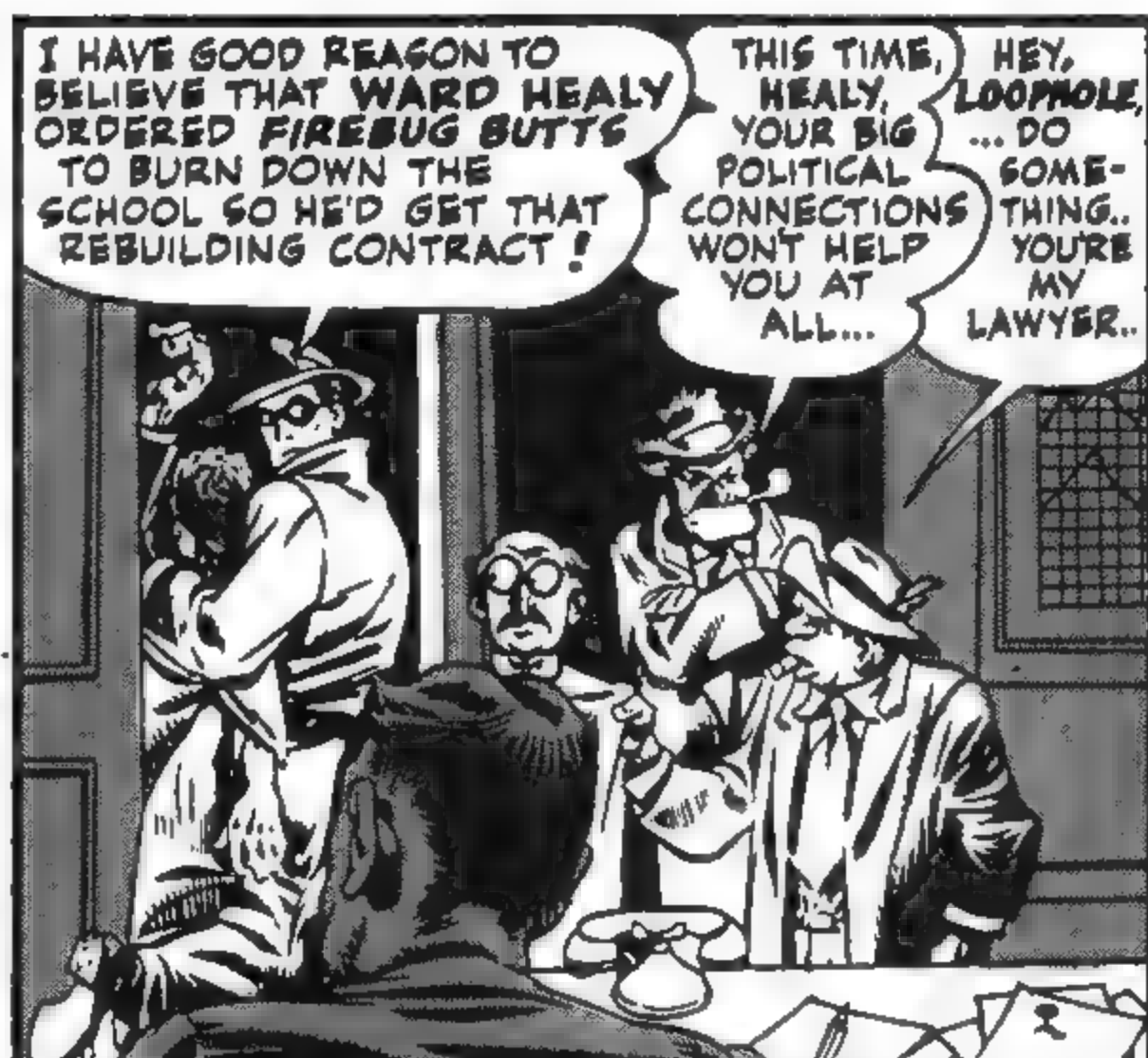
LOOK!
SHE DID
IT!

EEEEK!
THE
SCHOOL
IS AFIRE,
SURE
ENUF!



THE NEXT MORNING...









GENTLEMEN!.. THIS IS A DEVICE TO **FRAME** THAT POOR OLD LADY WITH A CRIME WE CAN TRACE TO **MR. WARD HEALY!**

GO ON, COUNSELOR..

GENTLEMEN... THE..AH... PROBLEM IS SIMPLE... IF **WITCH HAZEL** DID **WILFULLY** AND WITH **MALICE** AFORETHOUGHT CAUSE THE SCHOOL TO BURN DOWN...TO WHICH I PRODUCE **EYE-WITNESSES...**

YEAH! BESIDES, SHE ADMITS SHE LAID A CURSE ON IT WITH INTENT TO **BURN!**

QUIET!

YES SIR, I SAW IT!

SURE.. WE **DOUBLE-DARED** HER AN' SHE DID!

SHE SAID **SHARDEBAH!**

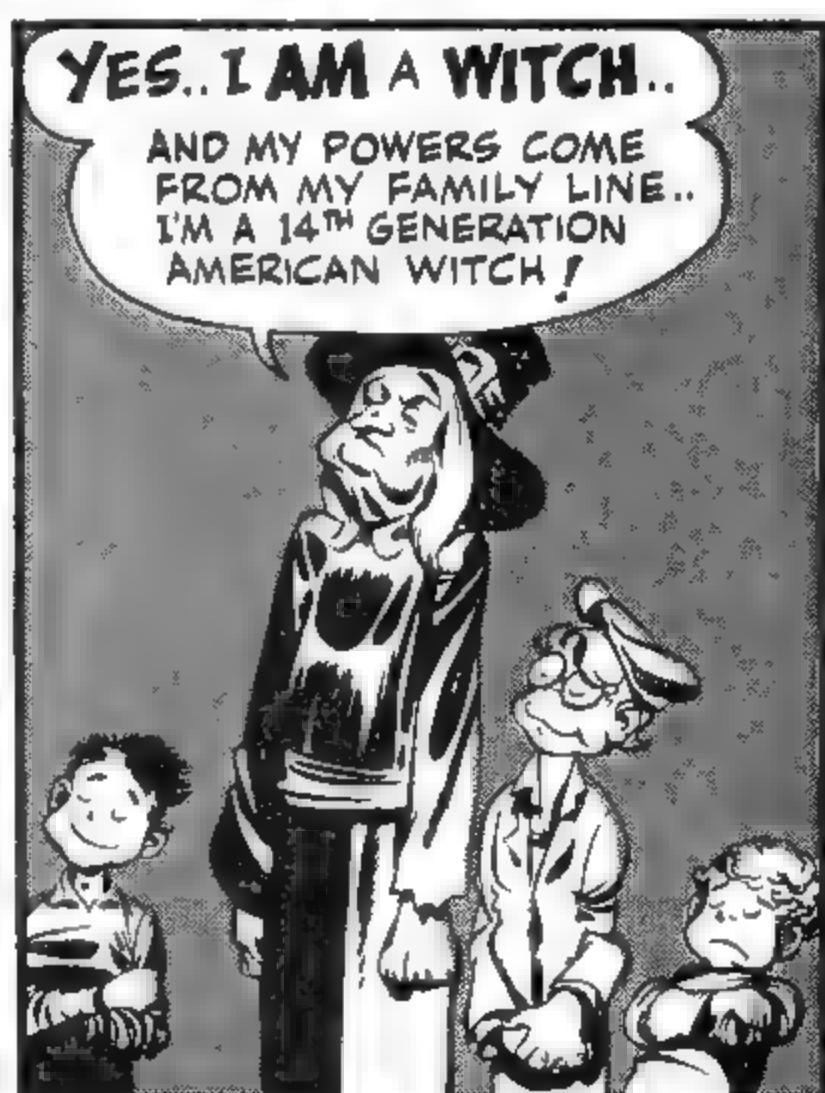


...THEN THE QUESTION IS CLEAR... IF SHE IS A WITCH... THEN IT FOLLOWS THAT SHE **COULD** LAY AN **EFFECTIVE CURSE** ON THE SCHOOL..

RIGHT...



So... **ARE YOU** OR **AREN'T YOU** A **WITCH** CAPABLE OF **WITCHCRAFT** ??



YES.. I AM A WITCH..

AND MY POWERS COME FROM MY FAMILY LINE.. I'M A 14TH GENERATION AMERICAN WITCH!



WAIT! SHE ONLY SAID THAT TO KEEP FROM DISAPPOINTING THOSE KIDS.. **TEST HER!**

VERY WELL ... DO SOMETHING WITCHY... ER.. CHANGE US INTO **DOGS!**



GO ON, HAZEL... YOU C'N DO IT! GO ON...

ER... AH... BUT.. ER.. AH... OH, VERY WELL...

S-SHARDEBAH



SEE? IT DIDN'T WORK...

QUITE! THE CASE IS DISMISSED.. LACK OF PROOF..

BUT... IT'S JUST THAT I'VE BEEN SICK LATELY...

FAKE!

YAAAH FOOEY!

BAH

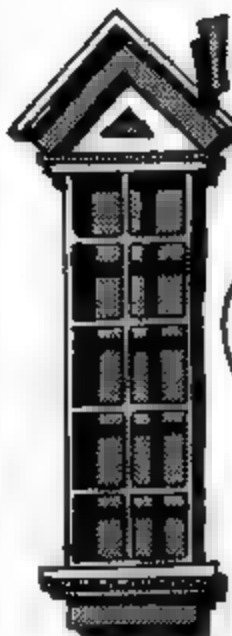


AND SO...THE EVE OF WITCHCRAFT...THE HOLIDAY OF THE SPIRITS PASSES AWAY INTO TIME.... IN THE CEMETERIES THE EERIE MIST LIFTS AS A CHILLY AUTUMN BREEZE WAFTS ACROSS THE LAND...

FROM WILDWOOD TO CAULDRON HILL THE WEE PEOPLE MAKE READY TO RETURN TO THE DARKNESS WHENCE THEY CAME....

HALLOWE'EN IS OVER...

A LITTLE SADLY THIS YEAR...



IN THE COURTHOUSE TOO THE GUARDIANS OF OUR FUNDAMENTAL SAFETY SLOWLY GATHER THEIR BOOKS AND PREPARE TO LEAVE...



SIGH...THE FIRST WITCHCRAFT CASE IN 300 YEARS AND WE **LOSE IT!**

YES...ARF..ARF.. I COULD HAVE SWORN SHE WAS REALLY..ARF..ARF..



SAY THAT AGAIN?

I...ARF... GRRROWL... ARF...



GOOD GRIEF.. WOOF WOOF.. YOU'RE **BARKING!**

ARFARF... SO ARE YOU.. GRRROWL!



WOOF ?

ARF ?



WOOF! WOOF!

ARF! ARF!



YEOW... IT WORKED...I'M A REAL HONEST-TO-BETSY SPELL-CASTIN' WITCH...**WAHOO!**



AND DO YOU KNOW THAT TO THIS VERY DAY NOT A SOUL IN CENTRAL CITY WILL BELIEVE HER STORY ABOUT THOSE TWO DOGS !!

....EXCEPT, OF COURSE...

..ME!

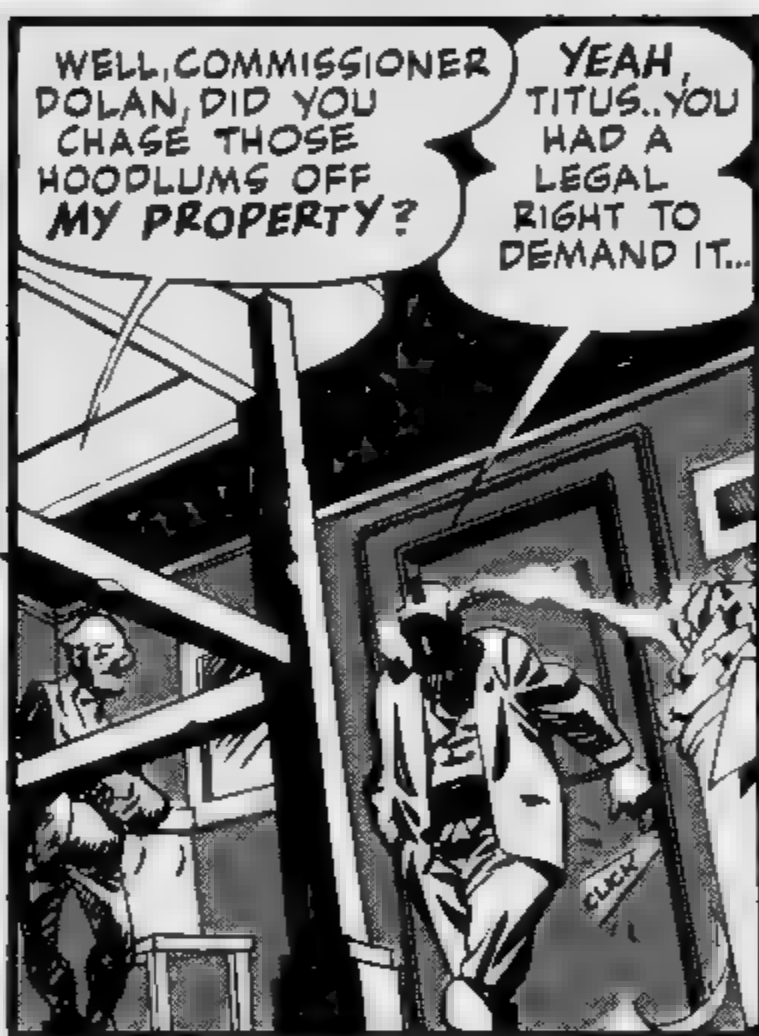




IF YOU WILL GLANCE QUICKLY UP AT THE SKYLINE WHERE THE CENTRAL CITY STATE PEN LOOMS... YOU WILL NOTICE A BRIEF GLOW AS THE LIGHTS DIM IN THE WHOLE AREA... WELL, JUST A SECOND AGO THEY SHOT SEVERAL THOUSAND VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THROUGH MIKE MAYHEM... THERE WAS GOOD REASON FOR IT, YOU MAY BE SURE, AND SOCIETY MAY CONSIDER ITSELF WELL RID OF A NASTY CROOK....

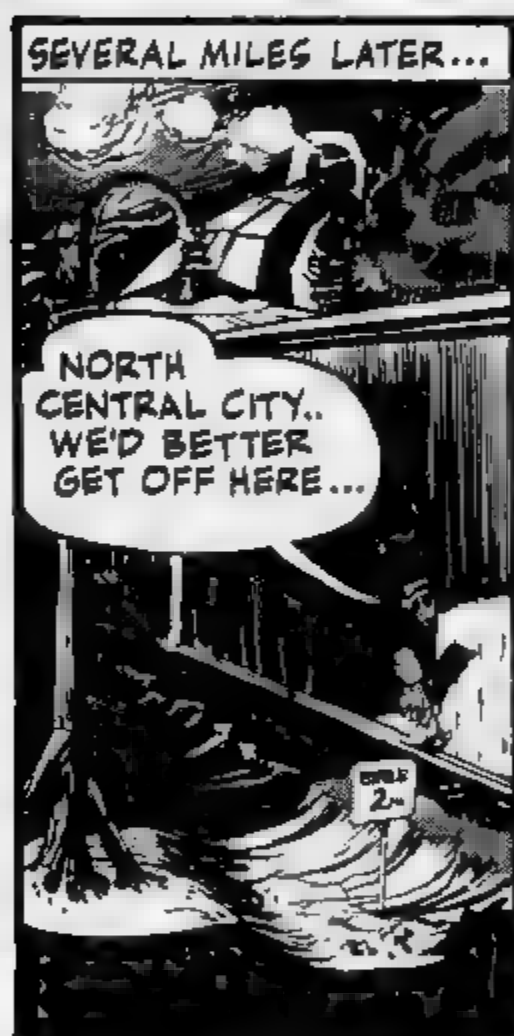
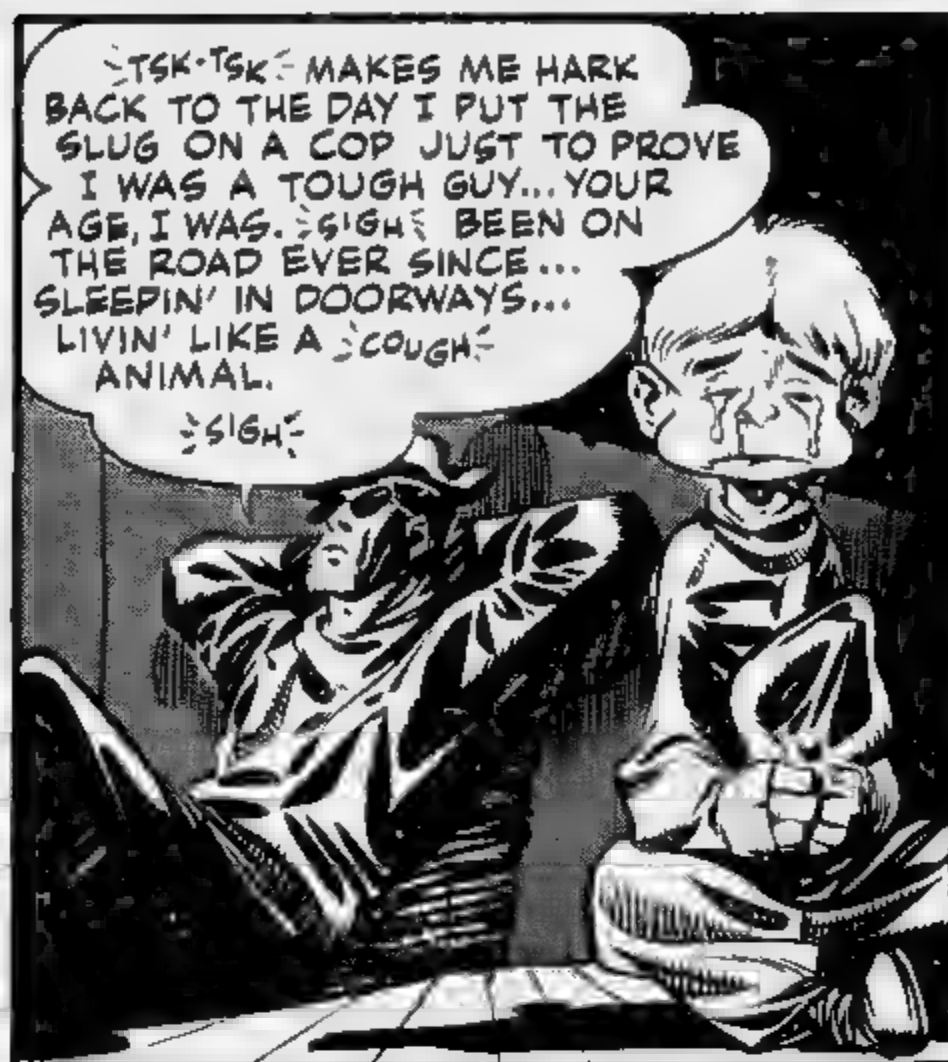
BUT JUST A SECOND AGO, TOO... THE VERY SAME AUTHORITY WHICH HAD PROTECTED US FROM KILLER MIKE BEGAN THE CREATION OF ANOTHER CROOK.

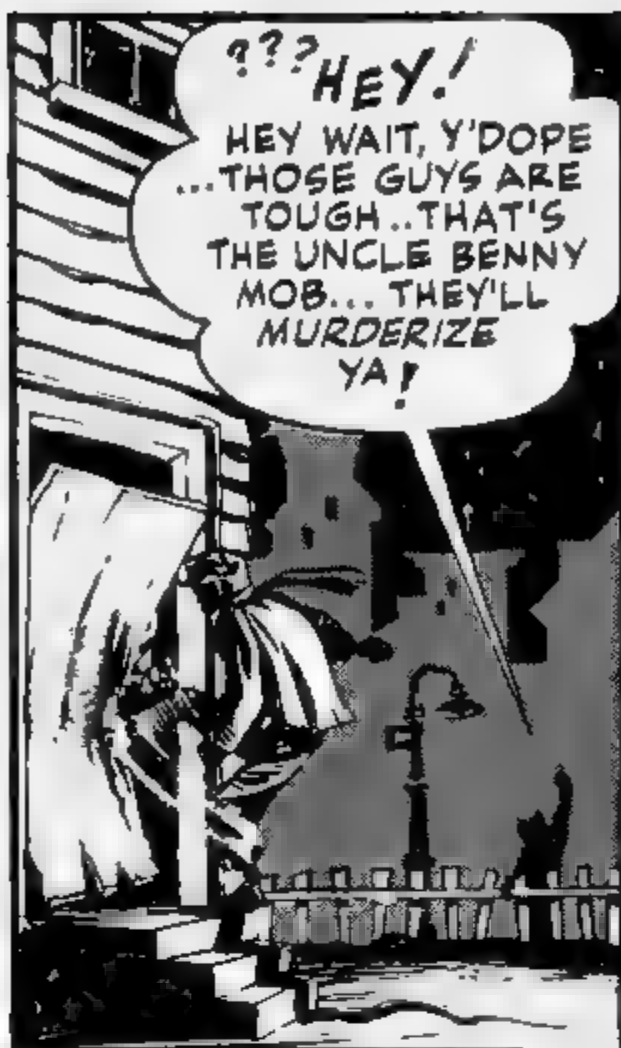
SILLY?? ... WELL, STICK AROUND AND SEE HOW IT IS DONE....

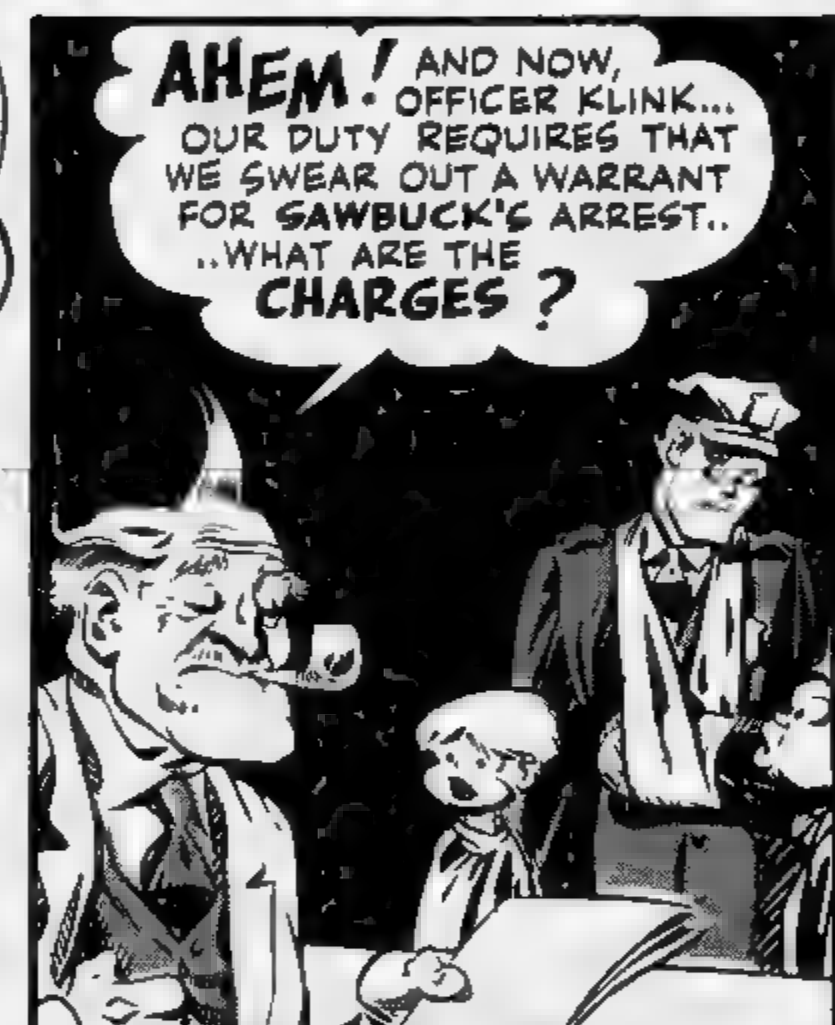
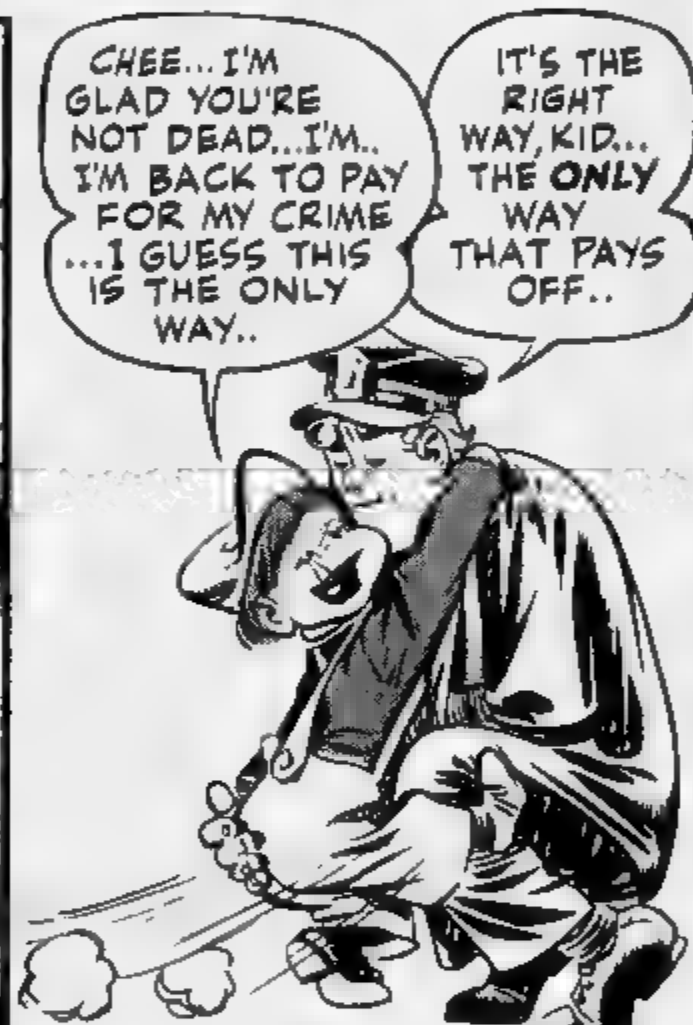
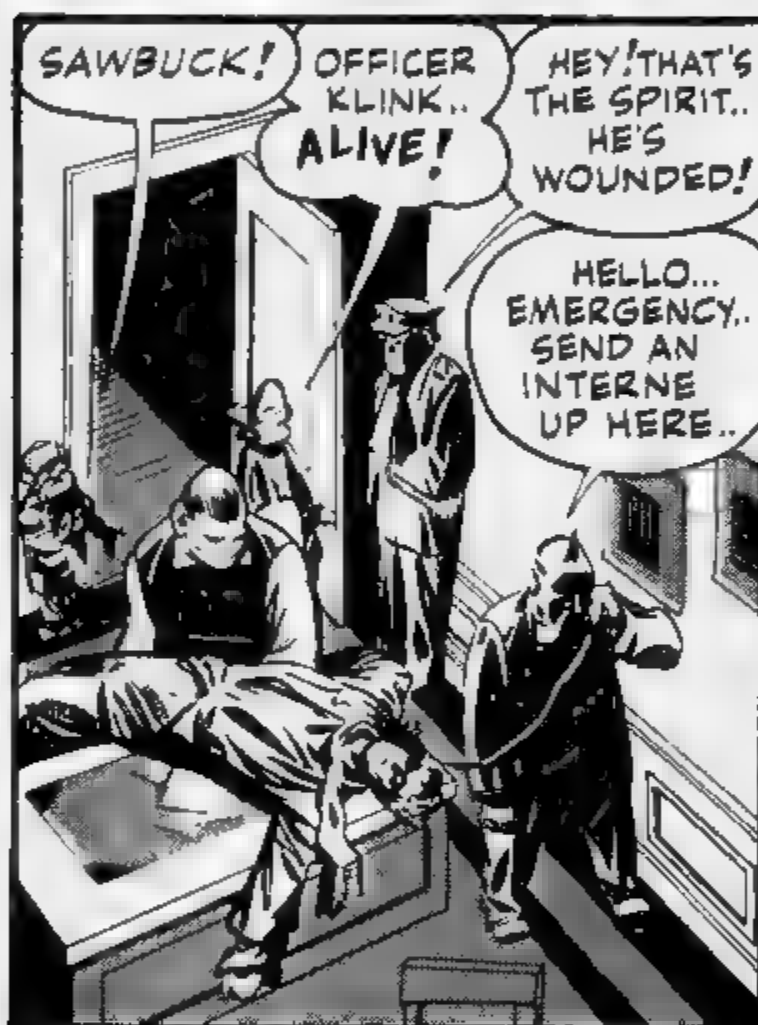








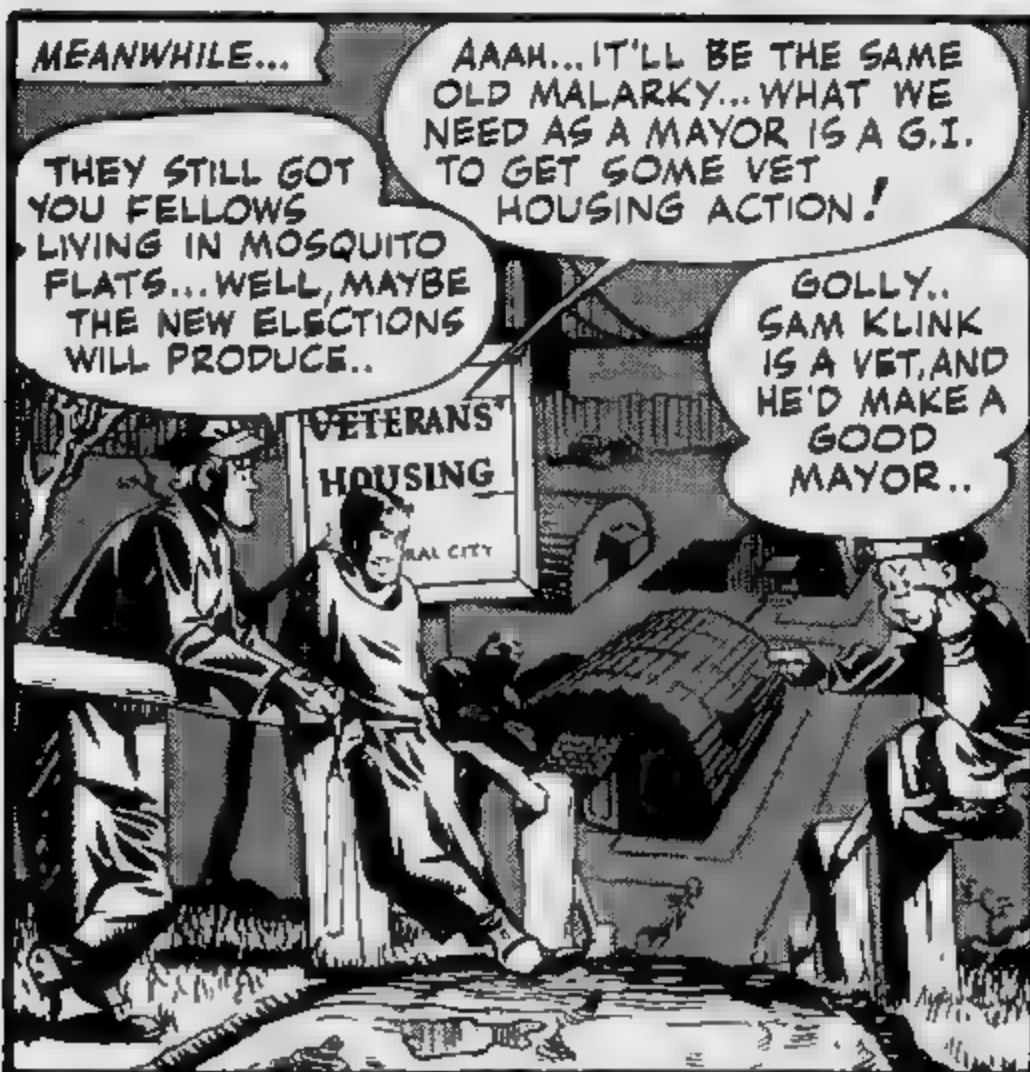
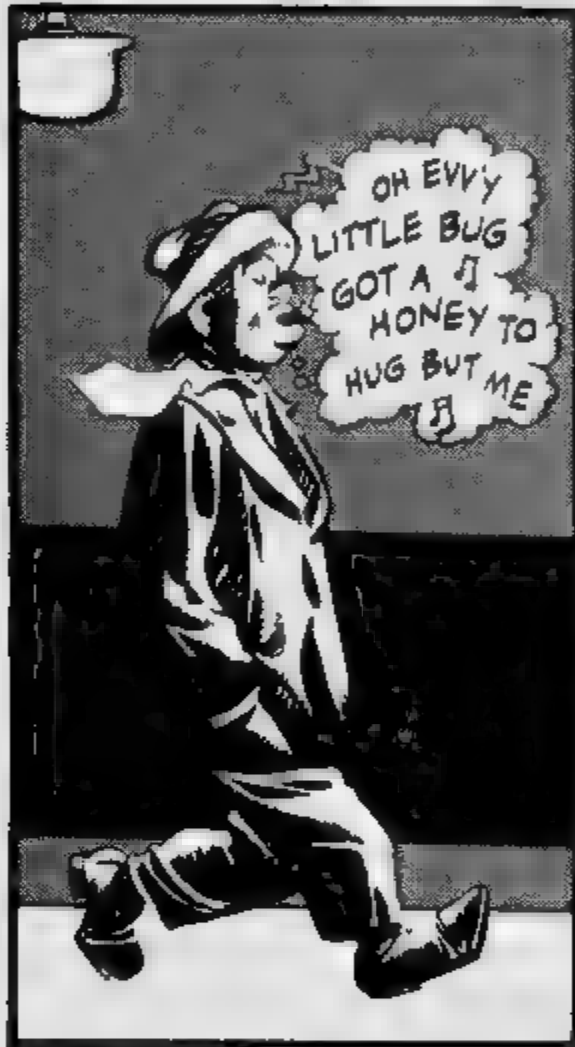
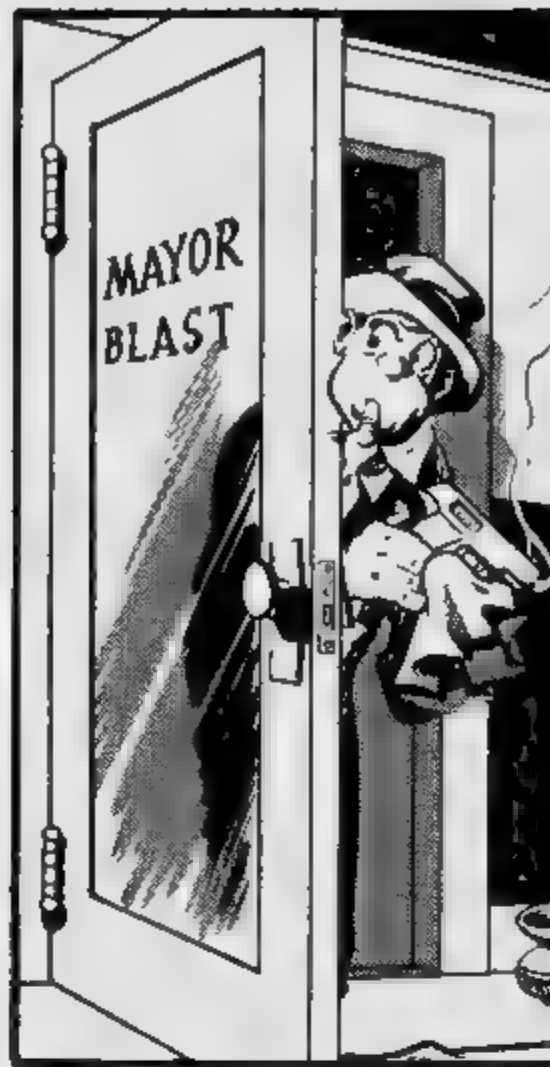


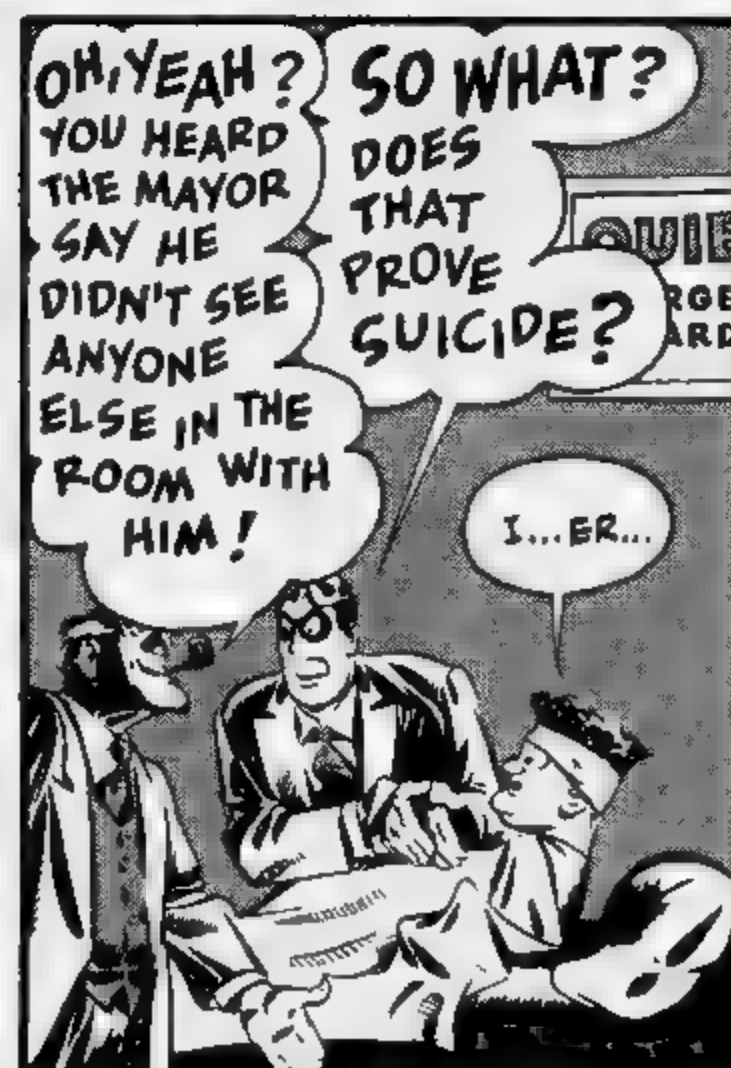


389. Originally published November 9, 1947

MR. BOWSER'S ELECTION







GOOD EVENING, FOLKS... THIS IS THE CENTRAL CITY NEWS BULLETIN... THE ELECTION OF A NEW MAYOR HAS REACHED A DRAMATIC CLIMAX... WHAT WITH MAYOR BLAST'S ATTEMPTED SUICIDE AND THE RUNNING OF TWO DARK HORSE CANDIDATES...

THUD
SOCK

TOMORROW MORNING CITIZENS WILL GO TO THE POLLS TO VOTE FOR EITHER CADAVER B. BONEHEAD, THE CEMETERY INSPECTOR, OR SAM KLINK, THE ASPIRING PATROLMAN... MAY THE BEST MAN WIN! ...AND NOW, GOOD NIGHT...

HELLO... CENTRAL CITY BLADE? IF YOU BOYS WANT A **HOT** PICTURE OF KLINK THE CANDIDATE, GET DOWN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN TEN MINUTES...

C'MON, COPPER.. WE GOTTA MEET THE PRESS!

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THIS IS THE QUEEREST ELECTION I'VE EVER WITNESSED... **QAWW!!**... THE SPIRIT'S DISAPPEARED... EBONY'S GONE... MY ROOKIE COP KLINK RUNNING FOR OFFICE...

BU... BUT...

BUT I THOUGHT YOU CALLED FOR US TO TAKE A PICTURE OF KLINK...

ME? I NEVER EVEN SUPPORTED HIM!

GLUG...*

HOLD IT..

WOW!

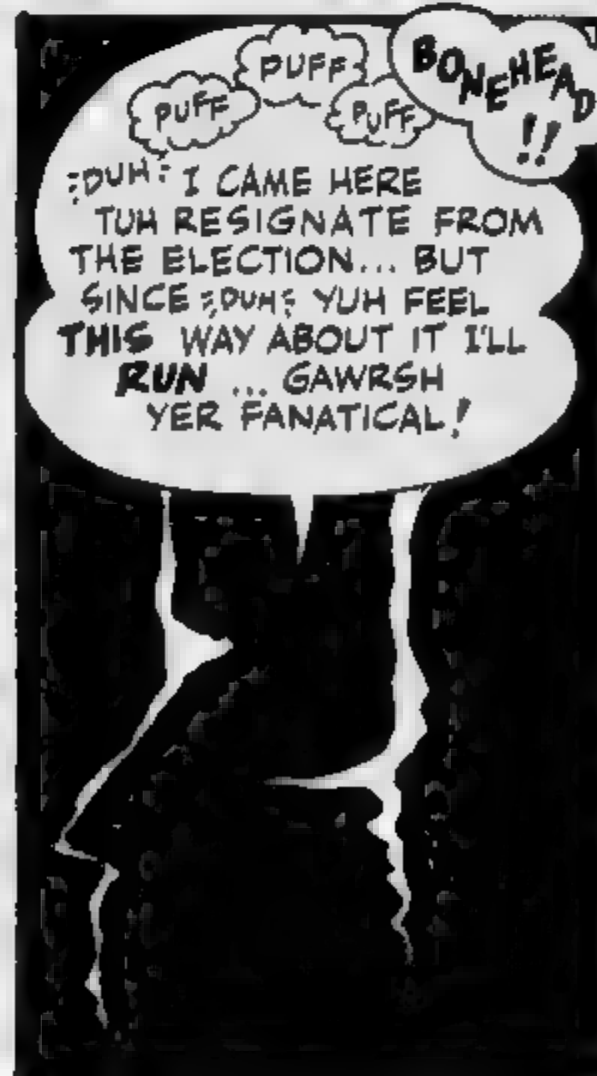
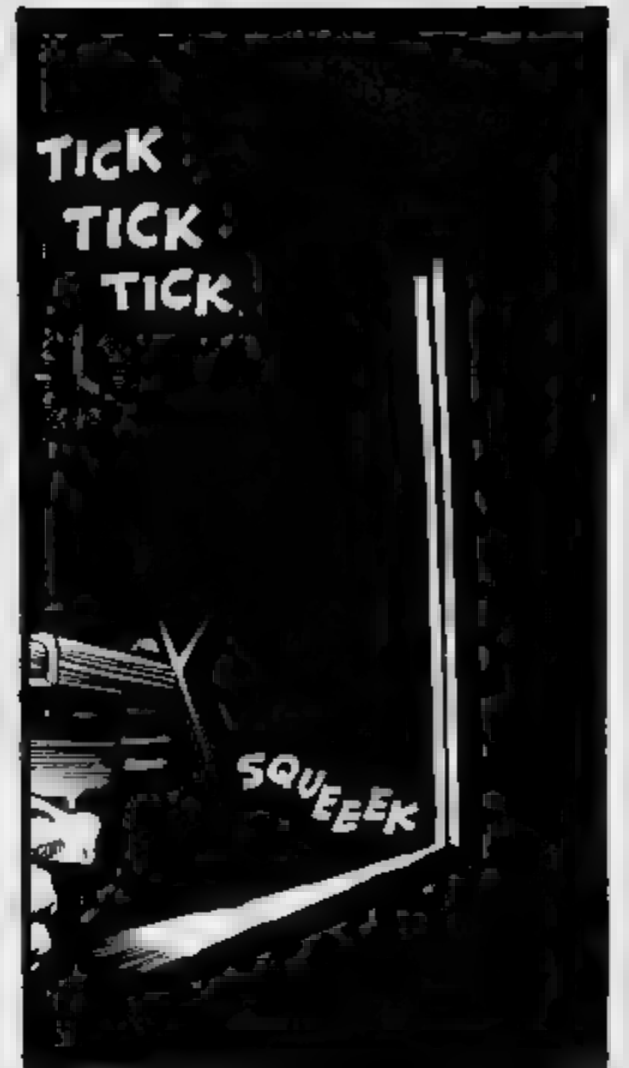
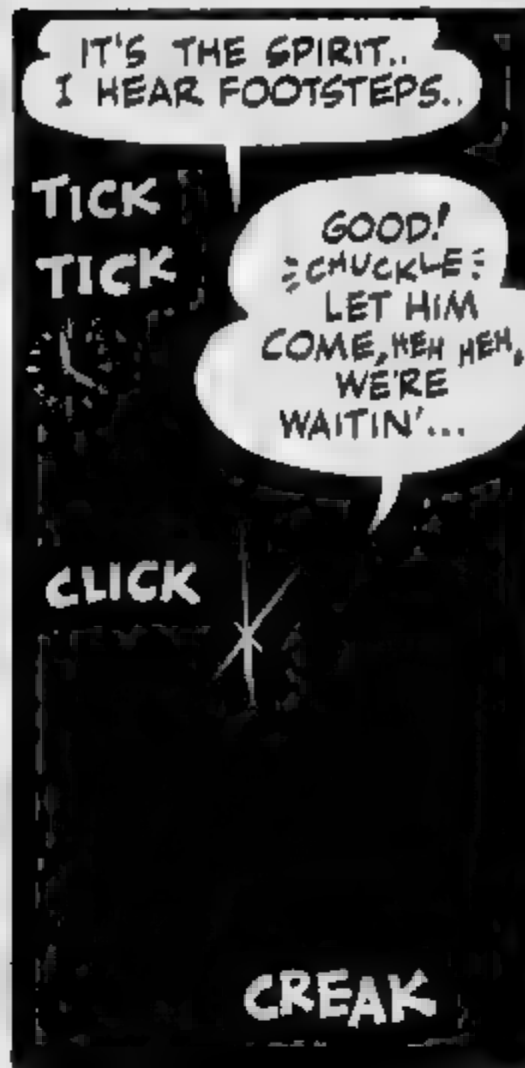
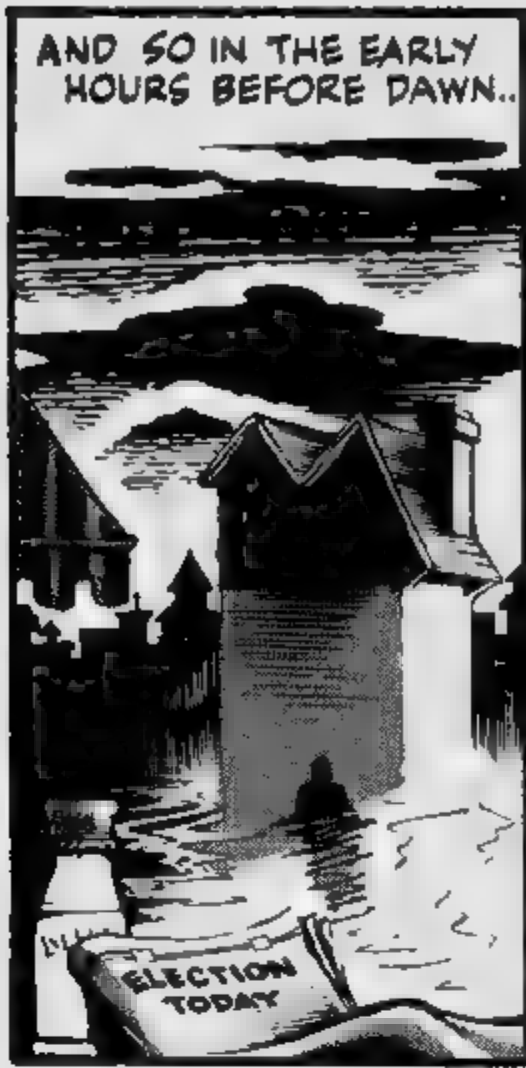
PHEW.. LIQUOR! ?!

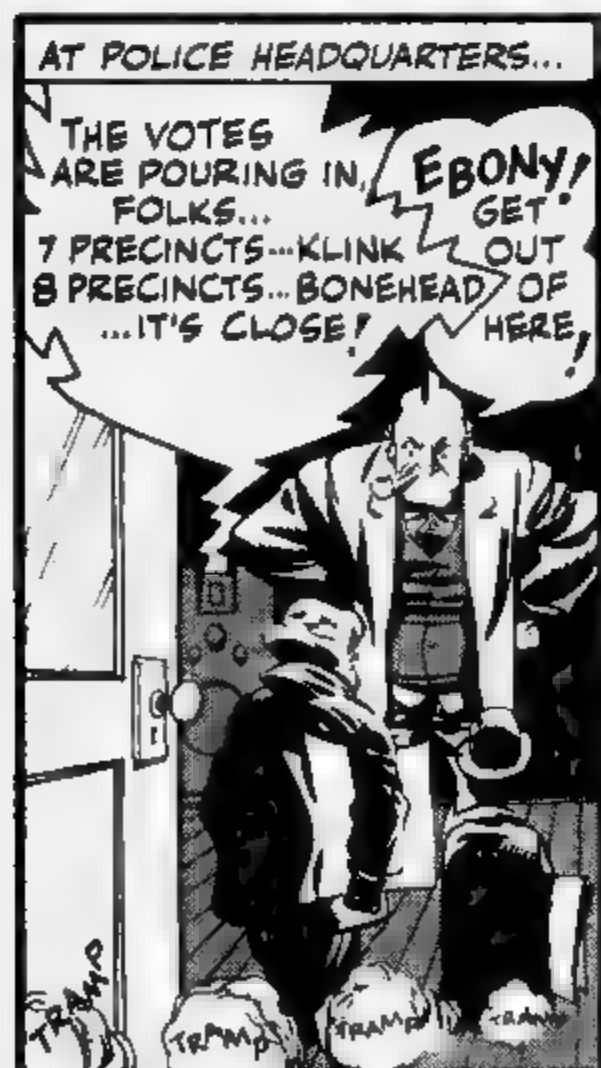
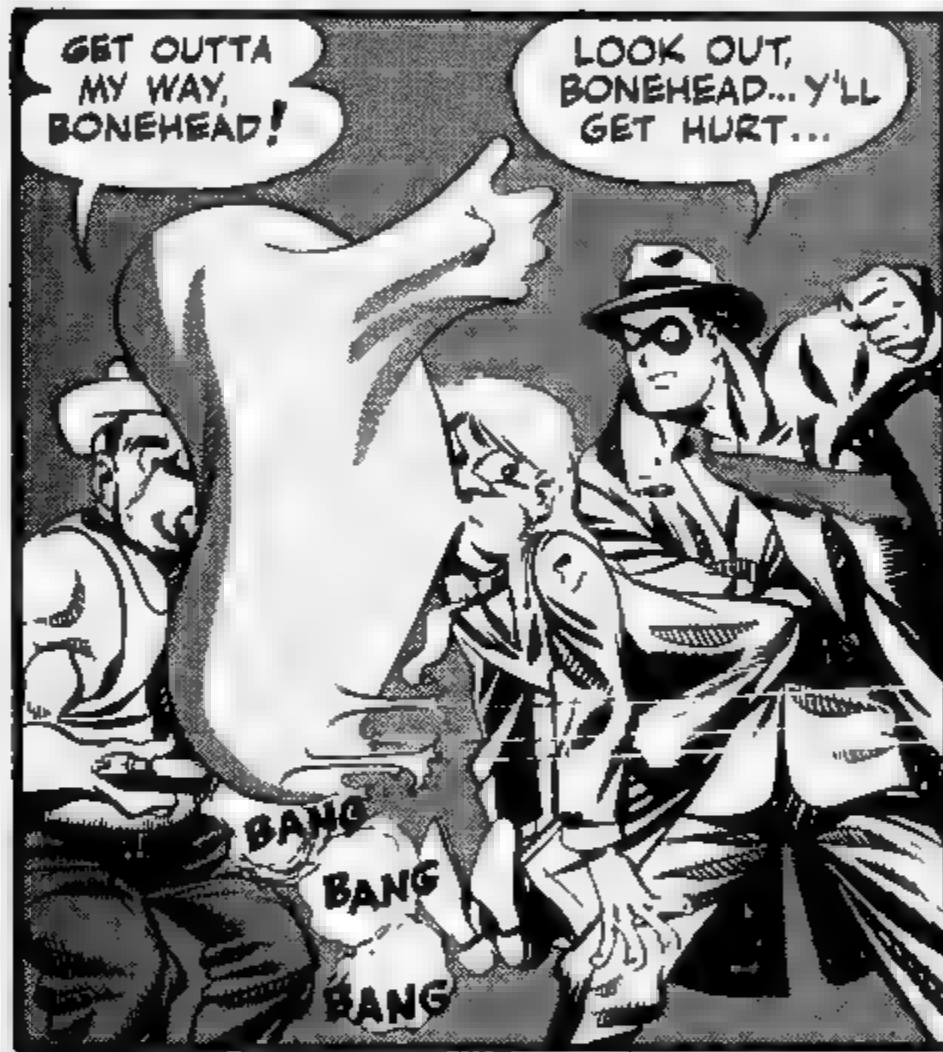
KLINK
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

MEANWHILE... DUSK SETTLES ON THE ANXIOUS CITY...

...AH, THE ARTILLERY! FINE! I LET IT BE KNOWN THAT I'M HIDING OUT HERE... NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL WE GET A VISIT FROM THE SPIRIT... **WHAT AN AMBUSH!**

HMM.. Y'KNOW, HEALY... I WAS CAREFUL AS ALL HECK.. BUT SOMEHOW I GOT THE FEELING I WAS SEEN...



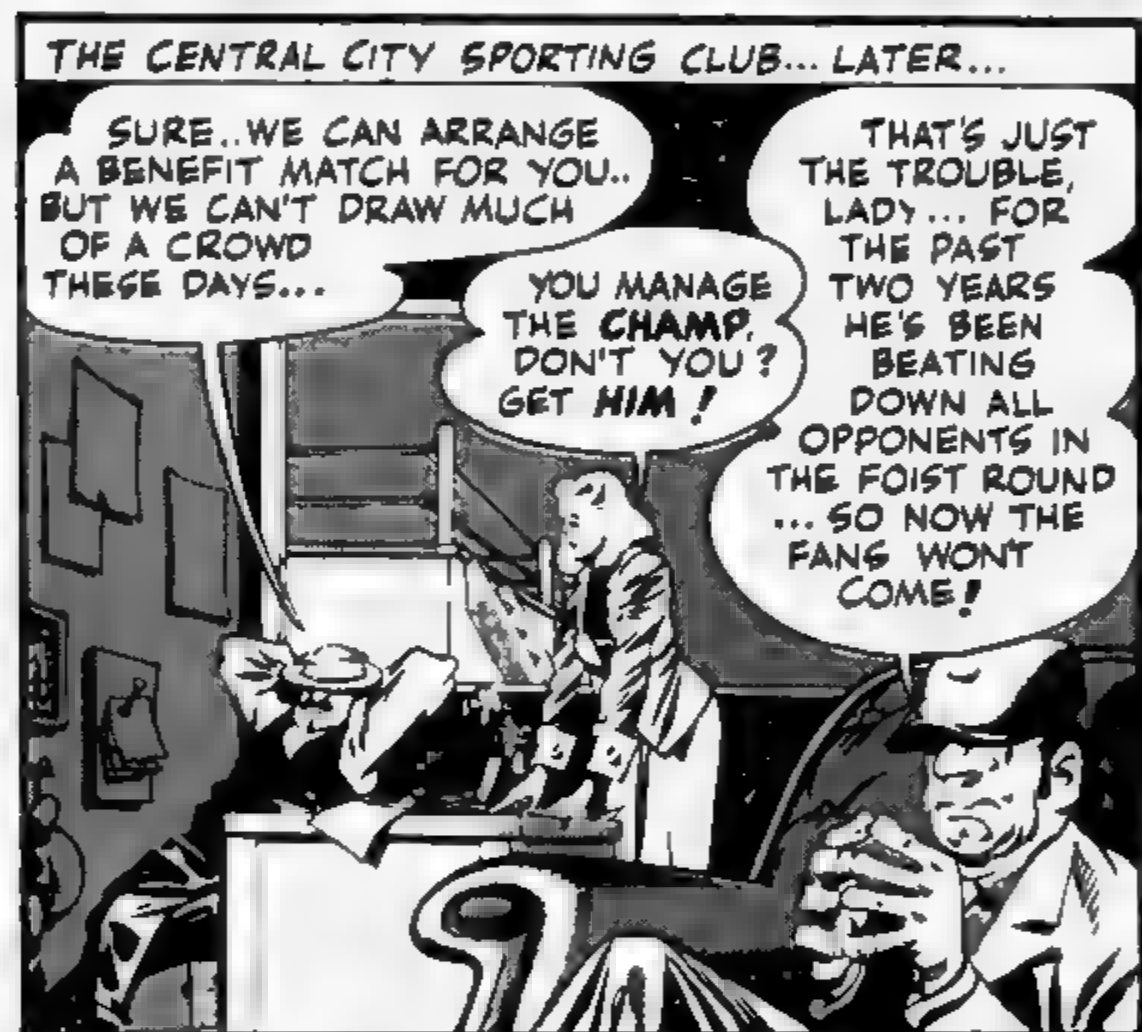


AND SO...AS THE SUN SETS ONCE MORE...



THE FIGHTING MACHINE





THE HOME OF COMMISSIONER DOLAN...

OH, DOGGONIT, SPIRIT.. WHY DON'TCHA RELAX! IF 24 HOURS EVER PASSED WITHOUT A CRIME, I'LL WAGER YOU'D COOK ONE UP.. DR. BONE'S BOXER IS NOT IN MY JURISDICTION!

BUT HE'S BEEN KILLING BOXERS FROM COAST TO COAST... HE'S A KILLER AND YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

SPIRIT, DEAR, I...

I CAN'T UNTIL HE KILLS SOMEONE IN MY DISTRICT... REMEMBER. I'M NO ROBIN HOOD OUTLAW.. I'M JUST A COP!

SARCASM IS NOT GOING TO FREE YOU OF YOUR OBLIGATION TO CLEAN SPORT!

SPEAKING OF MORAL OBLIGATIONS.. ER.. WOULD YOU PLEASE BOX FOR THE LADIES' AUX...

NO!

DID YOU EVER...! OOOH.. WHAT AN UNREASONABLE MAN!

DOES YO' HAFETUH APPEAL TO HIS REASON?

B-BUT WHAT OTHER WAY... YOU MEAN?..

UH HUH... HE AINT MADE O' WOOD, Y'KNOW..

SPIRIT DARLING.. I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD THE STRONG PRIMITIVE MAN... PULEEZE!

No!

IT'S TOO SILLY.. MAKING A PUBLIC SPECTACLE OF MYSELF...

OH... HERES SAM KLINK... DID YOU CHECK THAT NASDROV BOXER AS I ASKED?

UGH! YEAH, SPIRIT.. GAAA.. I FEEL SICK! I SAW HIM SMASH A SPARRING PARTNER'S FACE TO JELLY!

AND NOW GULP! THEY'RE PLANNING TO MATCH HIM WITH SOME POOR PALOOKA THAT THE LADIES' AUXILIARY IS TO PROVIDE!

THE BENEFIT! IT'LL BE MURDER, UNLESS... ELLEN, YOU'VE TALKED ME INTO IT!

NO.. NO.. GOSH, SPIRIT, DON'T! I'LL GET SOMEONE ELSE.

HELLO.. MR. RESIN.. I... I'VE GOT A FIGHTER.. BUT SINCE YOU DON'T HAVE ANYONE, LET'S CALL IT OFF..

OH NO.. I HAVE A VERY GOOD MAN... YES INDEED, THE VERY MAN.. YOU GO AHEAD AND SELL THE TICKETS!



AND SO ○○○

...THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT...



GOOD EVENING FOLKS...THIS IS GABBY LARYNX, YOUR RINGSIDE REPORTER, READY TO GIVE YOU A BLOW BY BLOW DESCRIPTION OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY... MY COLLEAGUES HAVE GIVEN YOU THE BACKGROUND ON THESE TWO REMARKABLE MEN, SO NOW FOR A BIT OF THE COLORFUL CROWD...



AHA!...IN ROW ONE, THAT GREAT AND CHARITABLE SOCIALITE, MRS. VAN GELT, HEAD OF THE LADIES AUXILIARY, WHOSE BENEFIT THIS IS...



AND RIGHT ALONGSIDE HER IS...ULP??...ER...AHM... "FIXER-THU-FINK"... HOW'D HE... WELL HEH HEH FOLKS, IT'S A MIXED CROWD TONIGHT... OOPS!... THERE GOES THE BELL!



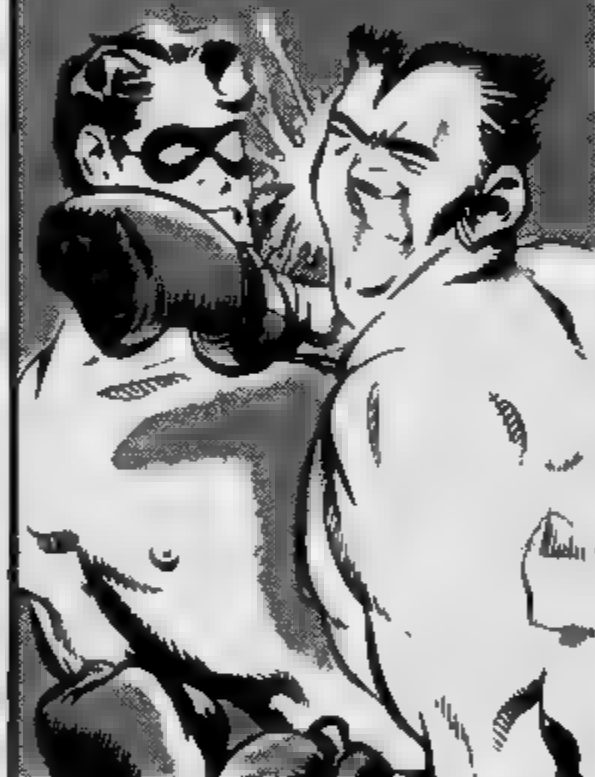
BOTH MEN COME OUT CAREFULLY...WE'VE ALL HEARD OF THE SPIRIT BUT WE'VE NEVER ACTUALLY SEEN HIM... MAN HE'S RUGGED..!



OOOOPS! NASDROV BREAKS THE STALEMATE WITH A BLOW TO THE BODY... UGH! THAT NASDROV FIGHTS LIKE A MACHINE.. WHAT PRECISION..!



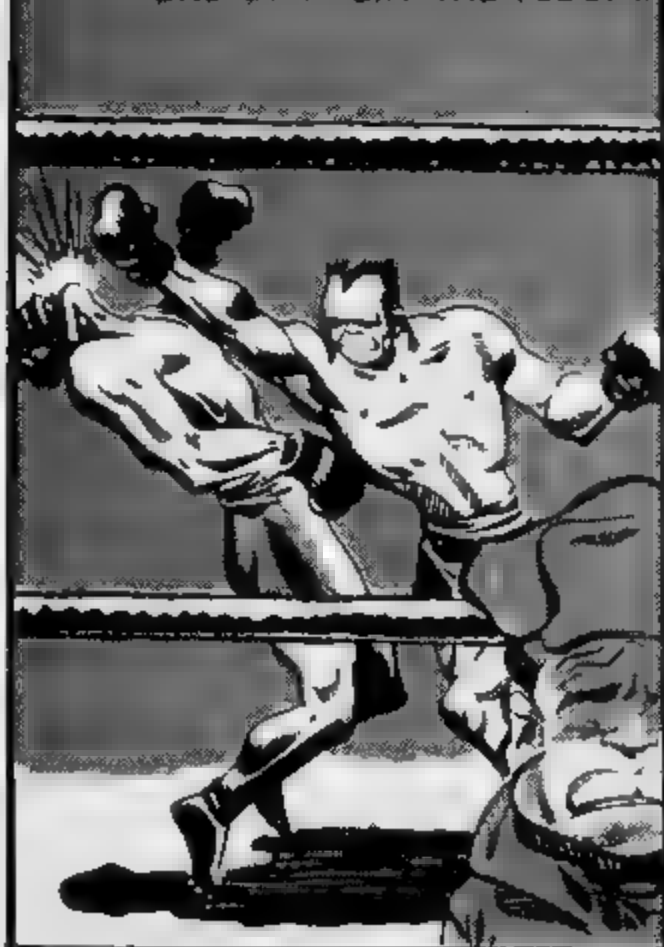
THE SPIRIT HAS FELT THE FIRST BLOW AND IS NOW MOVING IN... HE'S GOT A FREE SWINGING STYLE...



WHEW... THAT NOSDROV CAN SURE TAKE IT... UGH... HOW TOUGH CAN YOU BE...



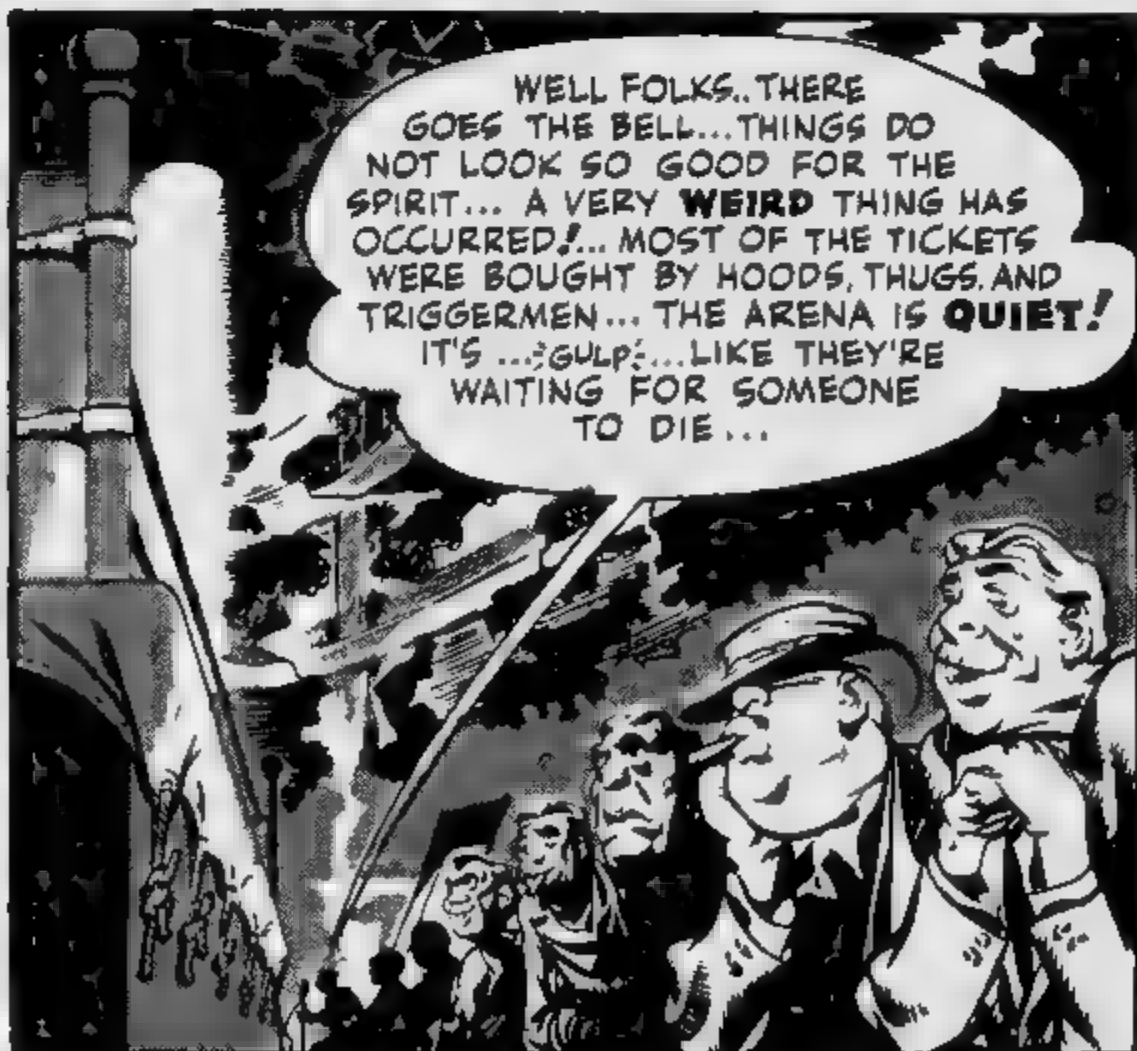
OW! NOSDROV BROUGHT ONE UP FROM THE FLOOR...



I SAW SUCH A BLOW KILL A MAN IN KANSAS CITY ONCE... THE SPIRIT IS COMING BACK FOR MORE...



WELL FOLKS..THERE GOES THE BELL...THINGS DO NOT LOOK SO GOOD FOR THE SPIRIT... A VERY WEIRD THING HAS OCCURRED!... MOST OF THE TICKETS WERE BOUGHT BY HOODS, THUGS, AND TRIGGERMEN... THE ARENA IS QUIET! IT'S...GULP...LIKE THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO DIE...

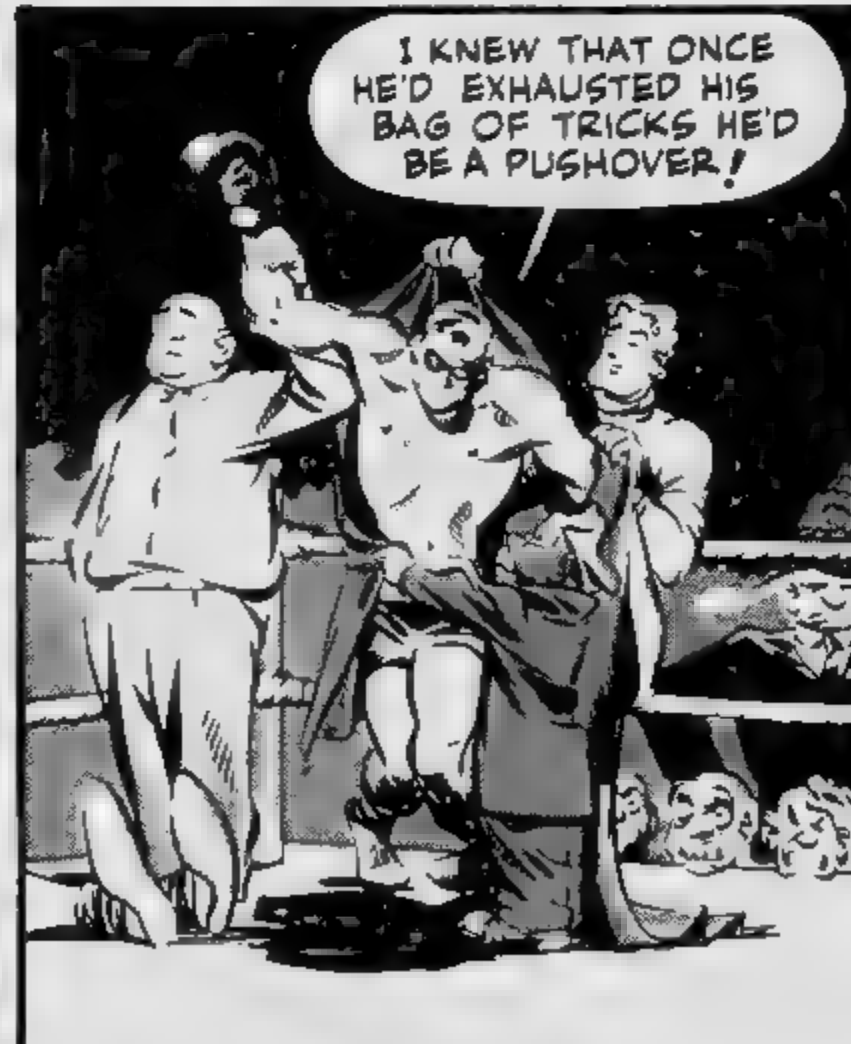




WELL, FOLKS... THIS IS THE LAST ROUND ... BUT **SOMETHING'S HAPPENING...**

NOSDROV IS PUZZLED.. HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT TO DO NEXT... HE'S TRIED EVERYTHING..

AS HE COMES FROM HIS CORNER, THE LOOK OF BEWILDERMENT AT THE SPIRIT'S ABILITY TO TAKE ALL HE COULD GIVE IS AMAZING!

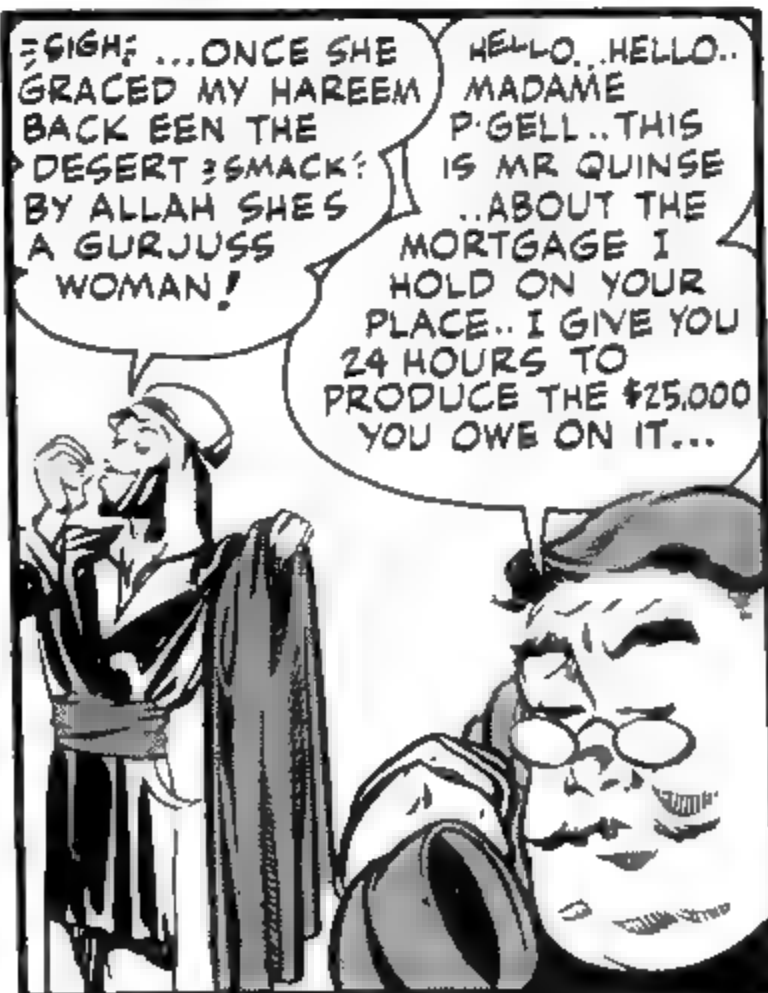
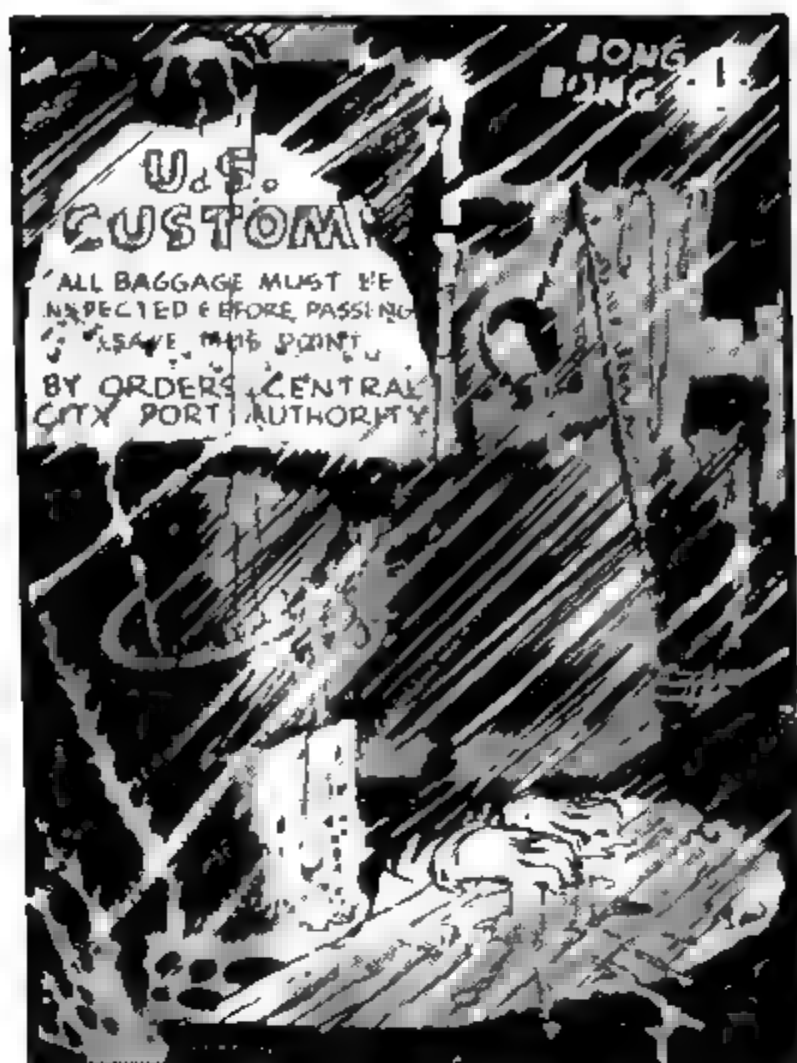


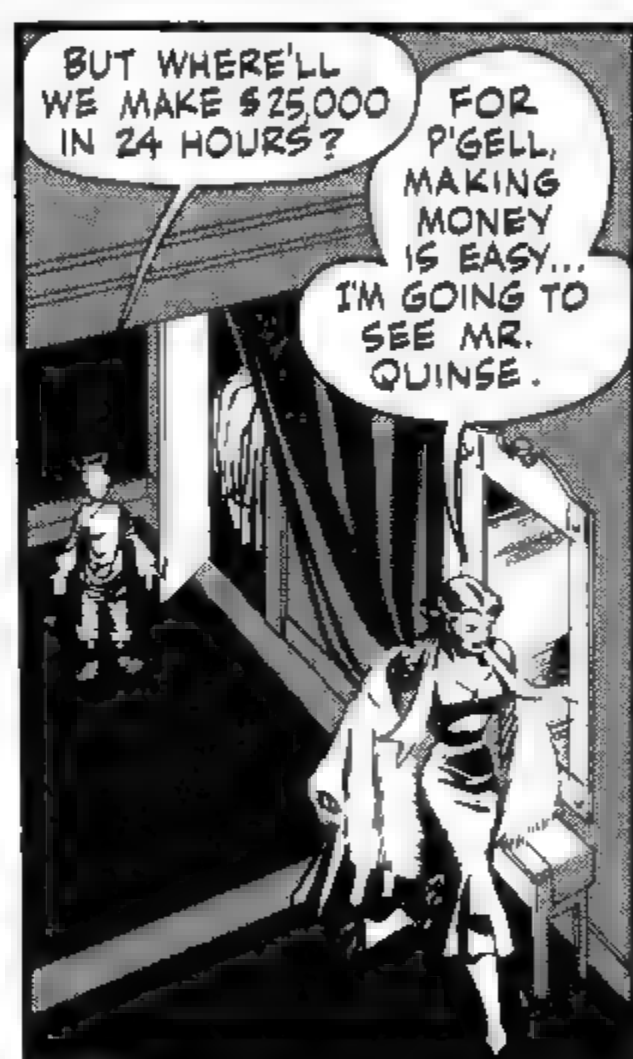
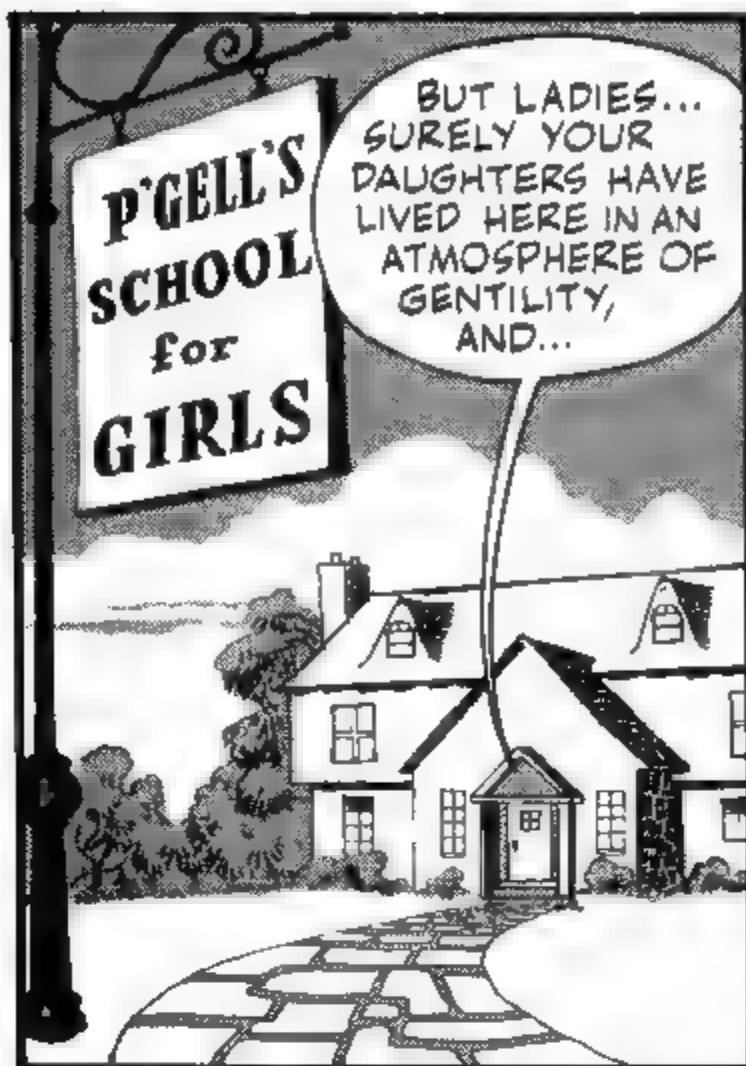


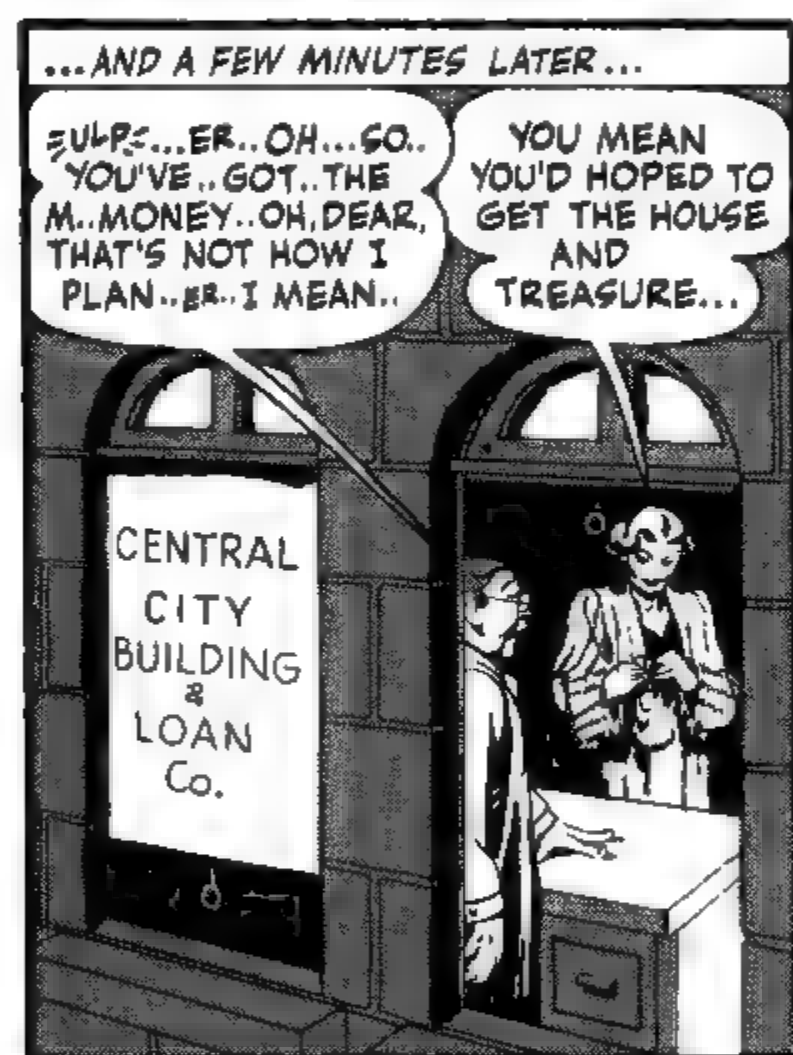
391. Originally published November 23, 1947

MONEY, MONEY









AND SO, AS NIGHT FALLS, A SHADOWY BOAT WITH MUFFLED OARS APPROACHES THE P'GELL SCHOOL FROM THE BAY...
 ... SITUATED ON A SPIT OF LAND, THE SCHOOL CAN BE APPROACHED WITHOUT DETECTION... AND THE LONE INVADER REACHES A MOLDY TUNNEL AT THE BASE OF THE ROCKS UNDER THE SCHOOL UNSEEN...



..NOW FROM HERE I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE AHMED BY SURPRISE.. AND THIS TIME HE WONT ESCAPE...

WHEW!.. WHAT A PLACE FOR A PIRATE DEN...
 -HEY-



A RUSTY OLD CUTLASS... SO THAT'S WHY AHMED IS HERE... THERE'S A TREASURE HIDDEN IN THIS PLACE... WELL, I'LL JUST SCROUNGE AROUND... IF I FIND IT, BET I'LL FIND AHMED!



OH, MR. AHMED.. COULD I HAVE SLAVES 'N' ALL?

PLEASE GO AWAY, LITTLE STRING-BEAN... I AM MORE INTERESTED IN FINDING TREASURE THAN IN MAKING YOU MY HAREEM QUEEN..



?



THE TREASURE ..AT LAST..
GOLD
 HA HA HA
GOLD!

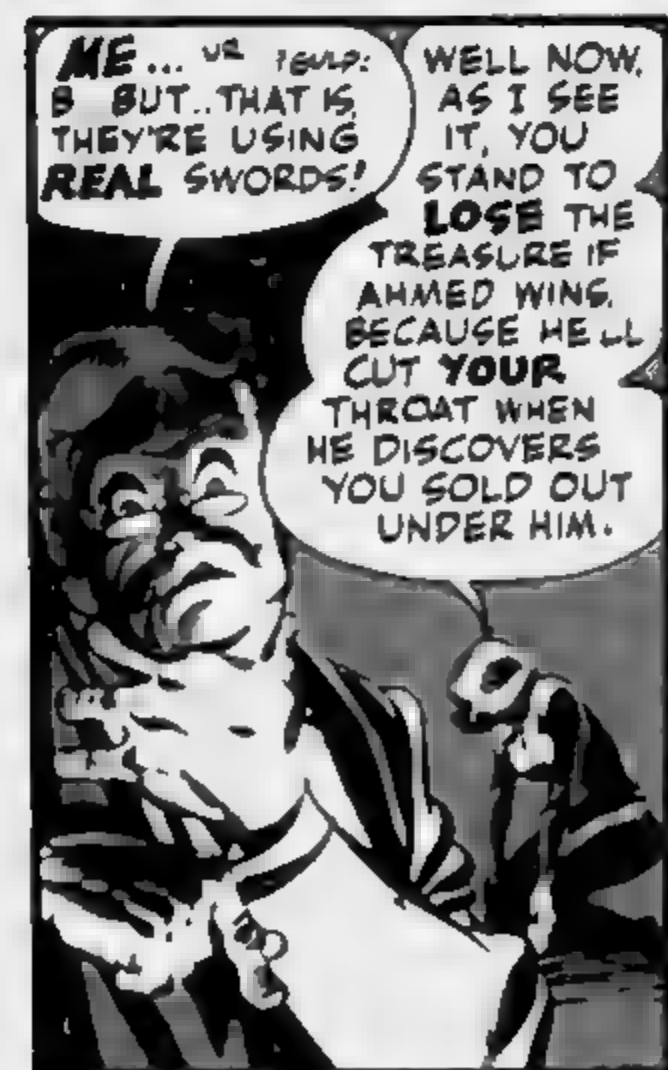


THE SPIRIT!
 IT'S A TRAP!
 YOU GOT IT, AHMED!



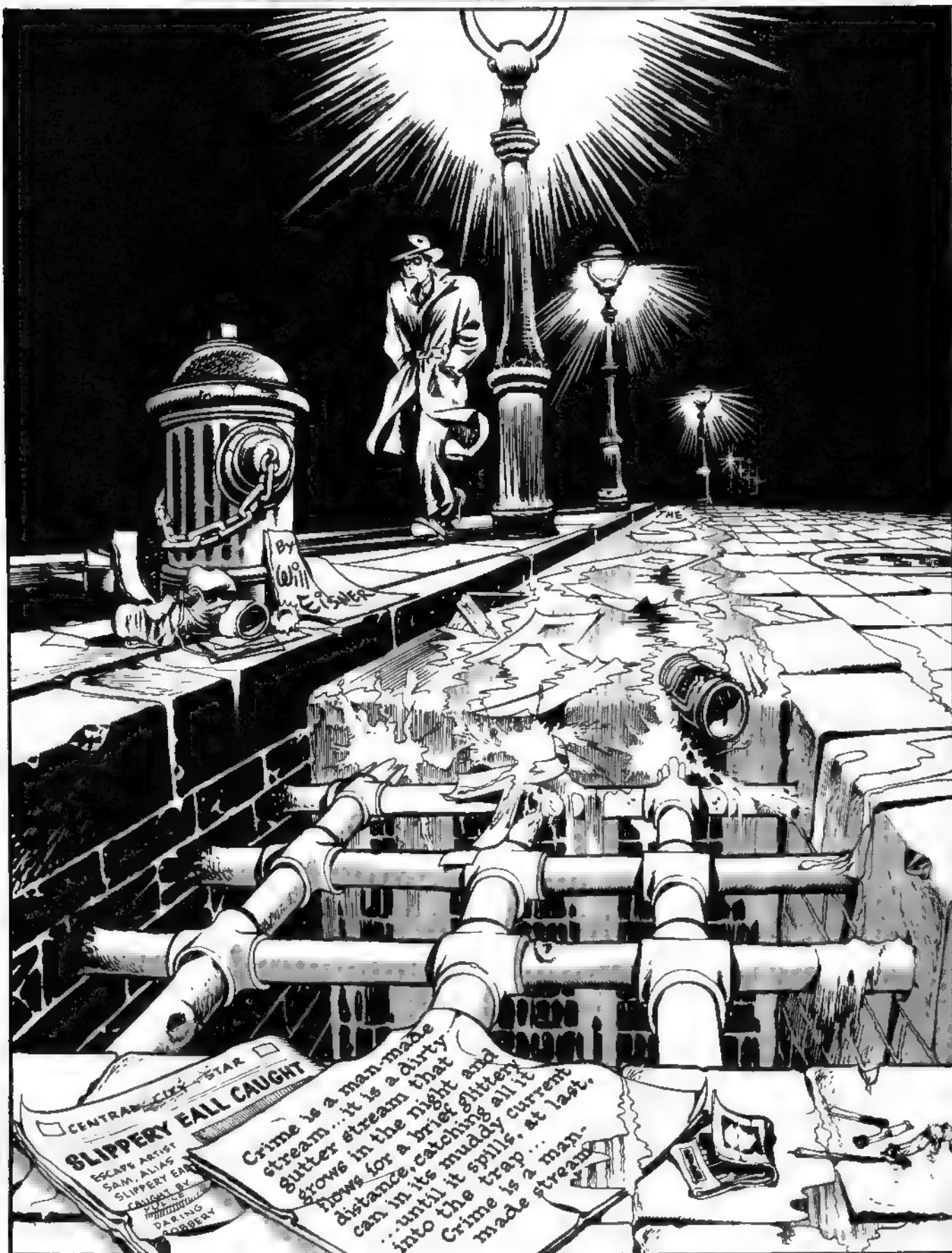
سبحان الله
 FEEEEK







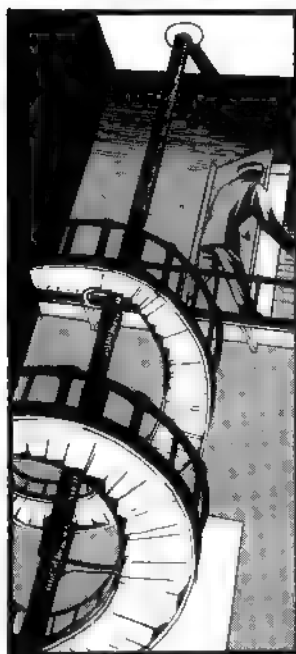
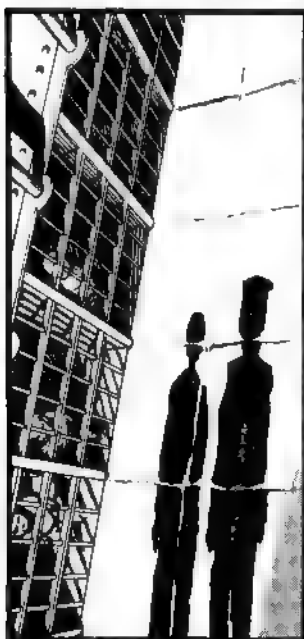
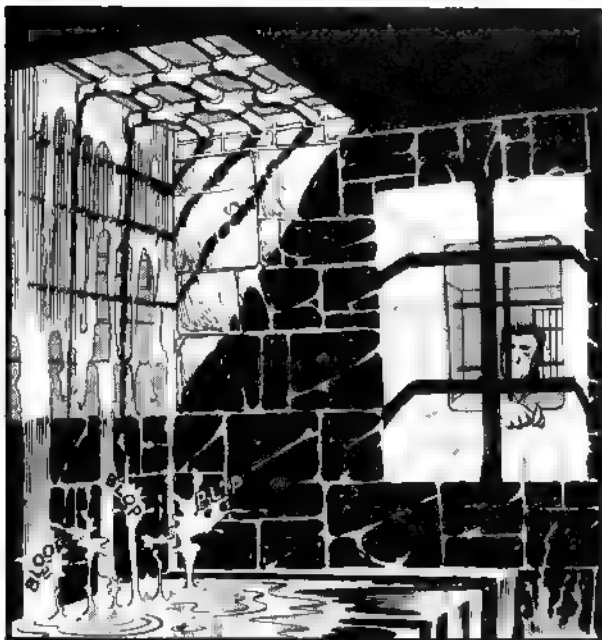
A RIVER OF CRIME



CENTRAL CITY STAR
SLIPPERY EAL CAUGHT

ESCAPE ARTIST
SAM, ALIAS
SLIPPERY EAL
CAUGHT BY
POLICE
DURING
ROBBERY

Crime is a man-made stream... it is a dirty gutter stream that grows in the night and flows for a brief glittery distance, catching all it can in its muddy current... until it spills, at last, into the trap... Crime is a man-made stream.





WELL, SLIPPERY... WE'VE DONE LIKE Y'TOLD US IN THESE LETTERS... DAPPERISH GOT EVEY CON IN THE BOX ALL SET...

FINE!... BELLOWS, WE'RE GONNA BREAK TONIGHT CHECK THE BOYS.

TNIGHT!

GULP! YEAH... YEAH...



O.K. SLIPPERY... THEY'RE IN!

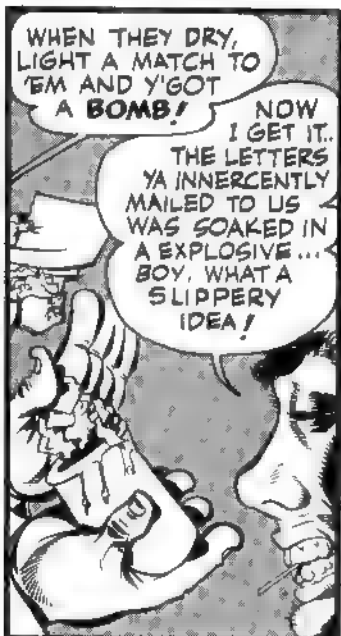
WERE IN!

WERE IN!

WERE IN!

WERE IN!

PASS THOSE LETTERS I SENT YOU TO THE BOYS... GOAK 'EM IN WATER FOR 5 MINUTES AND STUFF 'EM INTO THE PIECES OF PIPE Y' CUT OFF THE BEDS...



WHEN THEY DRY, LIGHT A MATCH TO 'EM AND Y' GOT A BOMB!

NOW I GET IT... THE LETTERS YA INNERCENTLY MAILED TO US WAS SOAKED IN A EXPLOSIVE... BOY, WHAT A SLIPPERY IDEA!



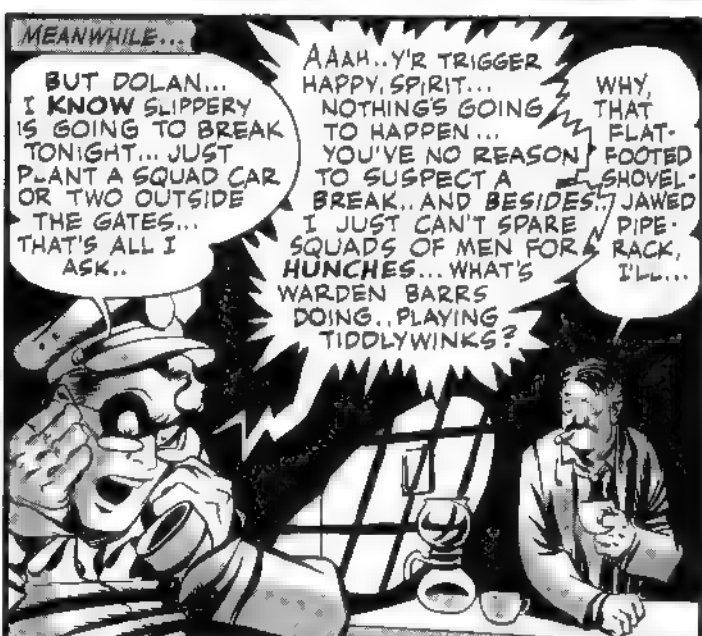
THERE GO THE LIGHTS... WE BREAK AT MIDNIGHT!

AT MIDNIGHT!

RIGHT!

REET!

OK



MEANWHILE...

BUT DOLAN... I KNOW SLIPPERY IS GOING TO BREAK TONIGHT... JUST PLANT A SQUAD CAR OR TWO OUTSIDE THE GATES... THAT'S ALL I ASK...

AAAH... Y'R TRIGGER HAPPY, SPIRIT... NO THINGS GOING TO HAPPEN... YOU'VE NO REASON TO SUSPECT A BREAK... AND BESIDES... I JUST CAN'T SPARE SQUADS OF MEN FOR HUNCHES... WHAT'S WARDEN BARRS DOING... PLAYING TIDDLYWINKS?

WHY, THAT FLAT-FOOTED SHOVEL-JAWED PIPE RACK, I'LL...



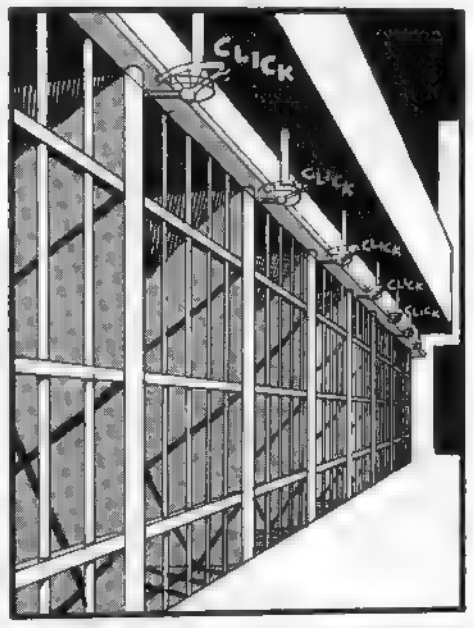
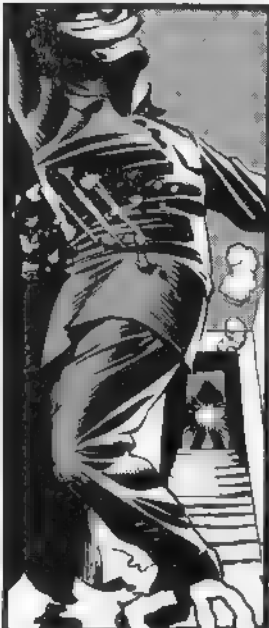
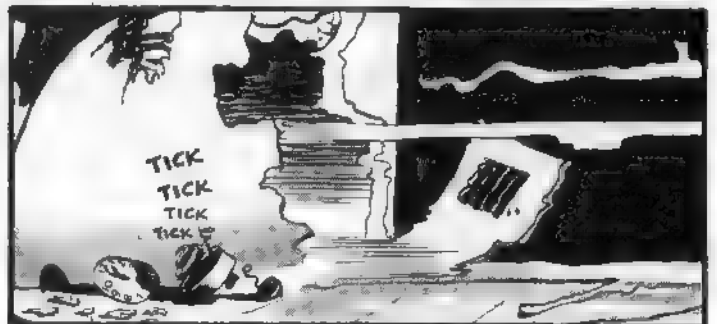
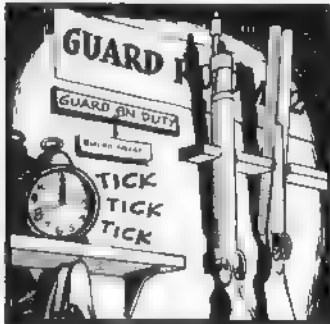
IT'S MIDNIGHT... I'LL GET THE GUARD ROOM... HELLO CLANCY... DOUBLE THE FORCE TONIGHT!

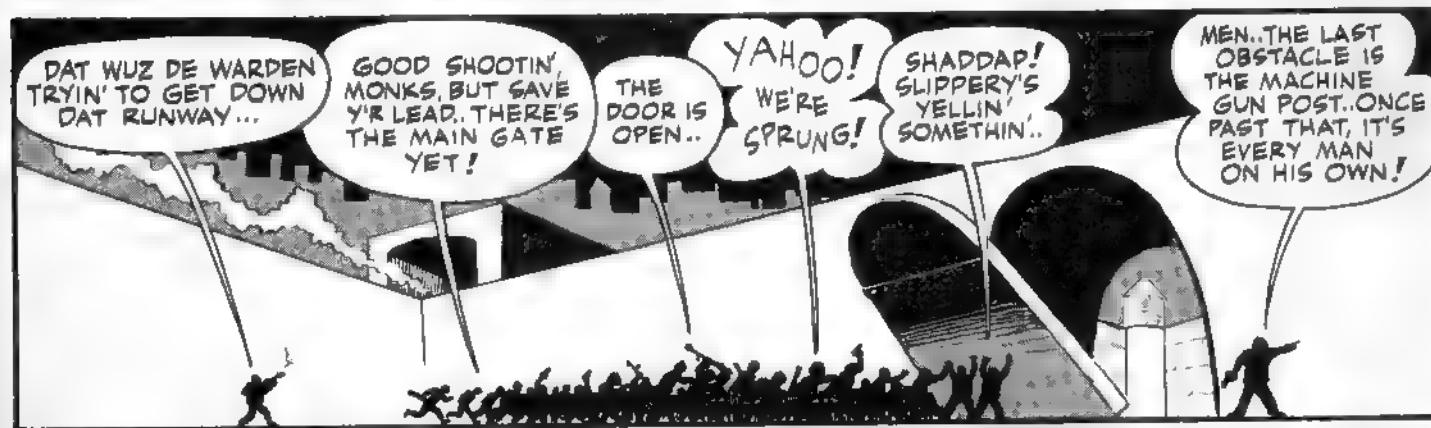
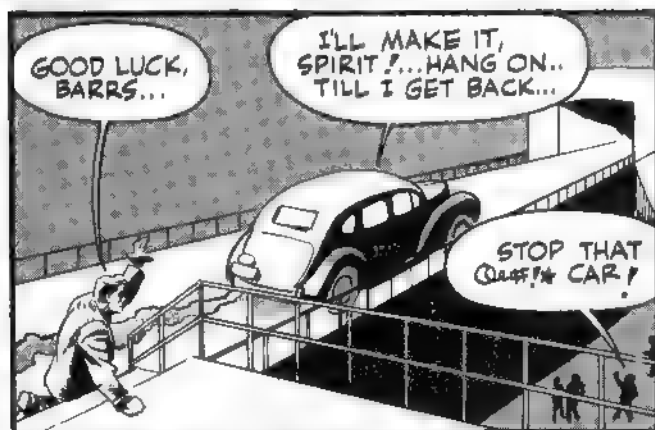


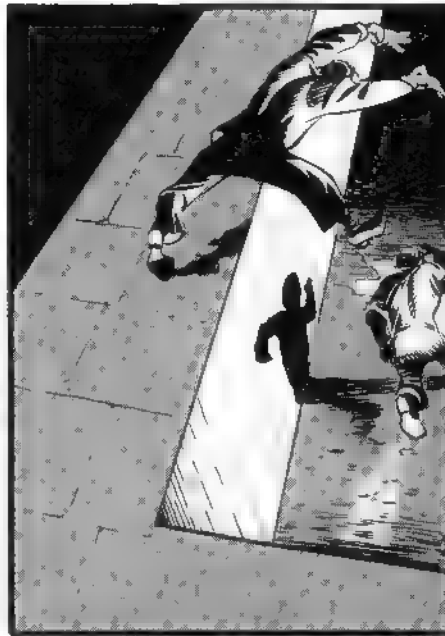
GORRY SIR... SOMEONE PLACED A PHOSGENE STINK BOMB IN THE VENTILATORS... MY MEN ARE DEATHLY SICK... WE NEED HELP!



THIS IS IT!



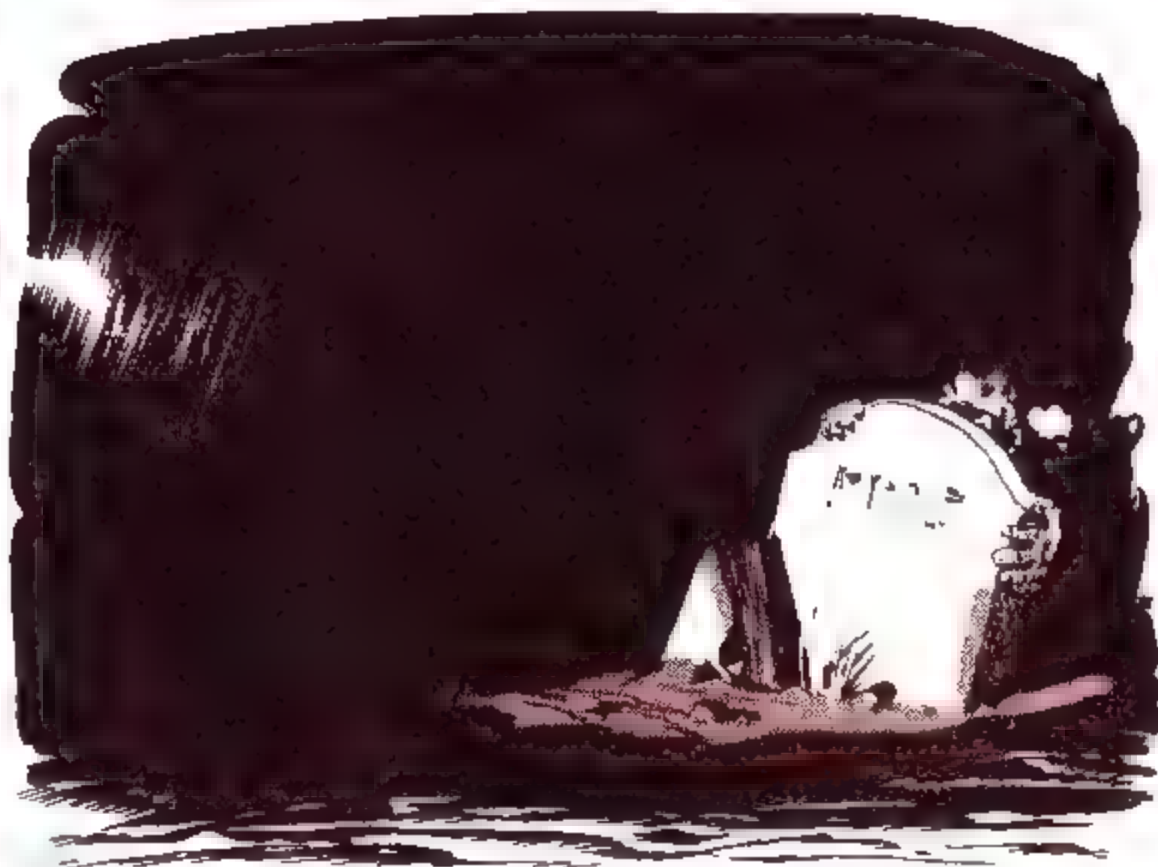
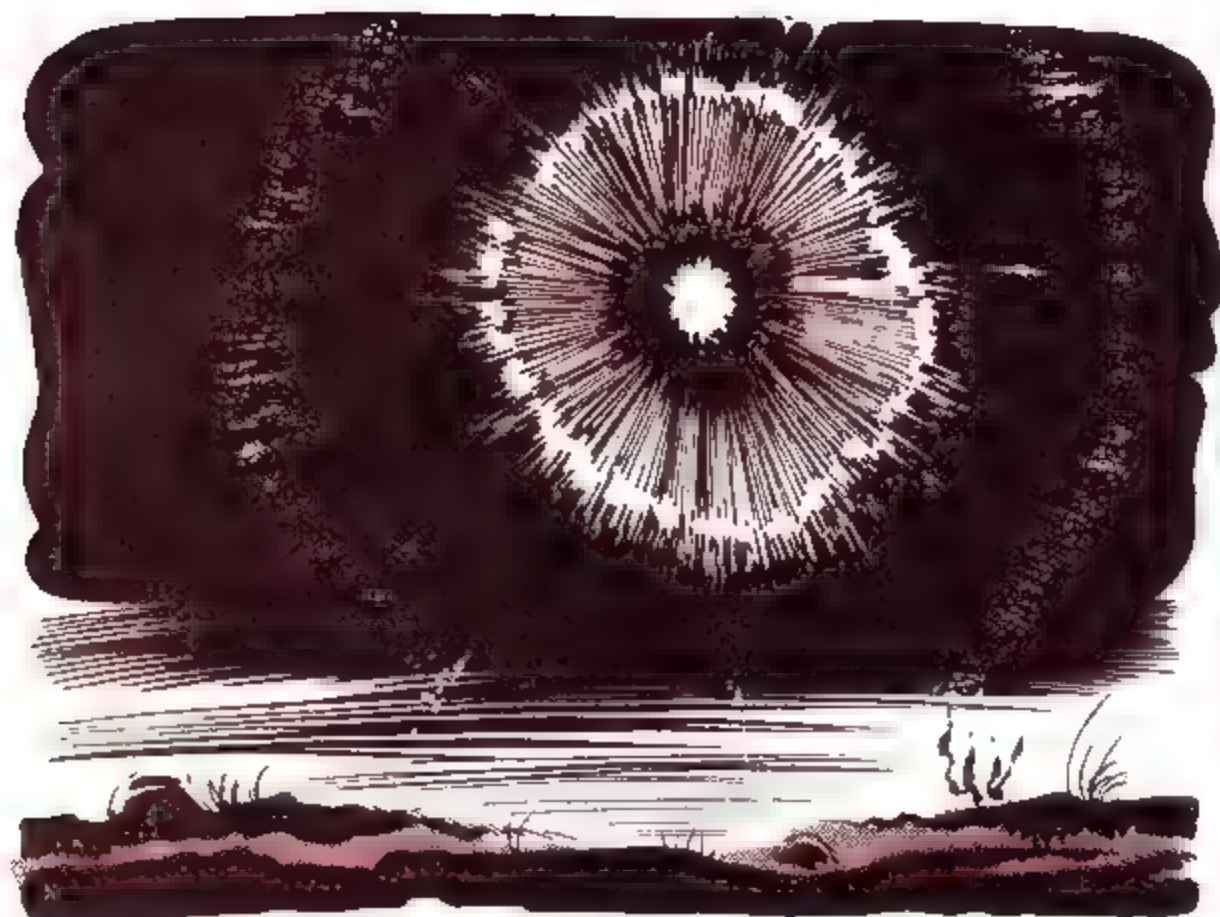






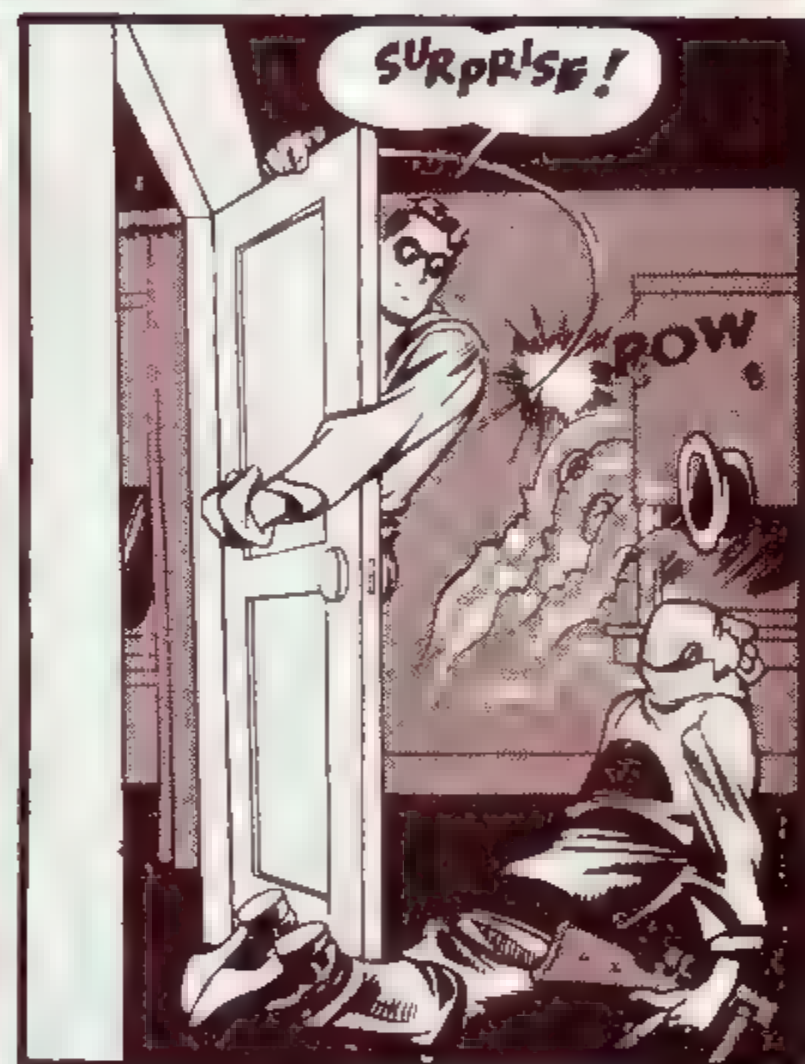
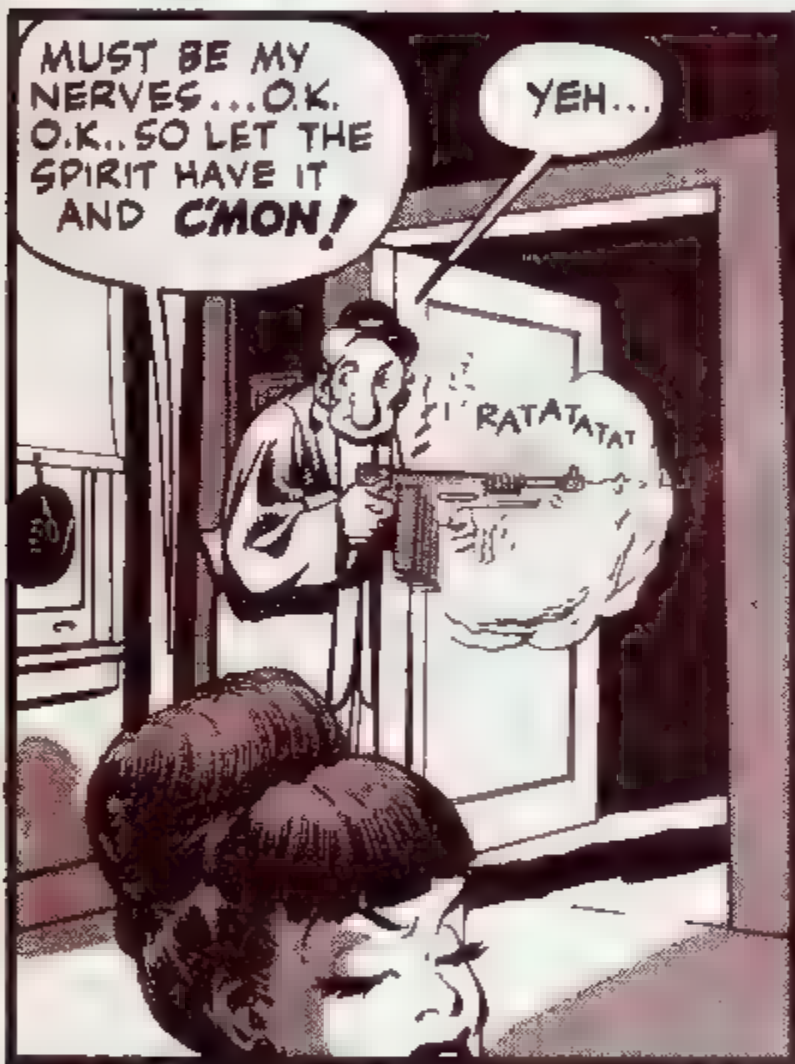
393. Originally published December 7, 1947

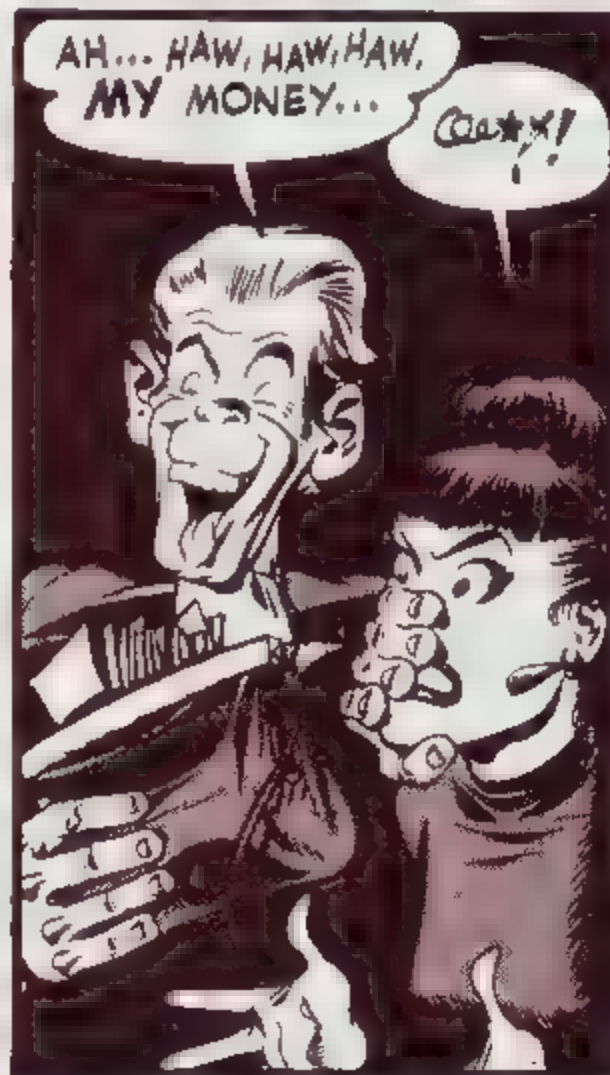
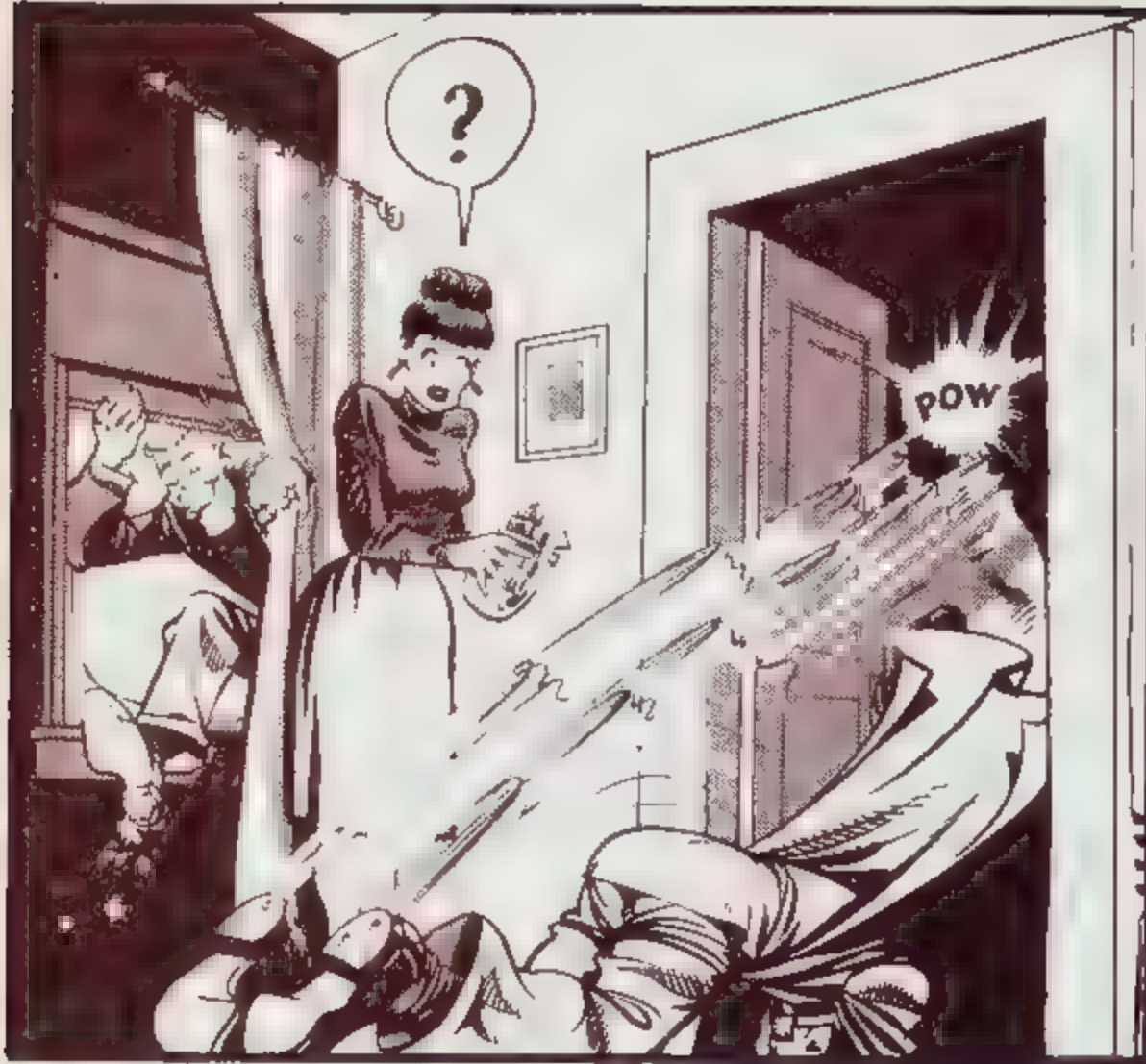
DEATH OF HUGO



By
Will
EISNER





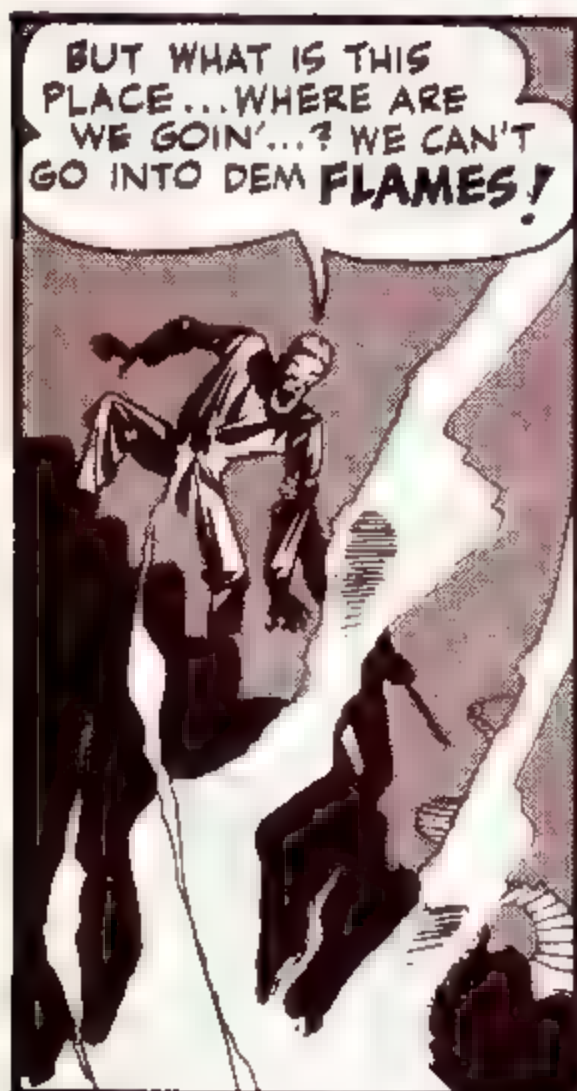






BUT... I DON'T FEEL
DEAD..HEY..WHERE AM
I...?

YOU ARE DEAD,
HUGO... DEAD AS
A PICKLE...!



BUT WHAT IS THIS
PLACE...WHERE ARE
WE GOIN'...? WE CAN'T
GO INTO DEM **FLAMES!**



Gee...*#φ!!
GOOD GRAVY!



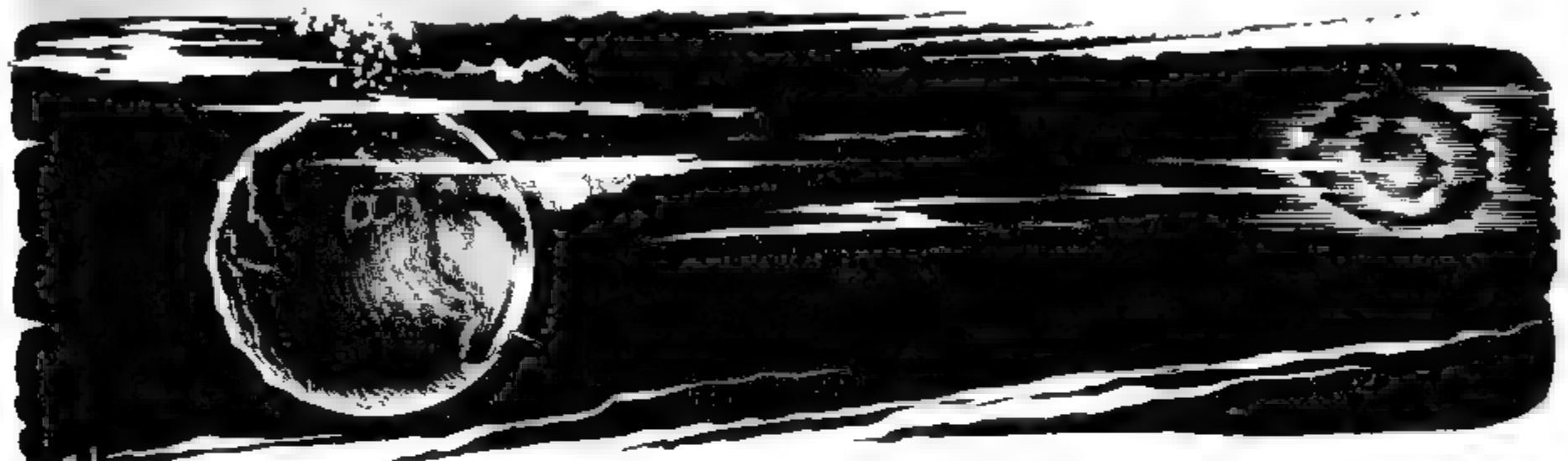
THIS PLACE IS...



EXACTLY!!

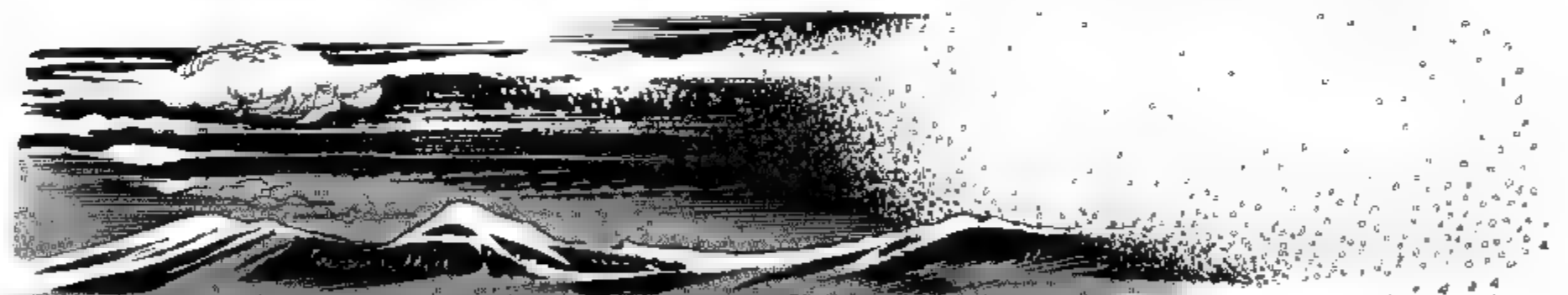


AND NOW IT IS **DECEMBER**... AND THE EARTH HAVING SWUNG IN ITS ORBIT TO THE FARTHEST EXTREME ALLOWED BY **CENTRIFUGAL FORCE** (... which enslaves it to the sun) ... **COOLS** AS IT BRUSHES THE **CHILL** OF OUTER SPACE...



NOW THERE GATHER OVER THE COUNTRIES NEAREST THE NORTH POLE GREAT CLOUDS OF **STEAM** THAT HAVE COME IN VAST FIELDS OF EVAPORATED MOISTURE FROM THE WET TROPICS... **AND A MIGHTY SEASONAL CHANGE OCCURS!**

THE STEAMY MASS STRIKES THE SOLID-COLD AIR AND LO! THE DROPLETS CRYSTALIZE AND FLOAT EARTHWARD....

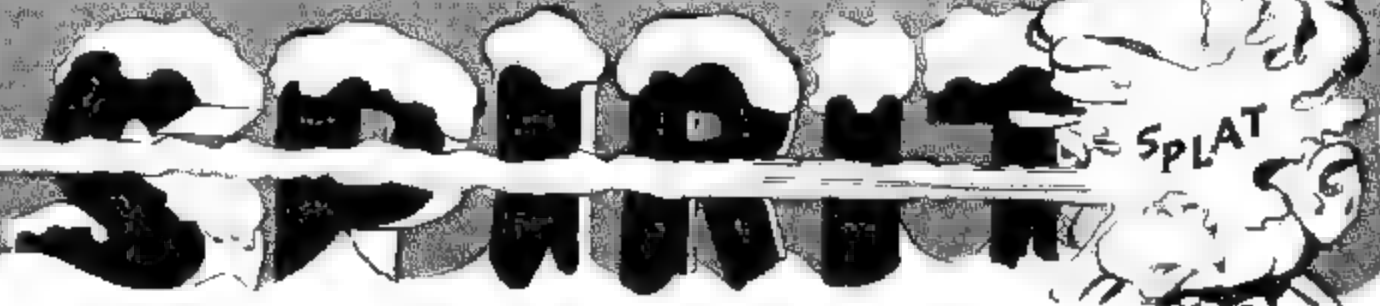


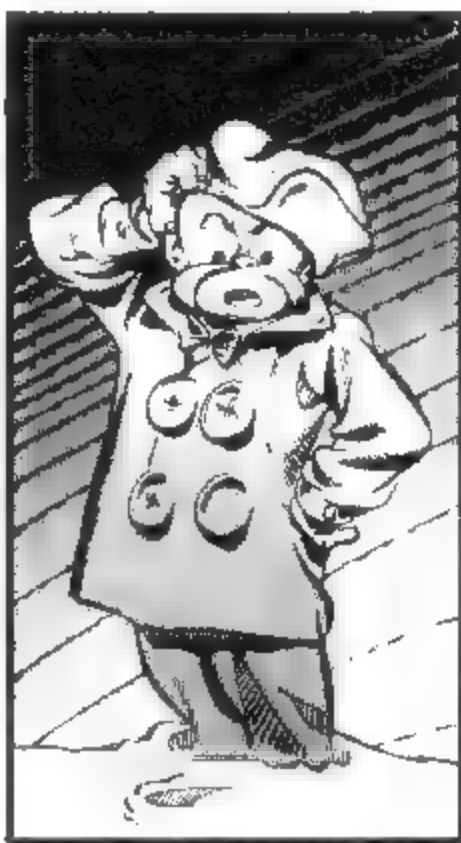
THERE, THE INHABITANTS (*hardy souls that they are*) ARE READY!!!
... FOR THEY HAVE HARNESSSED THE WINDS AND THE SUN AND THE RAIN...
AYE, RARE INDEED IS THE NATURAL PHENOMENON THAT MAN HAS NOT LEARNED TO USE...

SNOW

THE

BY
WILL EISNER







MIST' DOLAN, SUH...
THE SPIRIT SENT ME
DOWN HERE! HE SAYS
FO' YO' TO COME BACK
TO THE OFFICE
REAL QUICK... HE GOT
SOME INFO ONNA
JOOL ROBBERY!

ALL RIGHT... *CLASH!!*
I GOT TO ADMIT THAT
FOXY OLD GOLDBRICK
SURE HAS ME
STUMPED!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS:
NOW YOU UNDERSTAND,
SLIPPERY. I CAN'T PROMISE
YOU A PARDON... I'M AN
OUTLAW, Y'KNOW...

YEAH, YEAH...
BUT DOLAN
IS Y'R PAL,
AND HELL
SPRING US WHEN
HE HEARS THE
INFO WERE
SELLIN'...

YEAH!

YEAH!



OH! SLIPPERY,
DAPPERISH, AND
BELLOW... WELL,
WHAT'S UP?

TELL HIM
YOUR
STORY,
BOYS...

WE CAN TELL YOU WHO
SWIPED THE JEWELS
IN YESTERDAY'S
CAPER... IF YOU'LL
RECOMMEND A
PARDON FOR OUR
SERVICES!



BZZZZZZZ
SIR... THE
FBI SAY THEY
EXPECT AN
ATTEMPT TO
SHIP THOSE
DIAMONDS OUT
OF THE COUNTRY
THEY SAY
WE HAVE ONLY
24 HOURS
IF...

CLASH!!
ONLY 24 HOURS!

YOU NEED
US, COMMISH...
GIVE US A FEW
HOURS AND
WE'LL BRING 'EM
IN...



NO!
I'M NOT
DOING
BUSINESS
WITH
CROOKS!

Y'BIG FAT
DOPE...
I TOL YA
HE WOULDN'T
DO IT...
NOW WERE
SQUEALERS!

NOT QUITE...
WE'LL GET
OUT
YET.

OL'
GOLDBRICK
IS TOO
SMART
FOR 'EM.

HUH!
WHUT'S SO
SMART WIF
OL' GOL-
BRICK.
HUH! ANY
GUY WHUT
BUYS ICE
INNA
WINTER...



BUYS ICE!!



SLAM







AND SO...



HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH-HEH!
HEH HEH-HEH HEH!
HEH-HEH HEH



OW!



MUMBLE...MUMBLE...MUMBLE
NO ONE... NO ONE.. MAGIC!



... NOW, FOR MANY MONTHS THE SNOW WILL BLANKET THESE PARTS OF THE GLOBE, UNTIL THE EARTH TILTS NEARER THE SUN ONCE MORE TO COMPLETE A CYCLE.

AND SO, WHILE THE WINTER LASTS, MAN MUST LEARN TO MAKE HIS OWN WARMTH AND OTHERWISE PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THE HAZARDS OF THIS SEASON...





THE SUNDAY SUN

BALTIMORE, MD.

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1947

The Christmas Spirit

By Will Eisner

Once upon a time,
in a land far away and
across the sea,
there lived a little lad named 'Joy'.

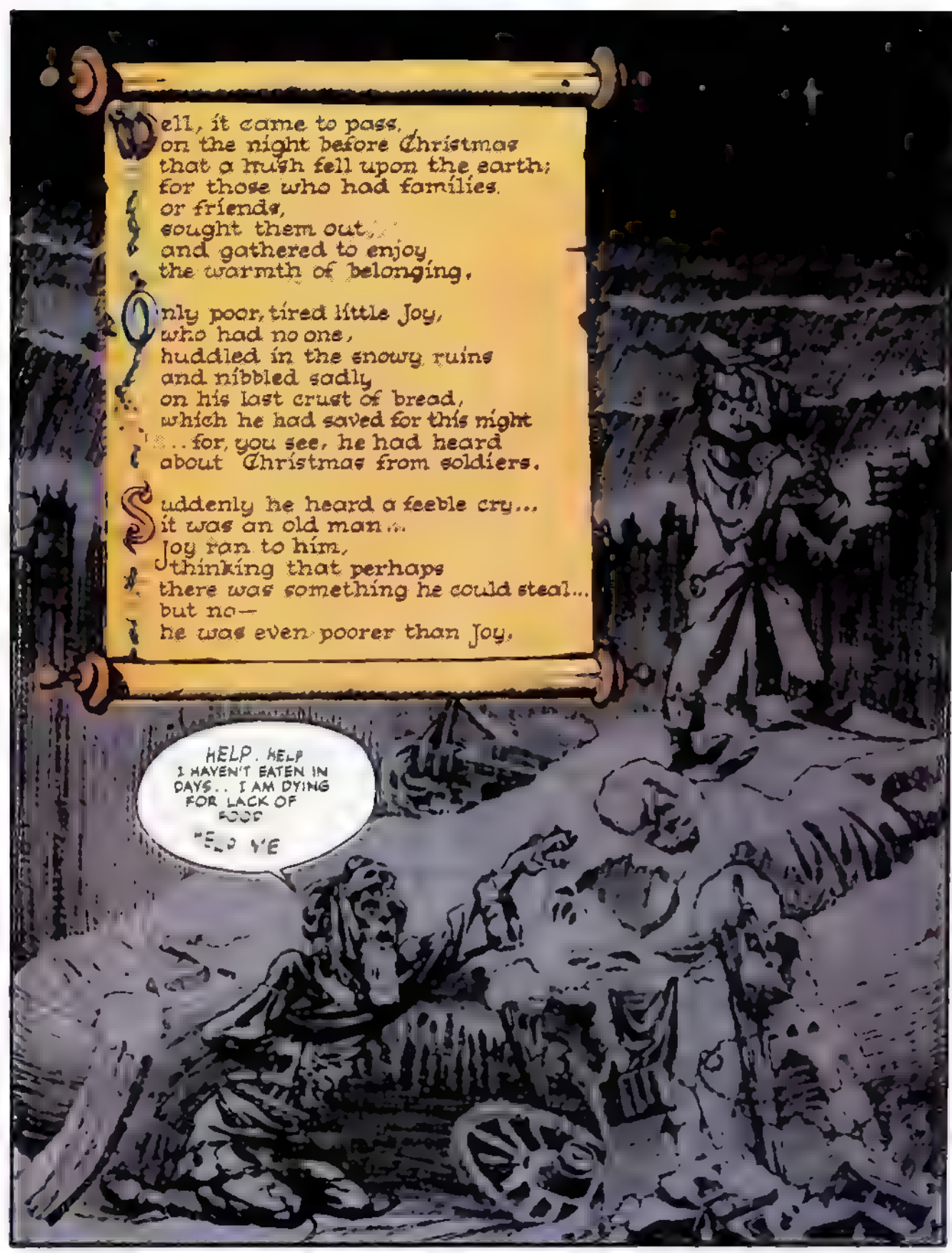
He was so named because,
when his parents first beheld him,
there was a terrible war,
and only he could make them smile.

But one day his poor parents
were killed,
leaving him quite alone.

Then at last the war ended,
and little Joy, who was now 7,
was left to wander
and to live like a kitchen mouse,
to forage and plunder....

And so Joy lived until Christmas,
which is a time for miracles...
and, aye, a miracle there did occur...





Well, it came to pass,
on the night before Christmas
that a hush fell upon the earth;
for those who had families,
or friends,
sought them out,
and gathered to enjoy
the warmth of belonging.

Only poor, tired little Joy,
who had no one,
huddled in the snowy ruins
and nibbled sadly
on his last crust of bread,
which he had saved for this night
... for, you see, he had heard
about Christmas from soldiers.

Suddenly he heard a feeble cry...
it was an old man...
Joy ran to him,
thinking that perhaps
there was something he could steal...
but no—
he was even poorer than Joy.

HELP. HELP
I HAVEN'T EATEN IN
DAYS... I AM DYING
FOR LACK OF
FOOD

HELP ME

And then the miracle happened

for, to his own surprise,
Joy gave to the old man
his last bit of bread!

"Who are you?" asked the lad,
when the old man recovered
a little.

"I am Santa Claus",
was the reply.

"You are crazy, old one. True,
I have never seen Santa... but
the soldiers say he is fat
and jolly and gives wonderful
gifts... you are skinny and
poor!"

But the old man insisted.
said he...

OF COURSE
I AM SKINNY AND POOR.
FOR THIS IS A POOR COUNTRY!
BUT I AM A REAL SANTA CLAUS AND
I WILL GIVE YOU A REAL PRESENT.
MAKE A WISH..
MAKE THE BIGGEST, THE
GREATEST WISH YOU CAN
THINK OF... AND I WILL
GIVE IT TO YOU

I WISH . I WISH
THAT I COULD LIVE IN A
LAND WHERE THE CITIES
ARE NOT SMASHED AND THE
BUILDINGS STAND TALL AND
CLEAN WHERE THERE ARE
BIG STORES FILLED TO THE SEAMS
WITH TOYS AND FOOD AND
WARM CLOTHING... WHERE ONE
IS NOT DRIVEN FROM PLACE TO
PLACE, AND WHERE THE POOR
ARE SHELTERED, THE HUNGRY FED
.. SOMEPLACE WHERE EVEN
ORPHANS HAVE FRIENDS, AND
WHERE SANTA CLAUS IS FAT
AND RICH SO HE CAN GIVE BOYS BIG. NO

YAWW W 221

No one, not even a fat jolly Santa, could grant such a giant wish. "Ho hum", thought Joy, "it's hopeless". And so, overcome by fatigue, the lad allowed himself to fall instantly asleep.

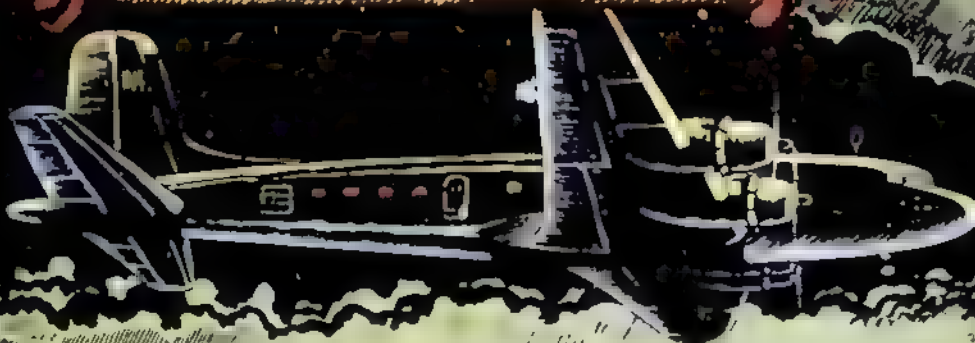
But the skinny old Santa smiled with his eyes. He lifted the boy to his bony shoulders and, with the last of his strength, set out across the snow.

Soon he reached an airfield...

SURE WE CAN
TRANSFER YOUR LAD
TO NIM AND THE PLANE
WILL MAKE IT IN 15
MINUTES BUT

NEVER MIND
JUST SO HE'S THERE
BY OUR 6TH MAS
MORNING

And so, while Joy slept, a mighty plane carried him away.



And lo...
on Christmas morning,
little Joy awoke,
to find himself
in a strange land.

And, by golly,
his wish had come true...
for on all sides were good things:
parks especially for children;
big, warm libraries;
great, shiny cars.

Yes, there were tall buildings,
and stores filled with
more things than he could think of.
Here, too, were the very things
he had asked for;
and, what was more,
he was really and truly awake.



All that day Joy explored
this fairyland.
Oh, the wonderful things he found...
little stores that sold only candy;
great stores, with sections
just for children;
churches where one could sit
and listen to the music unmolested;
elevators,
and warm public buildings
with plumbing that was magical.

Nowhere to be seen
were there ruins,
and no soldiers chased him;
nor did he have to steal,
for there was plenty for all,
and at every street corner
a Santa Claus collected gifts...
Real Santas,
and not a skinny one in the lot.

By evening
he had reached the suburbs;
he must ask... he must...
it was too good to be true...

WHAT COUNTRY?
WHY THIS IS
U. S. AMERICA, BOY!
C'MON IN AND HAVE
YO SELF A TIME

WHERE IS THIS
PLACE... WHAT COUNTRY
IS THIS, PLEASE?



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'UMBRELLA HANDLES'



THE SPIRIT

By WILL EISNER



